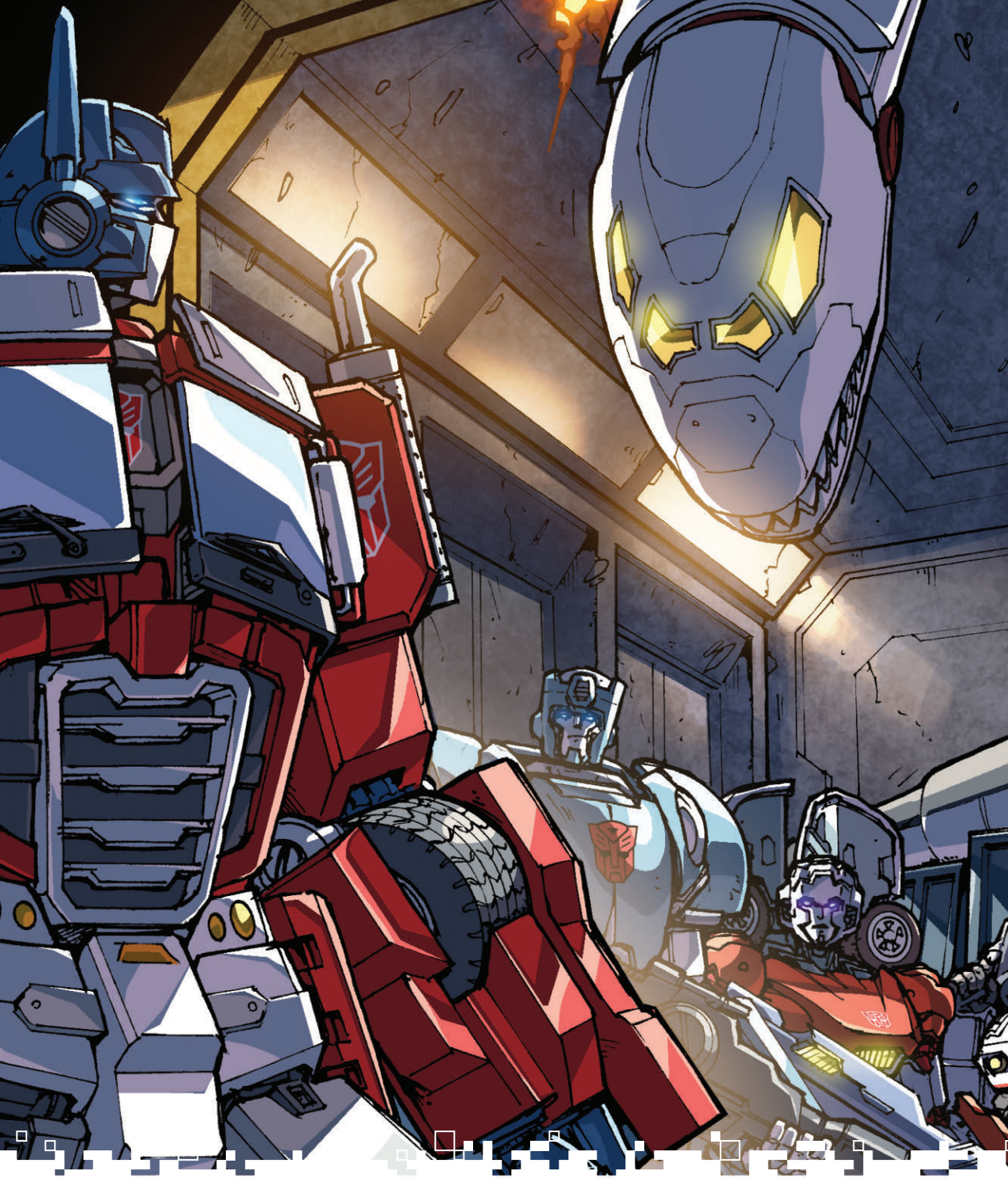
DAWN OF THE AUTOBOTS
THE TRANSFORMERS
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE
VOLUME 6



THE TRANSFORMERS

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

VOLUME 6

Collection Cover by Casey W. Coller • Cover Colors by Joana Lafuente
Series Edits by Carlos Guzman
Collection Edits by Justin Eisinger and Alonzo Simon
Collection Design by Claudia Chong

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WRITTEN BY **JOHN BARBER**

ART BY **ANDREW GRIFFITH**

FLASHBACK ART BY **GUIDO GUIDI** (ISSUES #29 & 31),
BRENDAN CAHILL (ISSUES #29-32), AND **CASEY W. COLLER** (ISSUE #30)

COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**

FLASHBACK COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

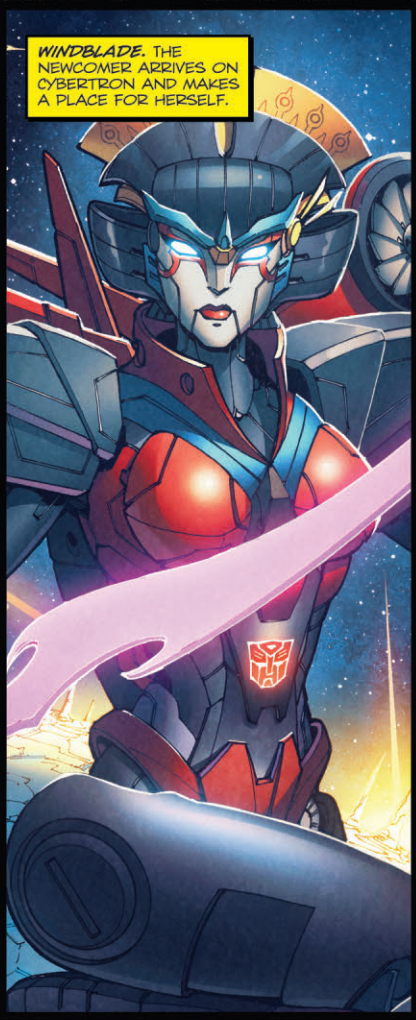
LETTERS BY **TOM B. LONG**

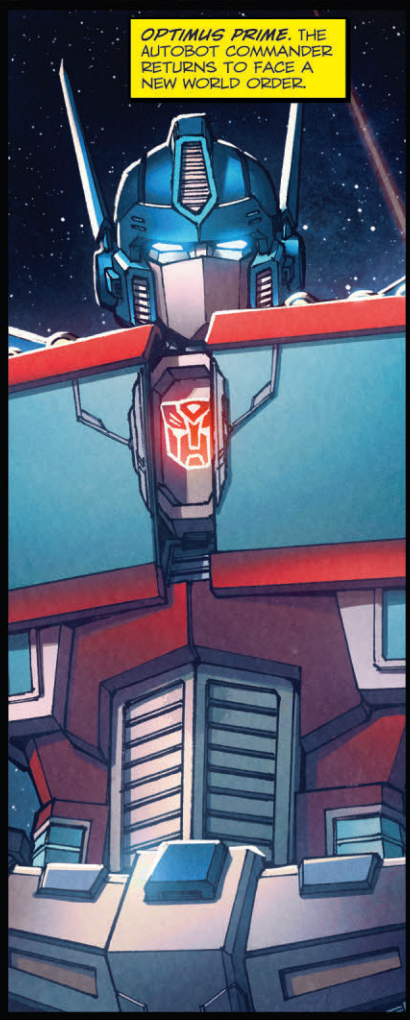
☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #28 COVER A

by **CASEY W. COLLER** Colors by **JOANA LAFUENTE**

PREVIOUSLY

THE UNIVERSE NEARLY CAME TO ITS END, BUT CYBERTRON UNITED AND THE DAY WAS SAVED BY THE COMBINED FORCES OF THE AUTOBOTS, DECEPTICONS, AND SOME NEW ARRIVALS.





SIX MONTHS LATER

FADE IN: EXT. PLANET EARTH - DAY

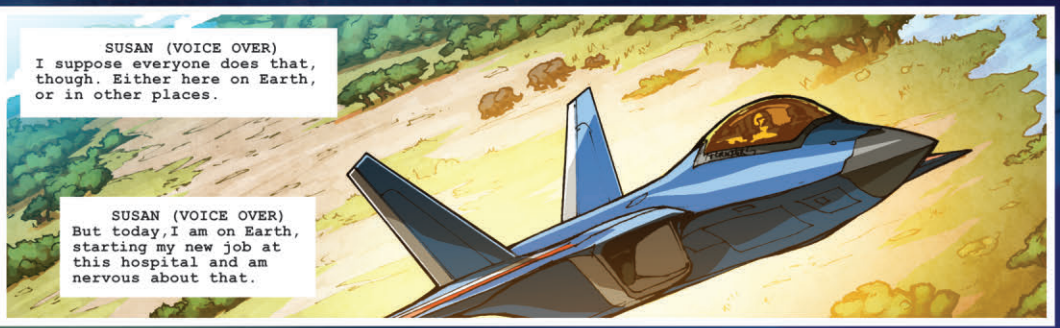
SUSAN JOURNEYER heroically strides across the crowded planet in her NURSE'S UNIFORM. There are many other EARTH HUMANS around her.

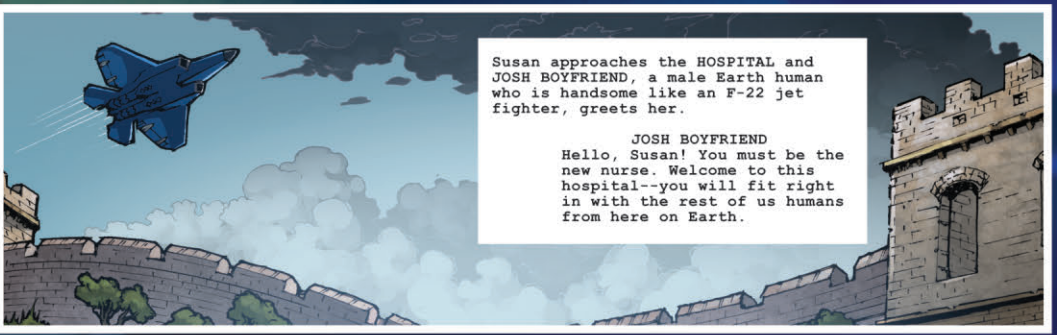
SUSAN (VOICE OVER)
Today is my first day at my new job, and my feelings about it are difficult for me to articulate.

SUSAN (VOICE OVER)
Like most of my species, I often say things in ways that do not make sense to other people. I mask my fears and insecurities with lies and jokes.

SUSAN (VOICE OVER)
I suppose everyone does that, though. Either here on Earth, or in other places.

SUSAN (VOICE OVER)
But today,I am on Earth, starting my new job at this hospital and am nervous about that.





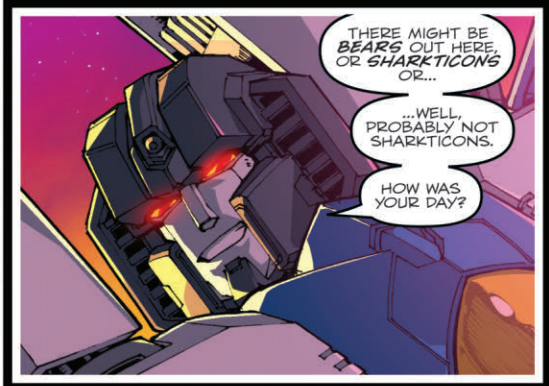
Susan approaches the HOSPITAL and JOSH BOYFRIEND, a male Earth human who is handsome like an F-22 jet fighter, greets her.

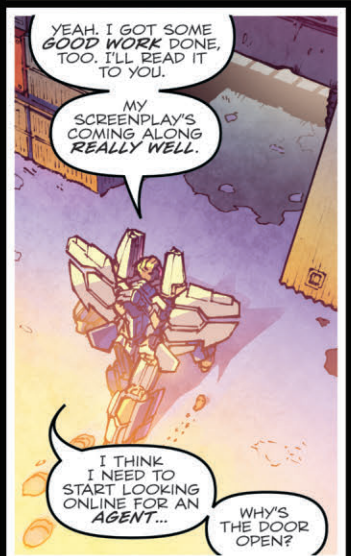
JOSH BOYFRIEND
Hello, Susan! You must be the new nurse. Welcome to this hospital--you will fit right in with the rest of us humans from here on Earth.

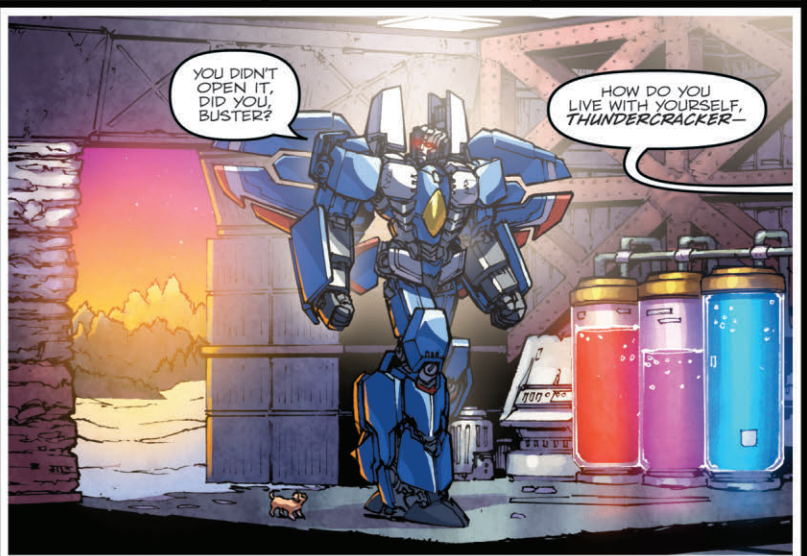
SUSAN JOURNEYER
It's good to meet you, Josh--but your ease of communication is somewhat off-putting to me. Nevertheless, deep down I hope our casual acquaintance will blossom into something more romantic in nature.

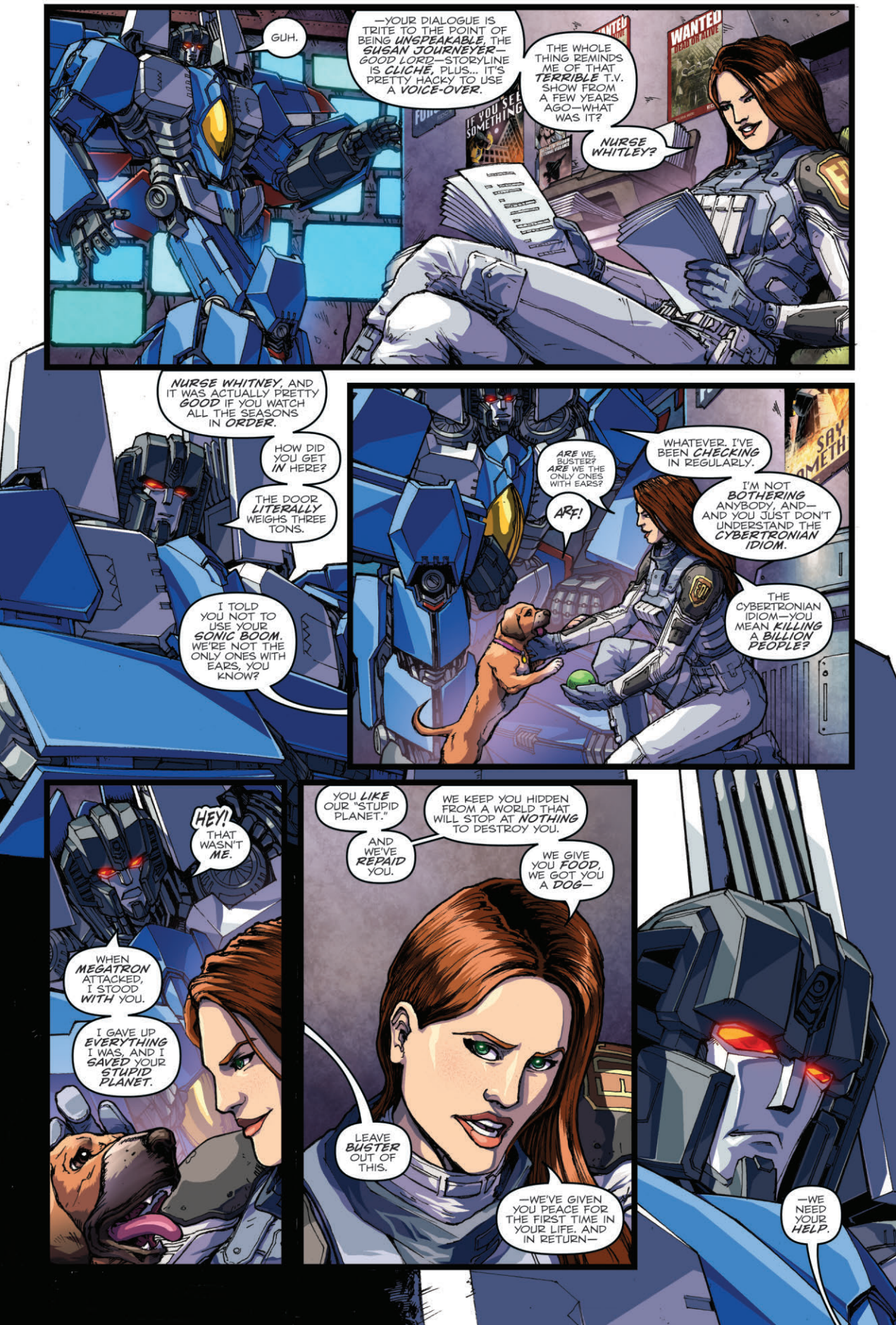
BOOM
JOSH BOYFRIEND
I would not mind that, even though my initial impression is that you and I are not compatible in a romantic way.
JOSH BOYFRIEND
Perhaps if a doctor-emergency were to occur, we would work together despite our initial impressions.

SUSAN JOURNEYER
That would be just beaut
BUSTER!
HOW'D YOU GET OUT? YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL, GIRL.

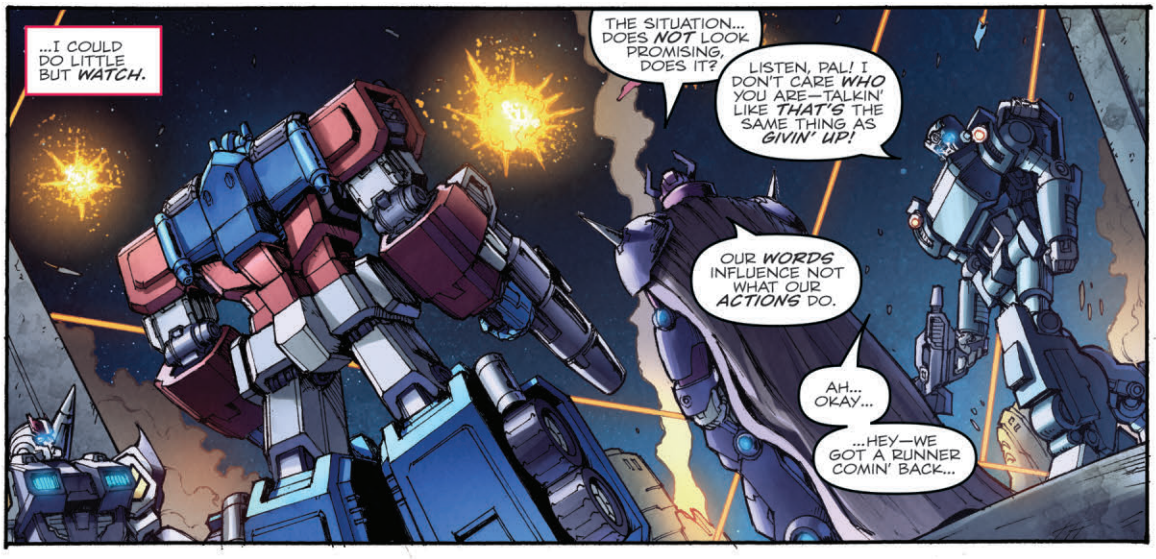

THERE MIGHT BE BEARS OUT HERE, OR SHARKTICONS OR...
...WELL, PROBABLY NOT SHARKTICONS.
HOW WAS YOUR DAY?

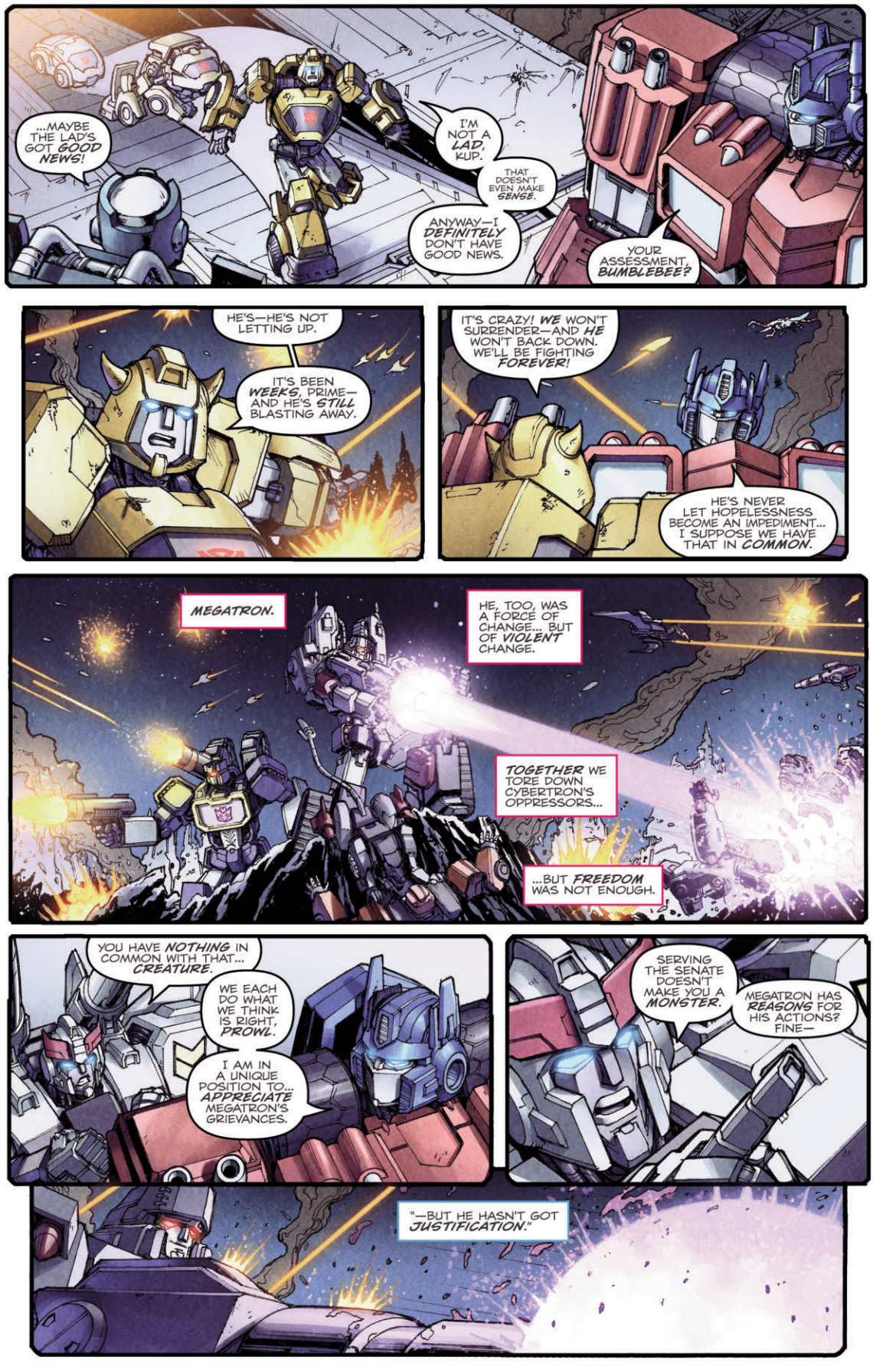

YEAH. I GOT SOME GOOD WORK DONE, TOO. I'LL READ IT TO YOU.
MY SCREENPLAY'S COMING ALONG REALLY WELL.
I THINK I NEED TO START LOOKING ONLINE FOR AN AGENT...
WHY'S THE DOOR OPEN?

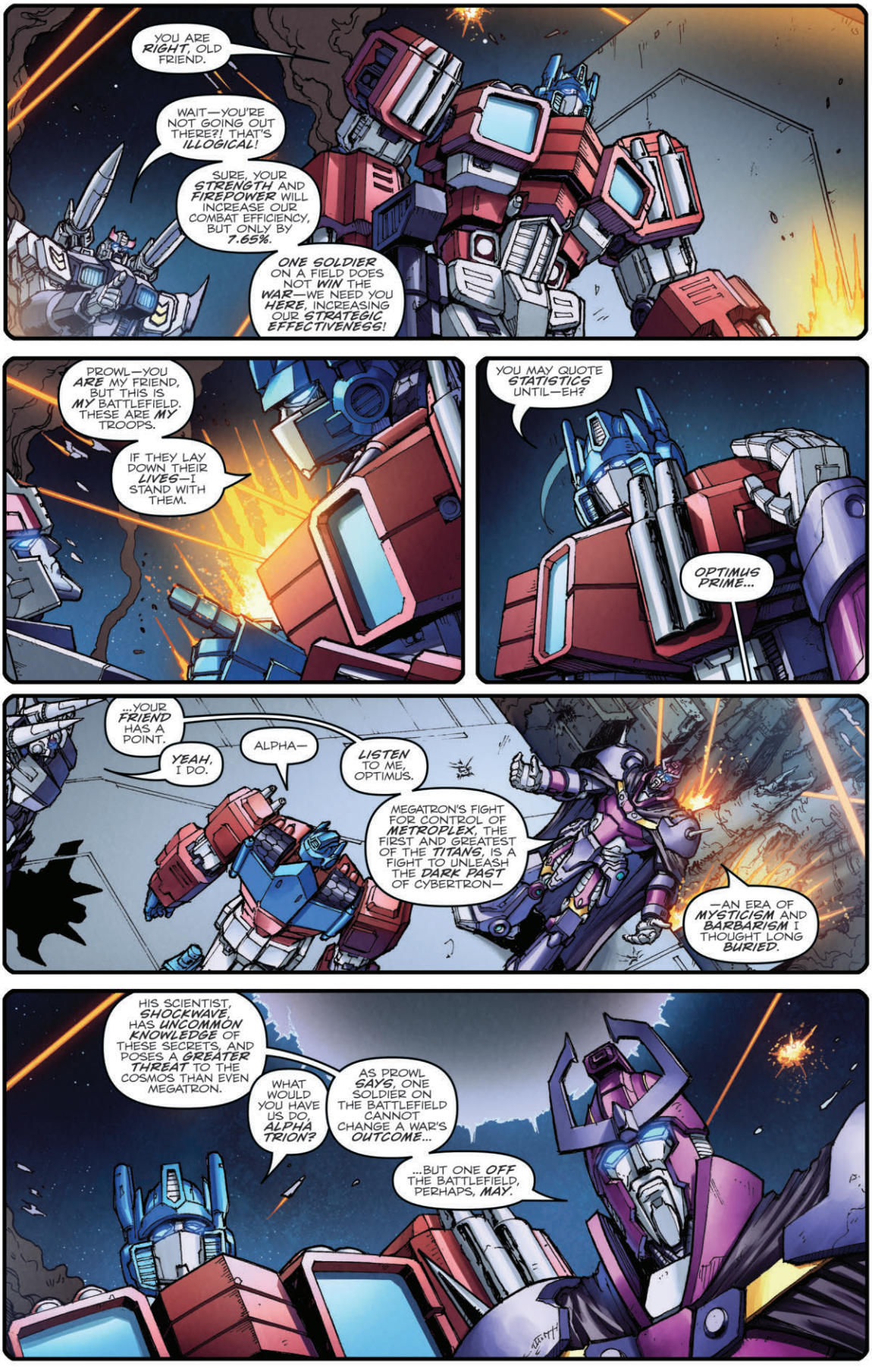

YOU DIDN'T OPEN IT, DID YOU, BUSTER?
HOW DO YOU LIVE WITH YOURSELF, THUNDERCRACKER—

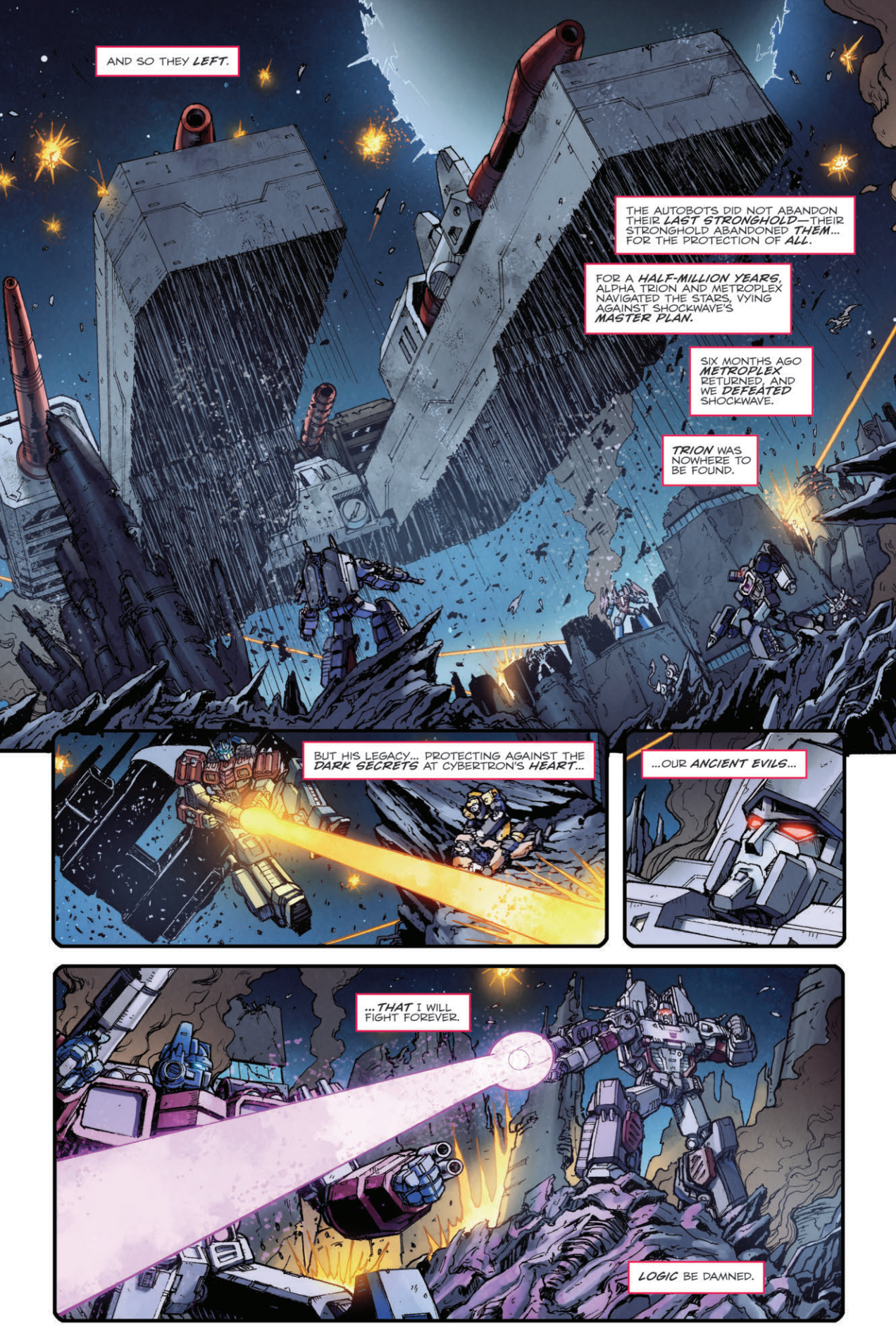

GUH.
—YOUR DIALOGUE IS TRITE TO THE POINT OF BEING UNSPEAKABLE, THE SUSAN JOURNEYER—GOOD LORD—STORYLINE IS CLICHÉ, PLUS... IT'S PRETTY HACKY TO USE A VOICE-OVER.
THE WHOLE THING REMINDS ME OF THAT TERRIBLE T.V. SHOW FROM A FEW YEARS AGO—WHAT WAS IT?
NURSE WHITLEY?
WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE
IF YOU SEE SOMETHING
NURSE WHITNEY, AND IT WAS ACTUALLY PRETTY GOOD IF YOU WATCH ALL THE SEASONS IN ORDER.
HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?
THE DOOR LITERALLY WEIGHS THREE TONS.
I TOLD YOU NOT TO USE YOUR SONIC BOOM. WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES WITH EARS, YOU KNOW?
WHATEVER. I'VE BEEN CHECKING IN REGULARLY.
ARE WE, BUSTER? ARE WE THE ONLY ONES WITH EARS?
ARF!
I'M NOT BOTHERING ANYBODY, AND—AND YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND THE CYBERTRONIAN IDIOM.
THE CYBERTRONIAN IDIOM—YOU MEAN KILLING A BILLION PEOPLE?
HEY! THAT WASN'T ME.
WHEN MEGATRON ATTACKED, I STOOD WITH YOU.
I GAVE UP EVERYTHING I WAS, AND I SAVED YOUR STUPID PLANET.
YOU LIKE OUR "STUPID PLANET."
AND WE'VE REPAID YOU.
WE KEEP YOU HIDDEN FROM A WORLD THAT WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO DESTROY YOU.
WE GIVE YOU FOOD, WE GOT YOU A DOG—
LEAVE BUSTER OUT OF THIS.
—WE'VE GIVEN YOU PEACE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE. AND IN RETURN—
—WE NEED YOUR HELP.

HALF A MILLION YEARS AGO. CYBERTRON.
THE FALL OF METROPLEX:
OUR WAR RAGED.
OUR PLANET BURNED.
THE LAST, GREATEST AUTOBOT STRONGHOLD STOOD FIRM AGAINST THE DECEPTICON ASSAULT.
AND I, OPTIMUS PRIME, WHO HAD ONCE BEEN A FORCE OF CHANGE...

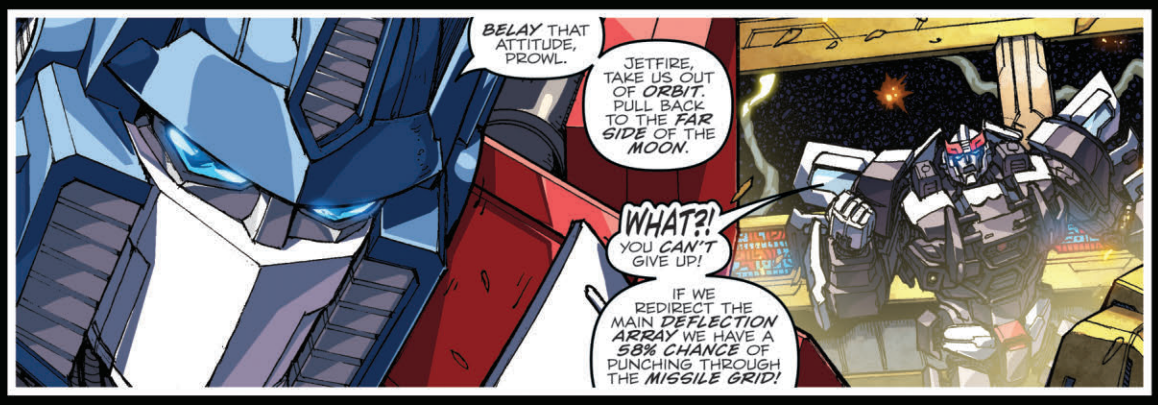

...I COULD DO LITTLE BUT WATCH.
THE SITUATION... DOES NOT LOOK PROMISING, DOES IT?
LISTEN, PAL! I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE—TALKIN' LIKE THAT'S THE SAME THING AS GIVIN' UP!
OUR WORDS INFLUENCE NOT WHAT OUR ACTIONS DO.
AH... OKAY...
...HEY—WE GOT A RUNNER COMIN' BACK...


...MAYBE THE LAD'S GOT GOOD NEWS!
I'M NOT A LAD, KUP.
THAT DOESN'T EVEN MAKE SENSE.
ANYWAY—I DEFINITELY DON'T HAVE GOOD NEWS.
YOUR ASSESSMENT, BUMBLEBEE?
HE'S—HE'S NOT LETTING UP.
IT'S BEEN WEEKS, PRIME—AND HE'S STILL BLASTING AWAY.
IT'S CRAZY! WE WON'T SURRENDER—AND HE WON'T BACK DOWN. WE'LL BE FIGHTING FOREVER!
HE'S NEVER LET HOPELESSNESS BECOME AN IMPEDIMENT... I SUPPOSE WE HAVE THAT IN COMMON.
MEGATRON.
HE, TOO, WAS A FORCE OF CHANGE... BUT OF VIOLENT CHANGE.
TOGETHER WE TORE DOWN CYBERTRON'S OPPRESSORS...
...BUT FREEDOM WAS NOT ENOUGH.
YOU HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON WITH THAT... CREATURE.
WE EACH DO WHAT WE THINK IS RIGHT, PROWL.
I AM IN A UNIQUE POSITION TO... APPRECIATE MEGATRON'S GRIEVANCES.
SERVING THE SENATE DOESN'T MAKE YOU A MONSTER.
MEGATRON HAS REASONS FOR HIS ACTIONS? FINE—
"—BUT HE HASN'T GOT JUSTIFICATION."


YOU ARE RIGHT, OLD FRIEND.
WAIT—YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT THERE?! THAT'S ILLOGICAL!
SURE, YOUR STRENGTH AND FIREPOWER WILL INCREASE OUR COMBAT EFFICIENCY, BUT ONLY BY 7.65%.
ONE SOLDIER ON A FIELD DOES NOT WIN THE WAR—WE NEED YOU HERE, INCREASING OUR STRATEGIC EFFECTIVENESS!
PROWL—YOU ARE MY FRIEND, BUT THIS IS MY BATTLEFIELD. THESE ARE MY TROOPS.
IF THEY LAY DOWN THEIR LIVES—I STAND WITH THEM.
YOU MAY QUOTE STATISTICS UNTIL—EH?
OPTIMUS PRIME...
...YOUR FRIEND HAS A POINT.
YEAH, I DO.
ALPHA—
LISTEN TO ME, OPTIMUS.
MEGATRON'S FIGHT FOR CONTROL OF METROPLEX, THE FIRST AND GREATEST OF THE TITANS, IS A FIGHT TO UNLEASH THE DARK PAST OF CYBERTRON—
—AN ERA OF MYSTICISM AND BARBARISM I THOUGHT LONG BURIED.
HIS SCIENTIST, SHOCKWAVE, HAS UNCOMMON KNOWLEDGE OF THESE SECRETS, AND POSES A GREATER THREAT TO THE COSMOS THAN EVEN MEGATRON.
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE US DO, ALPHA TRION?
AS PROWL SAYS, ONE SOLDIER ON THE BATTLEFIELD CANNOT CHANGE A WAR'S OUTCOME...
...BUT ONE OFF THE BATTLEFIELD, PERHAPS, MAY.


AND SO THEY *LEFT*.
THE AUTOBOTS DID NOT ABANDON THEIR *LAST STRONGHOLD*—THEIR STRONGHOLD ABANDONED *THEM*... FOR THE PROTECTION OF *ALL*.
FOR A *HALF-MILLION YEARS*, ALPHA TRION AND METROPLEX NAVIGATED THE STARS, VYING AGAINST SHOCKWAVE'S *MASTER PLAN*.
SIX MONTHS AGO *METROPLEX* RETURNED, AND WE *DEFEATED* SHOCKWAVE.
TRION WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.
BUT HIS LEGACY... PROTECTING AGAINST THE *DARK SECRETS* AT CYBERTRON'S *HEART*...
...OUR *ANCIENT EVILS*...
...*THAT* I WILL FIGHT FOREVER.
LOGIC BE DAMNED.

PRESENT DAY. EARTH ORBIT.
THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE:
DEFLECTORS AREN'T EVEN SLOWING THE MISSILES DOWN—
—I DON'T REMEMBER HUMANS HAVING THIS KIND OF TECH!
THEY DIDN'T, SIDESWIPE.
JETFIRE—FULL BURN. HOW CAN THEY EVEN SEE US THROUGH OUR GHOST SHIELDS...?
IT HAS TO BE A CYBERTRONIAN DEVICE—BUT JAZZ SAID HE ELIMINATED ALL OUR EQUIPMENT WHEN WE LEFT!
YEAH, WELL—"CLEANING UP OUR MESSES" HAS ALWAYS BEEN A DEFINING CYBERTRONIAN TRAIT.

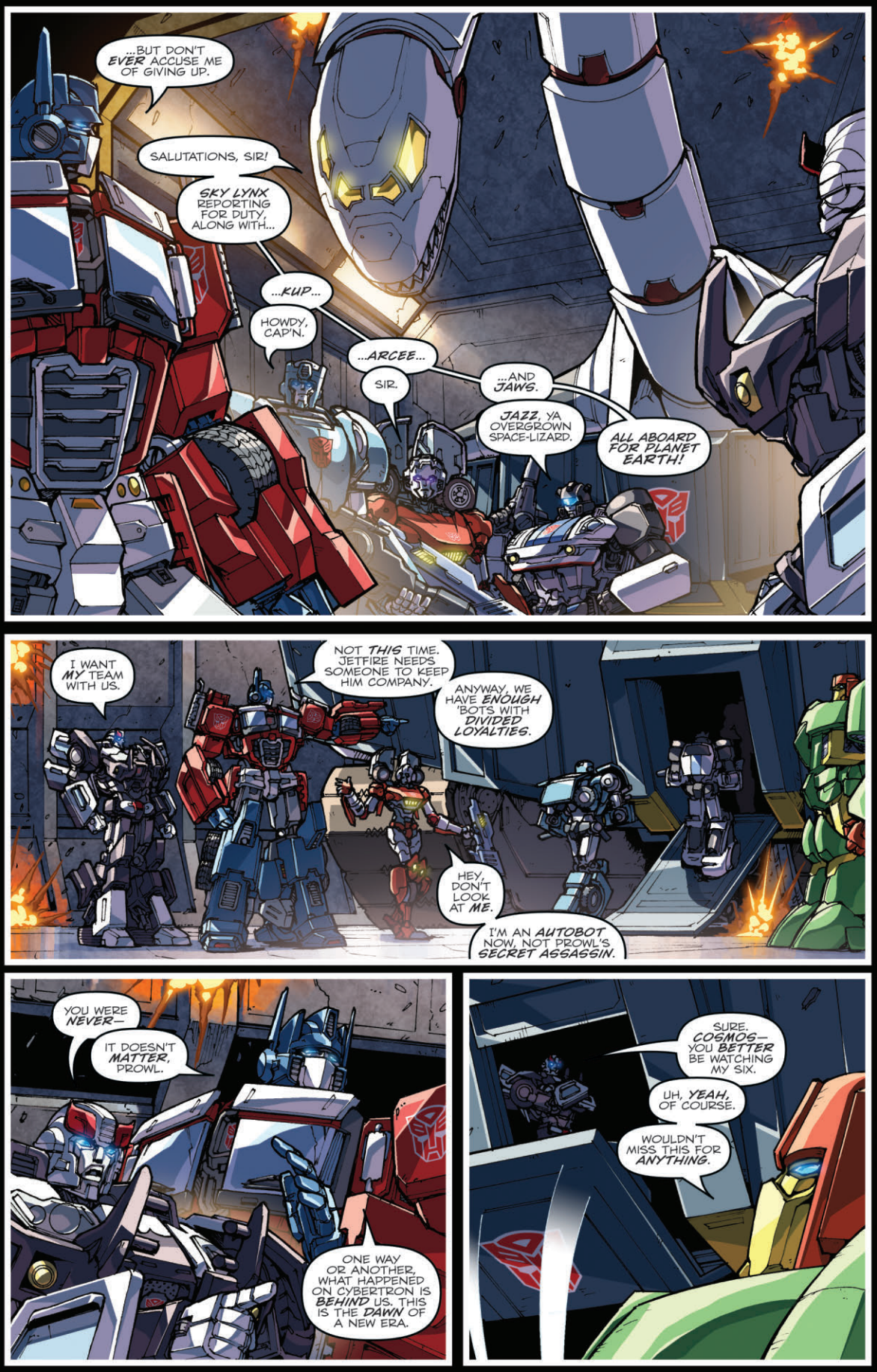

BELAY THAT ATTITUDE, PROWL.
JETFIRE, TAKE US OUT OF ORBIT. PULL BACK TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOON.
WHAT?! YOU CAN'T GIVE UP!
IF WE REDIRECT THE MAIN DEFLECTION ARRAY WE HAVE A 58% CHANCE OF PUNCHING THROUGH THE MISSILE GRID!

IF IT'LL HELP, I CAN GO OUT THERE AND BLAST THE MISSILES MYSELF.
I HAVE A JETPACK AND EVERYTHING.
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, SIDESWIPE. FOLLOW ME—

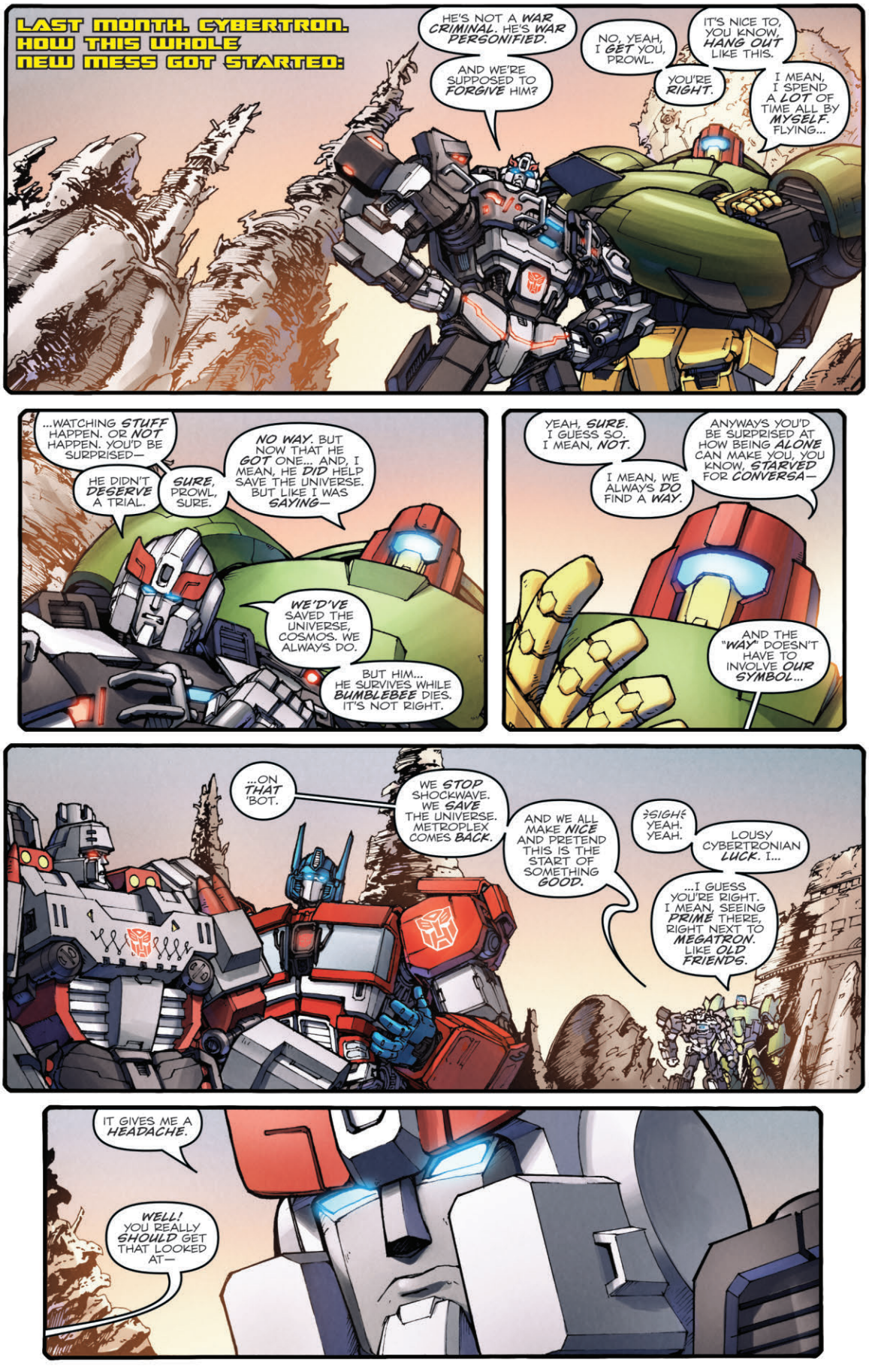
—YOU, TOO, PROWL. JETFIRE, CONTROL IS YOURS. WAIT FOR OUR SIGNAL.
YES, SIR.
2,000 YEARS OF STUDYING AT THE INSTITUTE SO I CAN PILOT A SPACESHIP ON ACCOUNT OF I TURN INTO AN AIRPLANE...

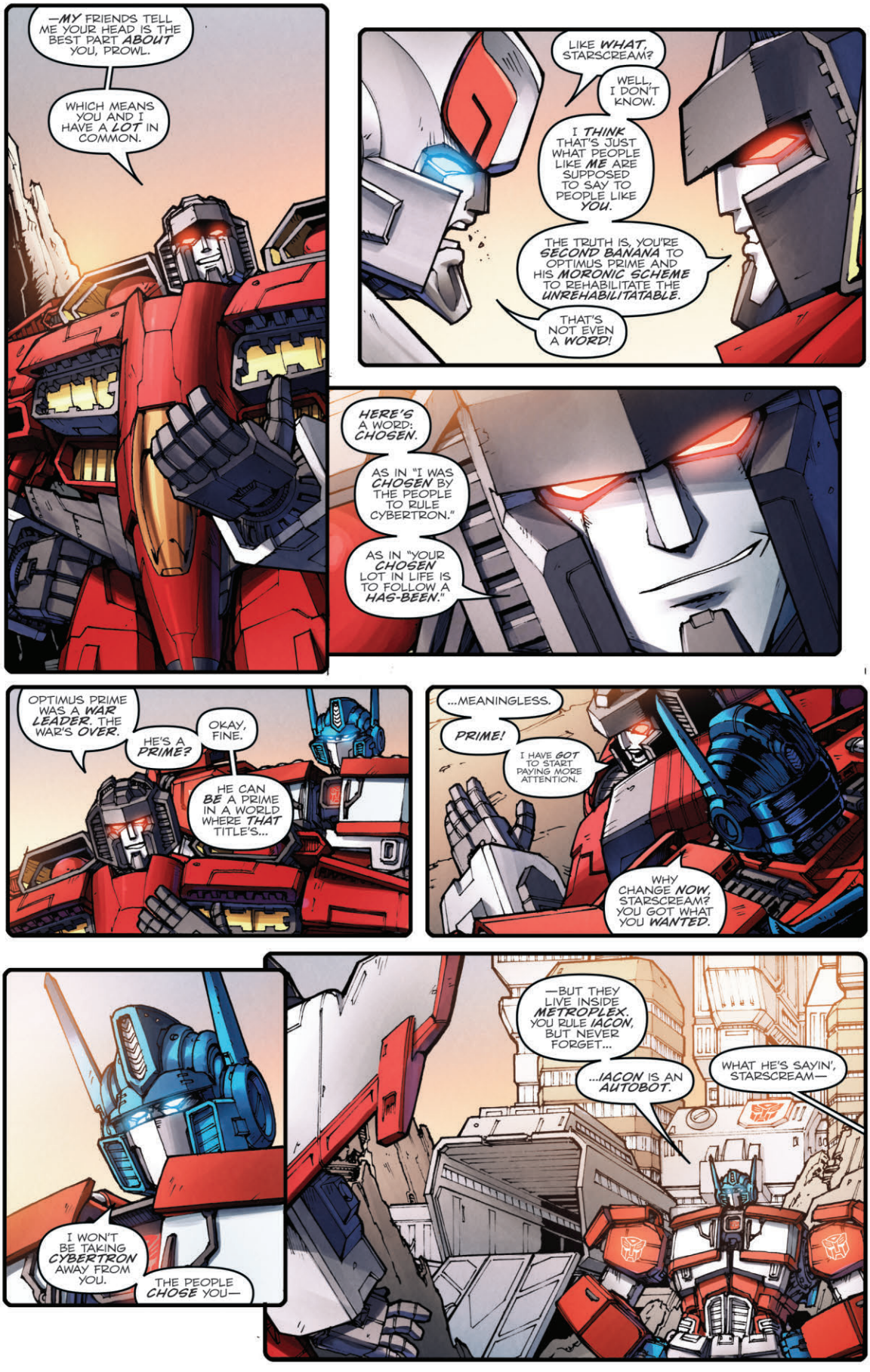
BACK DOWN NOW AND THE HUMANS KNOW WE'RE COMING!
HEY, THESE MISSILES ARE BURROWING THROUGH THE WALLS!
IT'LL TAKE ME THIRTY-FOUR SECONDS TO REALIGN THE ARRAY!
UH, WALL-BURROWING MISSILES? ANYBODY CARE?

PROWL—I WELCOME YOUR INSIGHT AND YOUR STRATEGIC MIND...
BEEP

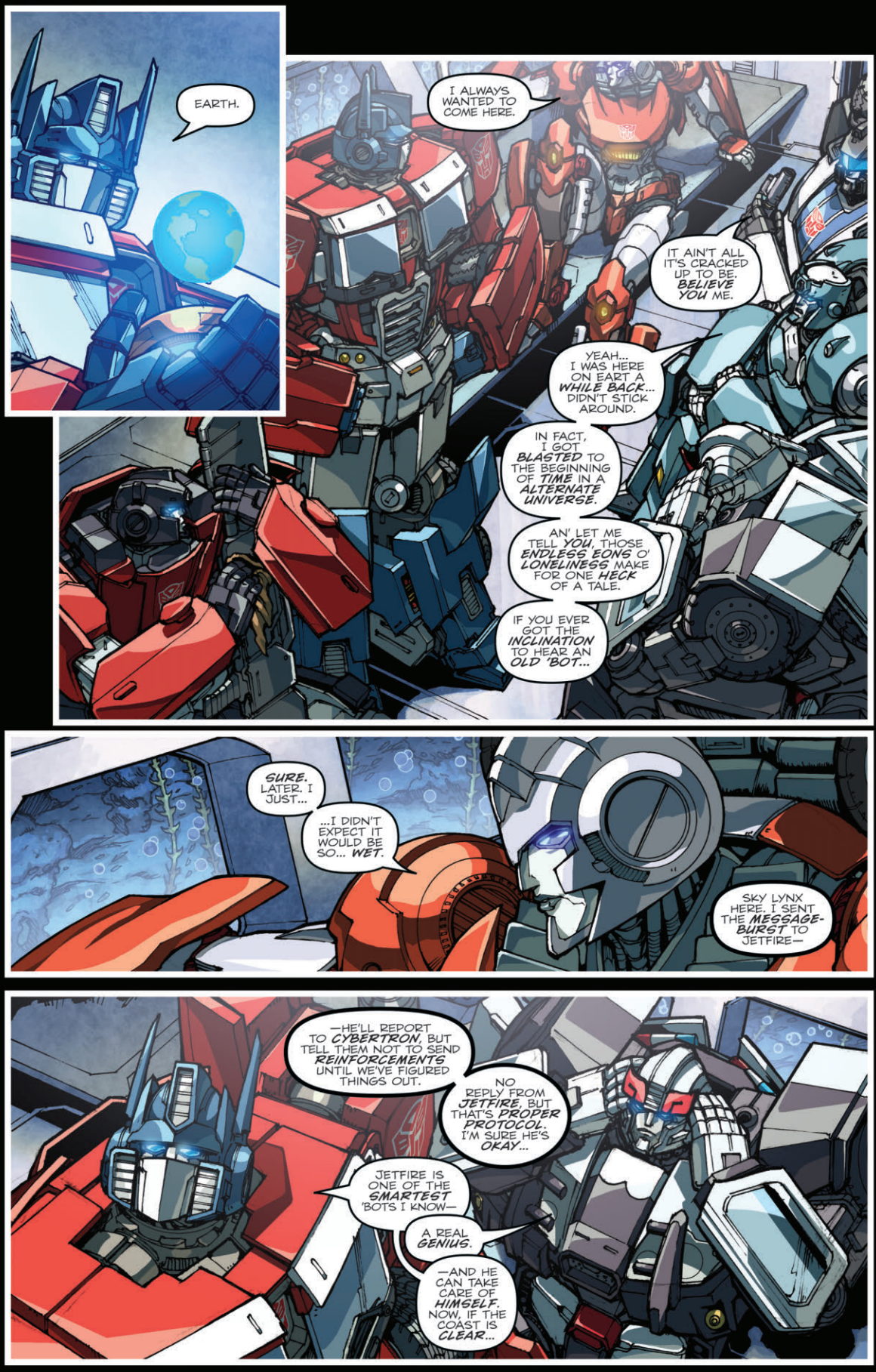

...BUT DON'T EVER ACCUSE ME OF GIVING UP.
SALUTATIONS, SIR!
SKY LYNX REPORTING FOR DUTY, ALONG WITH...
...KUP...
HOWDY, CAP'N.
...ARCEE...
SIR.
...AND JAWS.
JAZZ, YA OVERGROWN SPACE-LIZARD.
ALL ABOARD FOR PLANET EARTH!
I WANT MY TEAM WITH US.
NOT THIS TIME. JETFIRE NEEDS SOMEONE TO KEEP HIM COMPANY.
ANYWAY, WE HAVE ENOUGH 'BOTS WITH DIVIDED LOYALTIES.
HEY, DON'T LOOK AT ME.
I'M AN AUTOBOT NOW, NOT PROWL'S SECRET ASSASSIN.
YOU WERE NEVER—
IT DOESN'T MATTER, PROWL.
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WHAT HAPPENED ON CYBERTRON IS BEHIND US. THIS IS THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA.
SURE. COSMOS— YOU BETTER BE WATCHING MY SIX.
UH, YEAH, OF COURSE.
WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR ANYTHING.

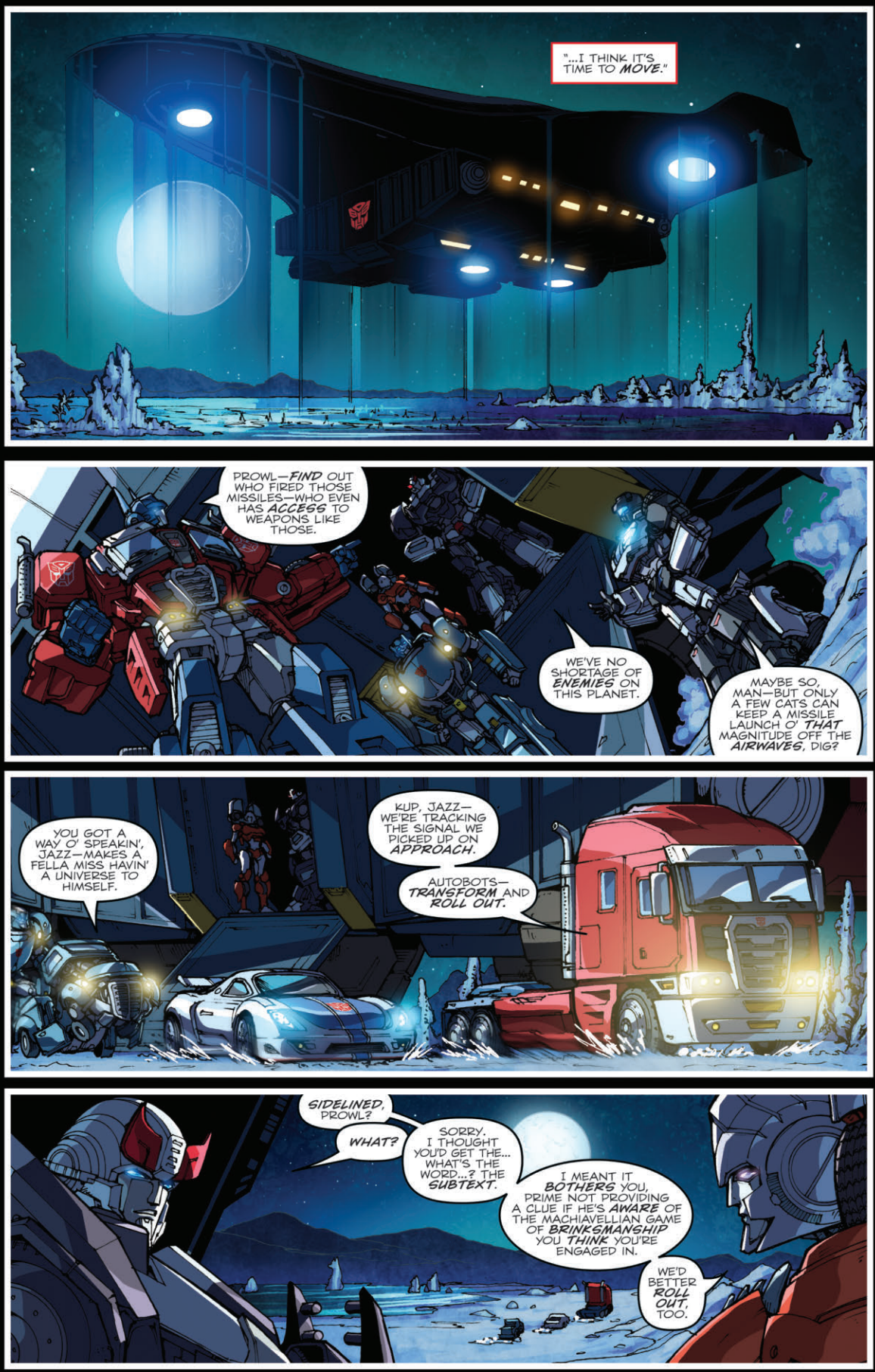
EARTHFALL
PART 1: HELLO CRUEL WORLD
"COSMOS—YOU BETTER BE WATCHING MY SIX."
"WE'D'VE SAVED THE UNIVERSE, COSMOS."
"COME ON, COSMOS—A BOLD NEW FUTURE AWAITS."
SHEESH.
I KNEW ALL THAT CRAP ON CYBERTRON WOULD JUST BE THE START OF A WHOLE NEW MESS.

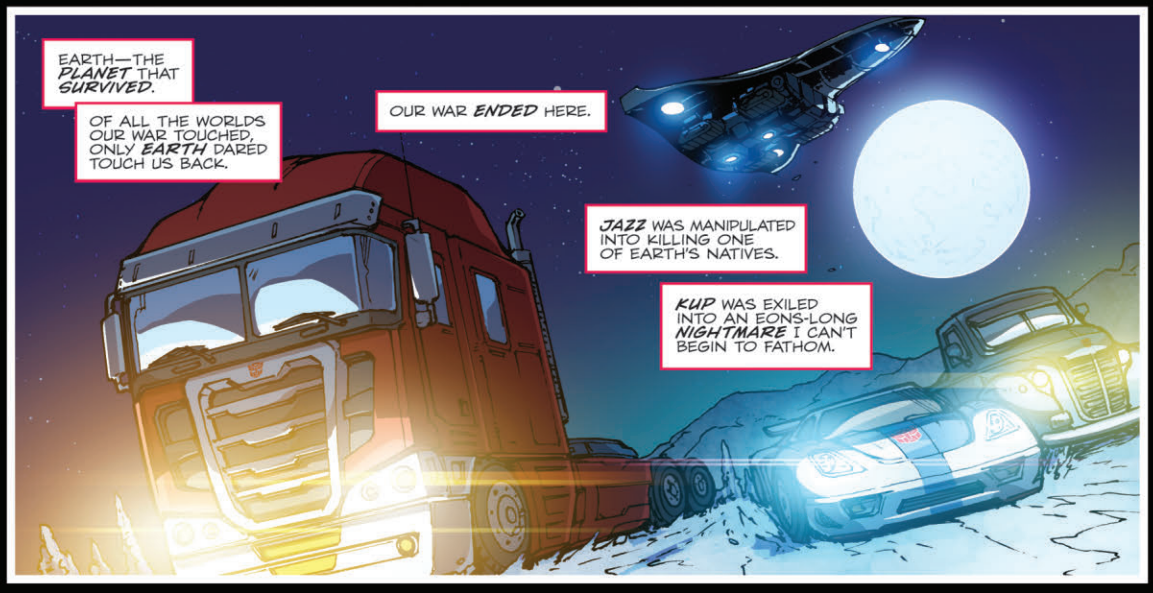

LAST MONTH. CYBERTRON. HOW THIS WHOLE NEW MESS GOT STARTED:
HE'S NOT A WAR CRIMINAL. HE'S WAR PERSONIFIED.
AND WE'RE SUPPOSED TO FORGIVE HIM?
NO, YEAH, I GET YOU, PROWL.
YOU'RE RIGHT.
IT'S NICE TO, YOU KNOW, HANG OUT LIKE THIS.
I MEAN, I SPEND A LOT OF TIME ALL BY MYSELF. FLYING...
...WATCHING STUFF HAPPEN. OR NOT HAPPEN. YOU'D BE SURPRISED—
HE DIDN'T DESERVE A TRIAL.
SURE, PROWL, SURE.
NO WAY. BUT NOW THAT HE GOT ONE... AND, I MEAN, HE DID HELP SAVE THE UNIVERSE. BUT LIKE I WAS SAYING—
WE'D'VE SAVED THE UNIVERSE, COSMOS. WE ALWAYS DO.
BUT HIM... HE SURVIVES WHILE BUMBLEBEE DIES. IT'S NOT RIGHT.
YEAH, SURE. I GUESS SO. I MEAN, NOT.
I MEAN, WE ALWAYS DO FIND A WAY.
ANYWAYS YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT HOW BEING ALONE CAN MAKE YOU, YOU KNOW, STARVED FOR CONVERSA—
AND THE "WAY" DOESN'T HAVE TO INVOLVE OUR SYMBOL...
...ON THAT 'BOT.
WE STOP SHOCKWAVE. WE SAVE THE UNIVERSE. METROPLEX COMES BACK.
AND WE ALL MAKE NICE AND PRETEND THIS IS THE START OF SOMETHING GOOD.
SIGH YEAH. YEAH.
LOUSY CYBERTRONIAN LUCK. I...
...I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. I MEAN, SEEING PRIME THERE, RIGHT NEXT TO MEGATRON. LIKE OLD FRIENDS.
IT GIVES ME A HEADACHE.
WELL! YOU REALLY SHOULD GET THAT LOOKED AT—


—MY FRIENDS TELL ME YOUR HEAD IS THE BEST PART ABOUT YOU, PROWL.
WHICH MEANS YOU AND I HAVE A LOT IN COMMON.
LIKE WHAT, STARSCREAM?
WELL, I DON'T KNOW.
I THINK THAT'S JUST WHAT PEOPLE LIKE ME ARE SUPPOSED TO SAY TO PEOPLE LIKE YOU.
THE TRUTH IS, YOU'RE SECOND BANANA TO OPTIMUS PRIME AND HIS MORONIC SCHEME TO REHABILITATE THE UNREHABILITATABLE.
THAT'S NOT EVEN A WORD!
HERE'S A WORD: CHOSEN.
AS IN "I WAS CHOSEN BY THE PEOPLE TO RULE CYBERTRON."
AS IN "YOUR CHOSEN LOT IN LIFE IS TO FOLLOW A HAS-BEEN."
OPTIMUS PRIME WAS A WAR LEADER. THE WAR'S OVER.
HE'S A PRIME?
OKAY, FINE.
HE CAN BE A PRIME IN A WORLD WHERE THAT TITLE'S...
...MEANINGLESS.
PRIME!
I HAVE GOT TO START PAYING MORE ATTENTION.
WHY CHANGE NOW, STARSCREAM? YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED.
I WON'T BE TAKING CYBERTRON AWAY FROM YOU.
THE PEOPLE CHOSE YOU—
—BUT THEY LIVE INSIDE METROPLEX. YOU RULE IACON, BUT NEVER FORGET...
...IACON IS AN AUTOBOT.
WHAT HE'S SAYIN', STARSCREAM—

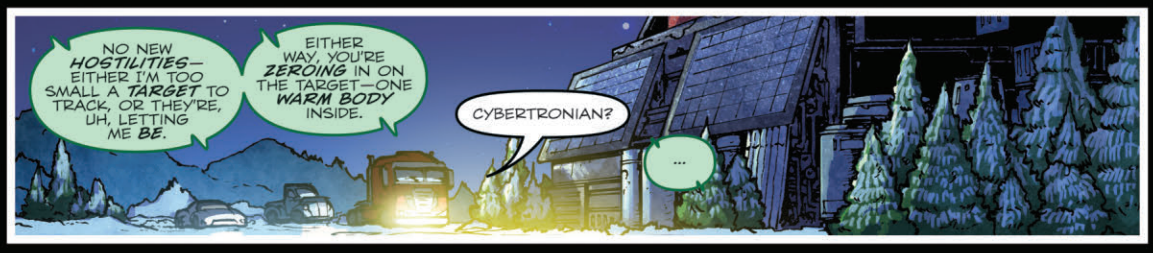
—IS IF YOU SCREW UP, THE CITY'LL TURN 'GAINST YOU IN A REAL LITERAL WAY.
PLUS Y'GOT ME AN' WINDBLADE, HERE... WATCHIN' YOU.
IRONHIDE... WE SHOULD GIVE OUR LEADER THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.
METROPLEX IS STILL INJURED, AND I'M THE ONLY ONE HE'S TALKING TO.
STARSCREAM AND I WILL BE SEEING A LOT OF EACH OTHER, IF HE WANTS HIS CITY TO RUN SMOOTHLY.
THAT'S—FINE. I LOOK FORWARD TO IT.
ANY COMMENT FOR THE IACONIAN NEWS SERVICE ON THESE NEW CHECKS AND BALANCES, STARSCREAM?
IT'S— IT'S LORD STARSCREAM, AND...
...AND I COULDN'T BE BETTER.
PROWL—YOU AND COSMOS REPORT TO THE ARK-7.
IT'S TIME TO GO. WE'LL SCAN NEW ALT-MODES ON THE WAY.
COME ON, COSMOS—A BOLD NEW FUTURE AWAITS.
AND WINDBLADE... PLEASE.
YOU'RE NEW HERE, AND I DO NOT WANT TO DRAG YOU INTO OUR WAR... BUT BE WARY OF STARSCREAM.
I'M "WARY" OF EVERYONE.
THE TRIAL DELAYED THINGS LONG ENOUGH. ALPHA TRION NEEDS YOU.
YOU ONLY KNEW HIM FOR A FEW WEEKS, BEFORE HE LEFT METROPLEX. WHY ARE YOU SO CONCERNED?
WHY WOULDN'T I BE? YOUR WAR MADE YOU NOT CARE ABOUT PEOPLE.
PLUS HE TRUSTED ME TO GET THAT HOLOGRAM TO YOU—AND TELL YOU THAT WORD...
..."EART."
WITH PRACTICE, IT GETS EASIER TO SAY.


EARTH.
I ALWAYS WANTED TO COME HERE.
IT AIN'T ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE. BELIEVE YOU ME.
YEAH... I WAS HERE ON EART A WHILE BACK... DIDN'T STICK AROUND.
IN FACT, I GOT BLASTED TO THE BEGINNING OF TIME IN A ALTERNATE UNIVERSE.
AN' LET ME TELL YOU, THOSE ENDLESS EONS O' LONELINESS MAKE FOR ONE HECK OF A TALE.
IF YOU EVER GOT THE INCLINATION TO HEAR AN OLD 'BOT...
SURE. LATER. I JUST...
...I DIDN'T EXPECT IT WOULD BE SO... WET.
SKY LYNX HERE. I SENT THE MESSAGE-BURST TO JETFIRE—
—HE'LL REPORT TO CYBERTRON, BUT TELL THEM NOT TO SEND REINFORCEMENTS UNTIL WE'VE FIGURED THINGS OUT.
NO REPLY FROM JETFIRE, BUT THAT'S PROPER PROTOCOL. I'M SURE HE'S OKAY...
JETFIRE IS ONE OF THE SMARTEST 'BOTS I KNOW—
A REAL GENIUS.
—AND HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF. NOW, IF THE COAST IS CLEAR...

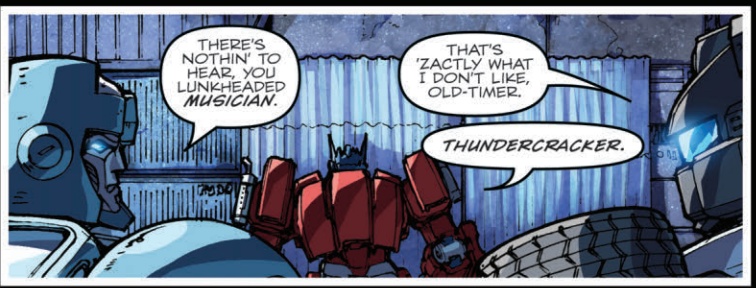

"...I THINK IT'S TIME TO MOVE."
PROWL—FIND OUT WHO FIRED THOSE MISSILES—WHO EVEN HAS ACCESS TO WEAPONS LIKE THOSE.
WE'VE NO SHORTAGE OF ENEMIES ON THIS PLANET.
MAYBE SO, MAN—BUT ONLY A FEW CATS CAN KEEP A MISSILE LAUNCH O' THAT MAGNITUDE OFF THE AIRWAVES, DIG?
YOU GOT A WAY O' SPEAKIN', JAZZ—MAKES A FELLA MISS HAVIN' A UNIVERSE TO HIMSELF.
KUP, JAZZ—WE'RE TRACKING THE SIGNAL WE PICKED UP ON APPROACH.
AUTOBOTS—TRANSFORM AND ROLL OUT.
SIDELINED, PROWL?
WHAT?
SORRY. I THOUGHT YOU'D GET THE... WHAT'S THE WORD...? THE SUBTEXT.
I MEANT IT BOTHERS YOU, PRIME NOT PROVIDING A CLUE IF HE'S AWARE OF THE MACHIAVELLIAN GAME OF BRINKSMANSHIP YOU THINK YOU'RE ENGAGED IN.
WE'D BETTER ROLL OUT, TOO.


EARTH—THE *PLANET* THAT *SURVIVED*.
OF ALL THE WORLDS OUR WAR TOUCHED, ONLY *EARTH* DARED TOUCH US BACK.
OUR WAR *ENDED* HERE.
JAZZ WAS MANIPULATED INTO KILLING ONE OF EARTH'S NATIVES.
KUP WAS EXILED INTO AN EONS-LONG *NIGHTMARE* I CAN'T BEGIN TO FATHOM.

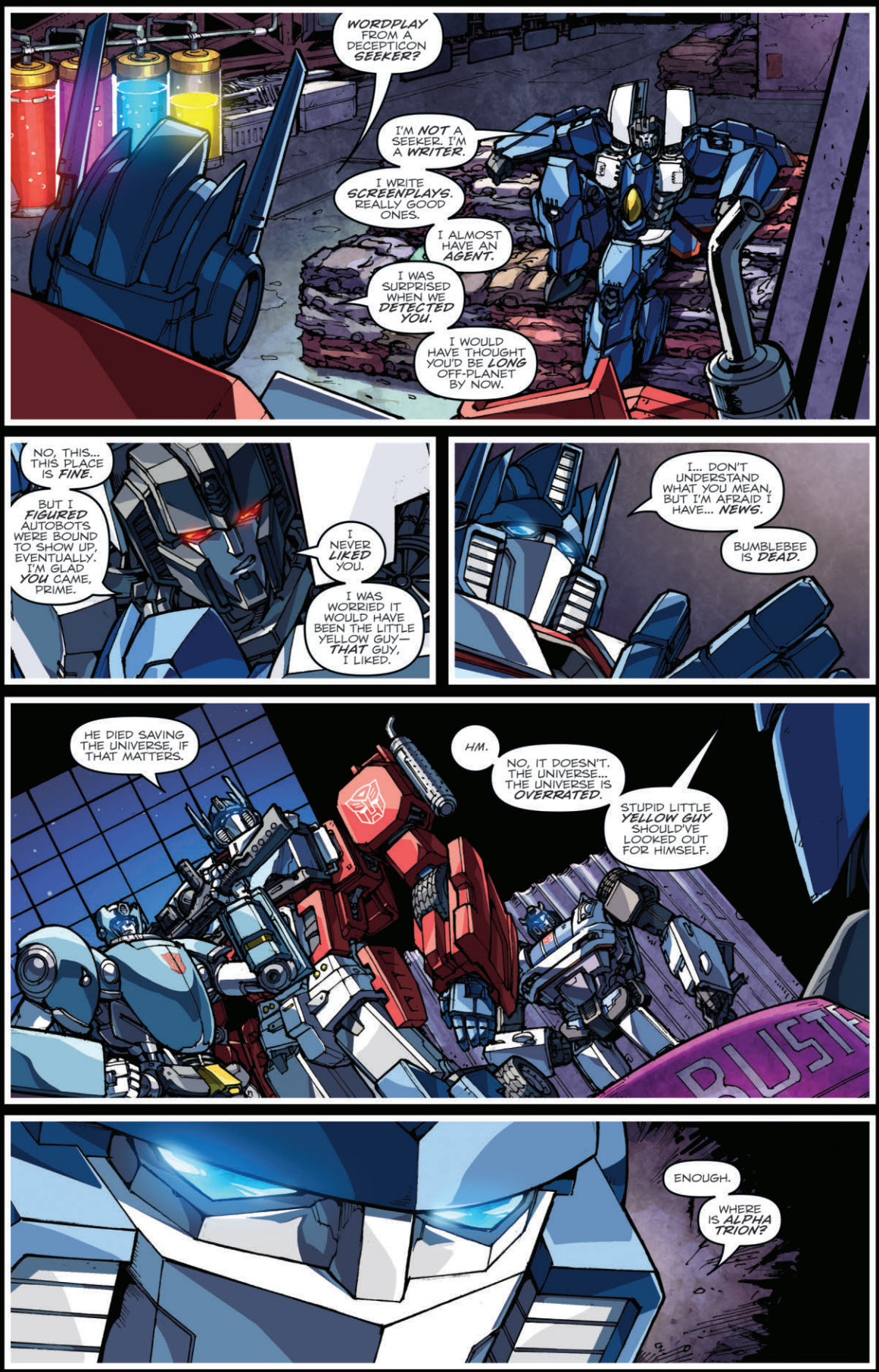
I NEVER WANTED TO *RETURN*. NONE OF US DID.
BUT *WANTS* AND *NEEDS*... RARELY AGREE.
COSMOS, UP IN ORBIT, CALLIN' *OPTIMUS PRIME*.
YOU, UH, YOU *READIN'* ME? I MEAN, "YOU READING ME, *SIR*?"
LOUD AND CLEAR. *STATUS*?

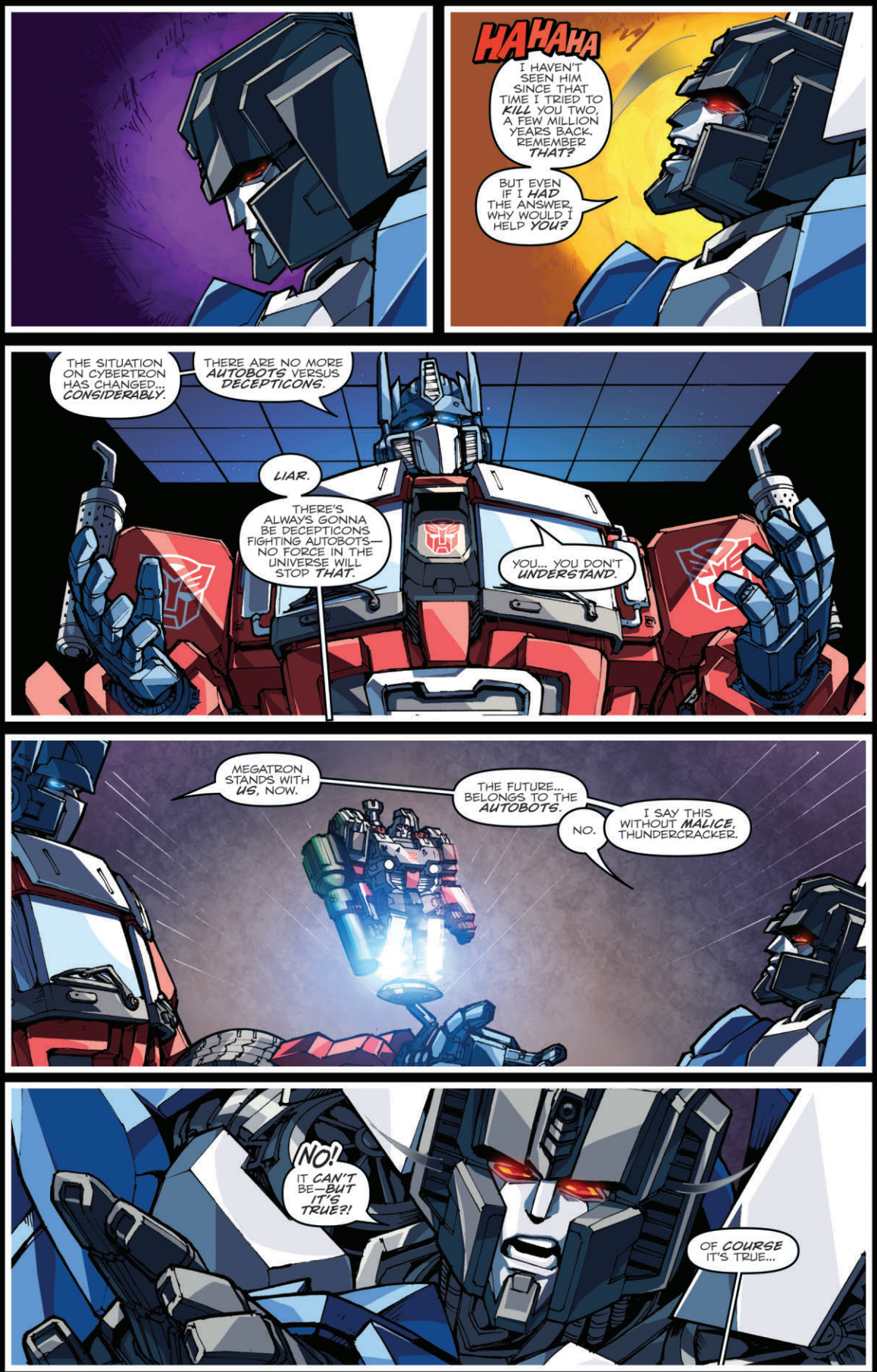

NO NEW *HOSTILITIES*— EITHER I'M TOO SMALL A *TARGET* TO TRACK, OR THEY'RE, UH, LETTING ME *BE*.
EITHER WAY, YOU'RE *ZEROING* IN ON THE TARGET—ONE *WARM BODY* INSIDE.
CYBERTRONIAN?
...

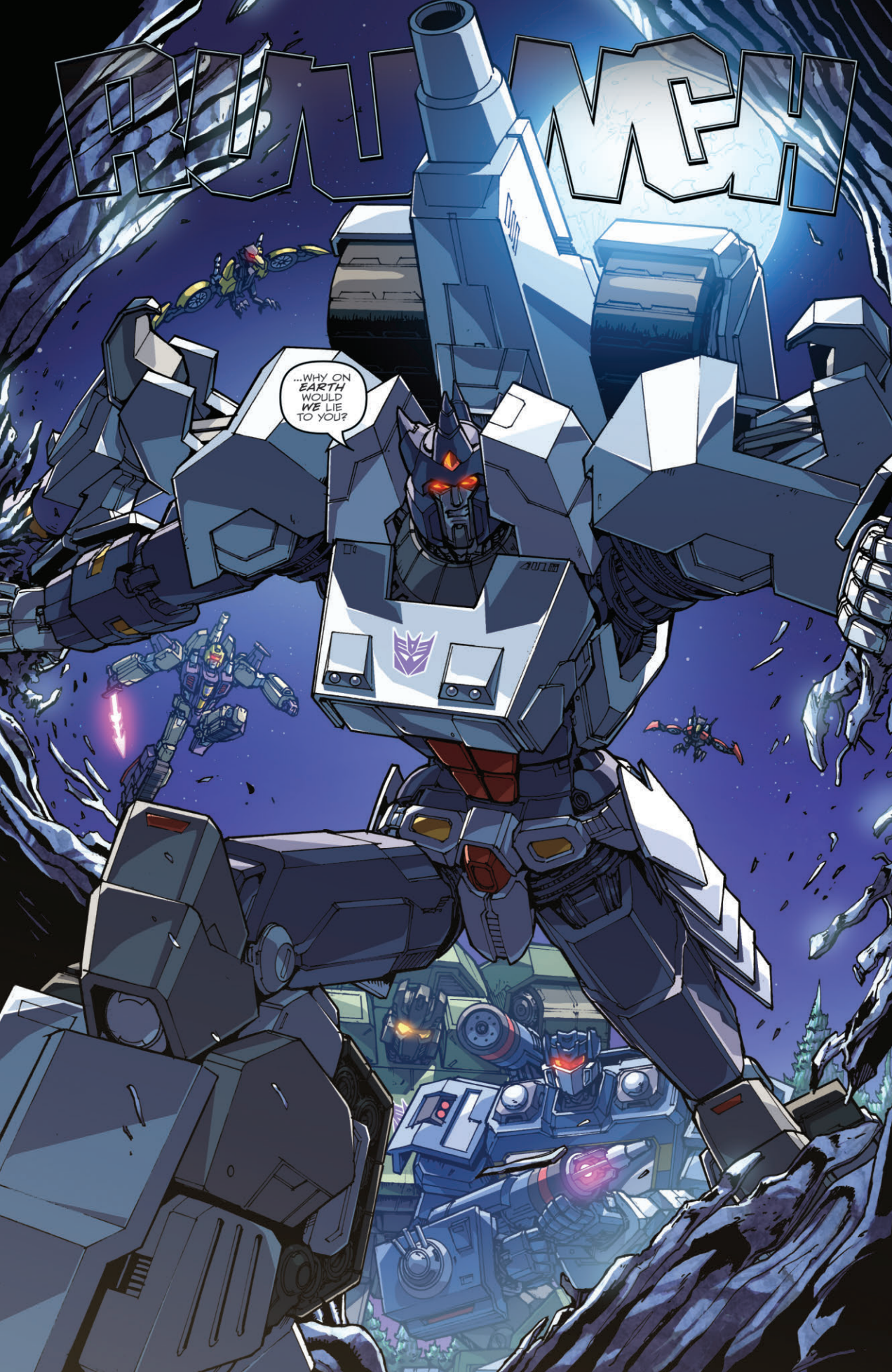
COSMOS? IS IT A *CYBERTRONIAN*?
UH-OH, BOSS-MAN. I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND O' *THAT*.


THERE'S NOTHIN' TO HEAR, YOU LUNKHEADED *MUSICIAN*.
THAT'S 'ZACTLY WHAT I DON'T LIKE, OLD-TIMER.
THUNDERCRACKER.

WRUNCH
WE COME IN *PEACE*.
SURE, THAT'S WHAT YOU ALL SAY—THEN SOMEBODY *PULLS* A *PIECE*.


WORDPLAY FROM A DECEPTICON SEEKER?
I'M NOT A SEEKER. I'M A WRITER.
I WRITE SCREENPLAYS. REALLY GOOD ONES.
I ALMOST HAVE AN AGENT.
I WAS SURPRISED WHEN WE DETECTED YOU.
I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D BE LONG OFF-PLANET BY NOW.
NO, THIS... THIS PLACE IS FINE.
BUT I FIGURED AUTOBOTS WERE BOUND TO SHOW UP, EVENTUALLY. I'M GLAD YOU CAME, PRIME.
I NEVER LIKED YOU.
I WAS WORRIED IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE LITTLE YELLOW GUY—THAT GUY, I LIKED.
I... DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEAN, BUT I'M AFRAID I HAVE... NEWS.
BUMBLEBEE IS DEAD.
HE DIED SAVING THE UNIVERSE, IF THAT MATTERS.
HM.
NO, IT DOESN'T. THE UNIVERSE... THE UNIVERSE IS OVERRATED.
STUPID LITTLE YELLOW GUY SHOULD'VE LOOKED OUT FOR HIMSELF.
ENOUGH.
WHERE IS ALPHA TRION?


HAHAHA
I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE THAT TIME I TRIED TO KILL YOU TWO, A FEW MILLION YEARS BACK. REMEMBER THAT?
BUT EVEN IF I HAD THE ANSWER, WHY WOULD I HELP YOU?
THE SITUATION ON CYBERTRON HAS CHANGED... CONSIDERABLY.
THERE ARE NO MORE AUTOBOTS VERSUS DECEPTICONS.
LIAR.
THERE'S ALWAYS GONNA BE DECEPTICONS FIGHTING AUTOBOTS—NO FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE WILL STOP THAT.
YOU... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
MEGATRON STANDS WITH US, NOW.
THE FUTURE... BELONGS TO THE AUTOBOTS.
NO.
I SAY THIS WITHOUT MALICE, THUNDERCRACKER.
NO! IT CAN'T BE—BUT IT'S TRUE?!
OF COURSE IT'S TRUE...


RUN WCH
...WHY ON EARTH WOULD WE LIE TO YOU?

GALVATRON?!
WHAT IN TH' AFTERSPARK IS— AGGH!
VZAT
WELCOME TO EARTH, OPTIMUS PRIME. DECEPTICONS— SUBDUE THEM.
NO! YOU SAID IT WOULDN'T HAPPEN LIKE THIS!
GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!
FOR ONCE, I AGREE WITH YOU, THUNDERCRACKER!
SKRUNK
AUTOBOTS, LET'S TAKE THIS FIGHT—
—OUTSIDE.
DON'T MOVE, ALIEN...

...MY NAME IS MARISSA FAIREBORN, DIRECTOR OF THE EARTH DEFENSE COMMAND.
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, OPTIMUS PRIME, AND I KNOW YOU HAVE ALLIED YOURSELF WITH THE ALIEN MURDERER CALLED MEGATRON.
WHAT I DON'T KNOW IS WHY THE HELL YOU BELIEVED YOU COULD SET FOOT ON MY PLANET AGAIN.
IN THE NAME OF THE EARTH/DECEPTICON ALLIANCE, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST. THAT SAID... PLEASE—
ARF!
—BE MY GUEST AND DON'T GIVE UP.

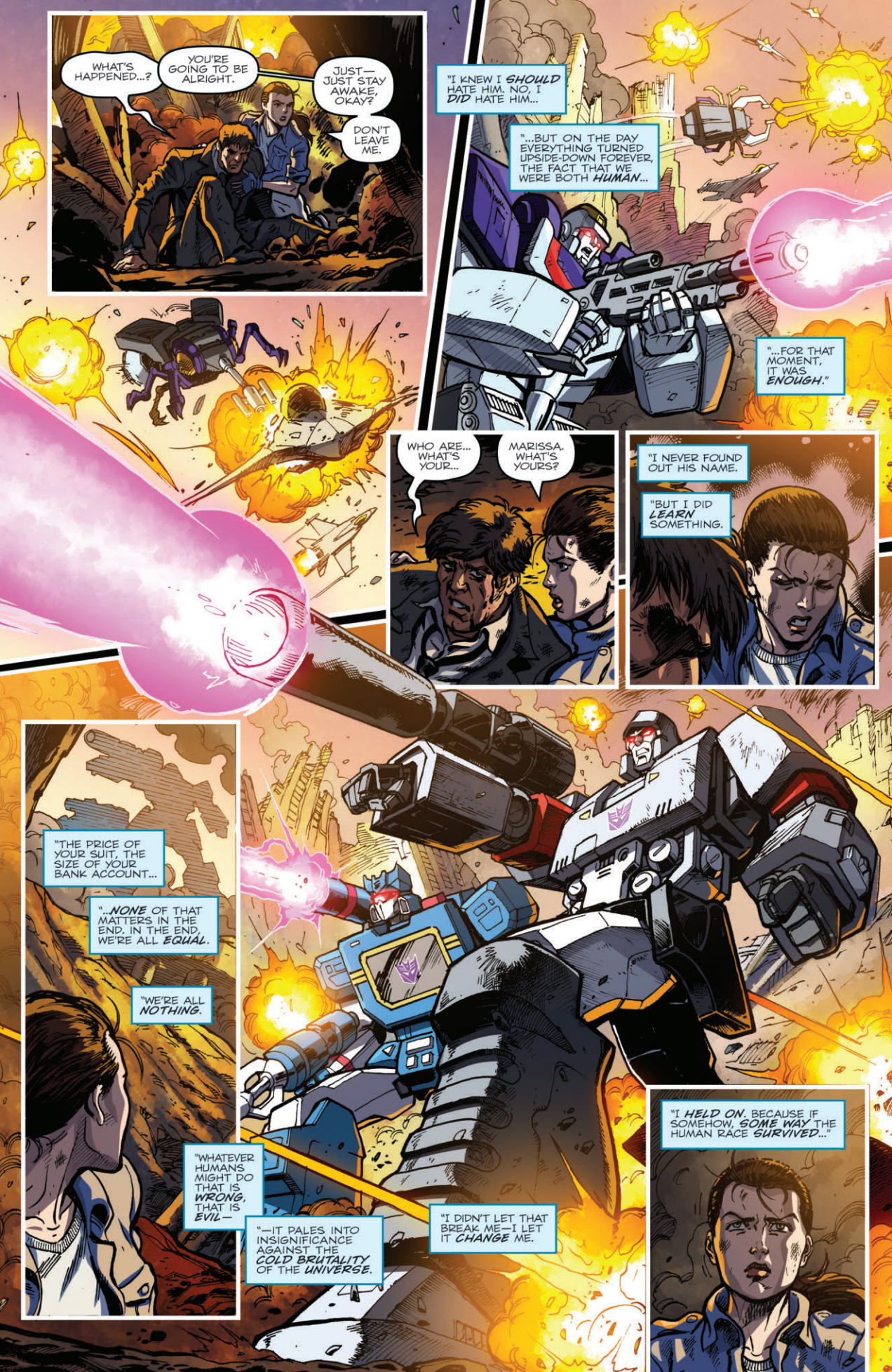
☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #28 COVER SUB

by **ANDREW GRIFFITH** Colors by **JOANA LAFUENTE**

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #29 COVER A

by **ANDREW GRIFFITH** COLORS BY **PRISCILLA TRAMONTANO**

"I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HOME.
"CLASSES WERE OVER AND MY MOM EXPECTED ME FOR STEVE'S BIRTHDAY.
"BUT WALL STREET NEEDED OCCUPYING.
"IT ALL WAS SO, SO IMPORTANT, I DUG UP AN OLD SLEEPING BAG...
"...AND I WAS THERE WHEN THE DECEPTICONS TOOK MANHATTAN.
"A DAY EARLIER, I'D HAVE JOKED ABOUT IT. 'WHAT DO YOU CALL A THOUSAND-FOOT-TALL ROBOT TEARING APART THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT?'
"'A GOOD START.'"
UNNHHH...
COME ON, STAY WITH ME!
"BUT THERE I WAS, PULLING THE LITERAL EMBODIMENT OF EVERYTHING I WAS PROTESTING OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE.
"DRAGGING HIM BY A JACKET THAT COST MORE THAN MOST PEOPLE MADE LAST YEAR."

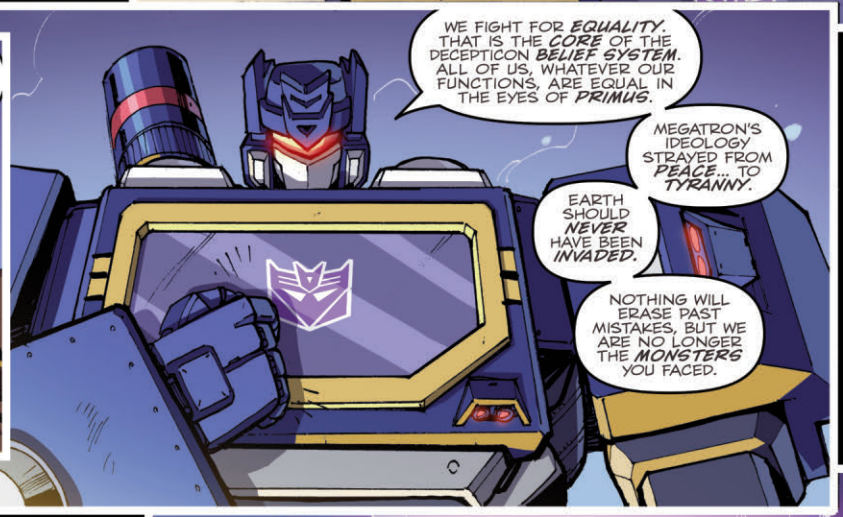

WHAT'S HAPPENED...?
YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALRIGHT.
JUST—JUST STAY AWAKE, OKAY?
DON'T LEAVE ME.
"I KNEW I SHOULD HATE HIM. NO, I DID HATE HIM...
"...BUT ON THE DAY EVERYTHING TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN FOREVER, THE FACT THAT WE WERE BOTH HUMAN...
"...FOR THAT MOMENT, IT WAS ENOUGH."
WHO ARE... WHAT'S YOUR...
MARISSA. WHAT'S YOURS?
"I NEVER FOUND OUT HIS NAME.
"BUT I DID LEARN SOMETHING.
"THE PRICE OF YOUR SUIT, THE SIZE OF YOUR BANK ACCOUNT...
"...NONE OF THAT MATTERS IN THE END. IN THE END, WE'RE ALL EQUAL.
"WE'RE ALL NOTHING.
"WHATEVER HUMANS MIGHT DO THAT IS WRONG, THAT IS EVIL—
"—IT PALES INTO INSIGNIFICANCE AGAINST THE COLD BRUTALITY OF THE UNIVERSE.
"I DIDN'T LET THAT BREAK ME—I LET IT CHANGE ME.
"I HELD ON. BECAUSE IF SOMEHOW, SOME WAY THE HUMAN RACE SURVIVED..."

...THIS COULD NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN.
I SAW YOU THERE. YOU DESTROYED MY WORLD.
YOU THINK YOU CAN LET A FEW YEARS PASS AND WE'LL FORGET SOUNDWAVE?
INVITE US TO THE SOUTH POLE AND, WHAT?
WE WON'T BE READY FOR YOU?
PLEASE. TELL US ANOTHER TALE OF YOUR PEOPLE'S WEAKNESS.
OR, BETTER STILL, IF YOU WISH TO TEST YOUR READINESS—
NO. THIS IS NOT WHAT WE AGREED TO. THE HUMAN SPEAKS RESPONSIBLY, GALVATRON.
OUR PREVIOUS ENCOUNTERS DID NOT END WELL, AND I APOLOGIZE.
I FOLLOWED AN INDIVIDUAL CALLED MEGATRON, AND HE HAS SUBSEQUENTLY...
...DISGRACED HIMSELF.
MEGATRON IS THE WORST BUTCHER IN THE HISTORY OF THE PLANET EARTH!
MY NAME IS GENERAL DANIEL WITWICKY.
I RUN THE EARTH DEFENSE COMMAND. LET'S PUT THE CARDS ON THE TABLE HERE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER, BUT YOU MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE—YOU GAVE US TIME TO GET READY.

INDEED. SOUNDWAVE, WHAT HAVE THEY FOR US?
THE UNITED STATES: THREE PARTICLE EMISSION SATELLITES, SIX MISSILE SILOS WITH CYBERTRONIAN-DERIVED WARHEADS, THREE STEALTH NUCLEAR SUBMARINES.
CHINA: SIX NARROW-BEAM ORBITING LASER PLATFORMS, THREE LOW-YIELD NUCLEAR SILOS, ONE ANTIMATTER WARHEAD.
THE EUROPEAN UNION—

ENOUGH. WE KNOW OF YOUR PREPARATIONS, GENERAL DANIEL. AT MY SIGNAL, DECEPTICON FORCES CAN ANNIHILATE—
REGARDLESS, WE WILL NOT DESTROY YOUR MEANS OF SELF-PRESERVATION.
WE DO NOT WANT WAR.

REALLY?
AND WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE YOU'RE AFTER?


WE FIGHT FOR EQUALITY. THAT IS THE CORE OF THE DECEPTICON BELIEF SYSTEM. ALL OF US, WHATEVER OUR FUNCTIONS, ARE EQUAL IN THE EYES OF PRIMUS.
MEGATRON'S IDEOLOGY STRAYED FROM PEACE... TO TYRANNY.
EARTH SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN INVADED.
NOTHING WILL ERASE PAST MISTAKES, BUT WE ARE NO LONGER THE MONSTERS YOU FACED.

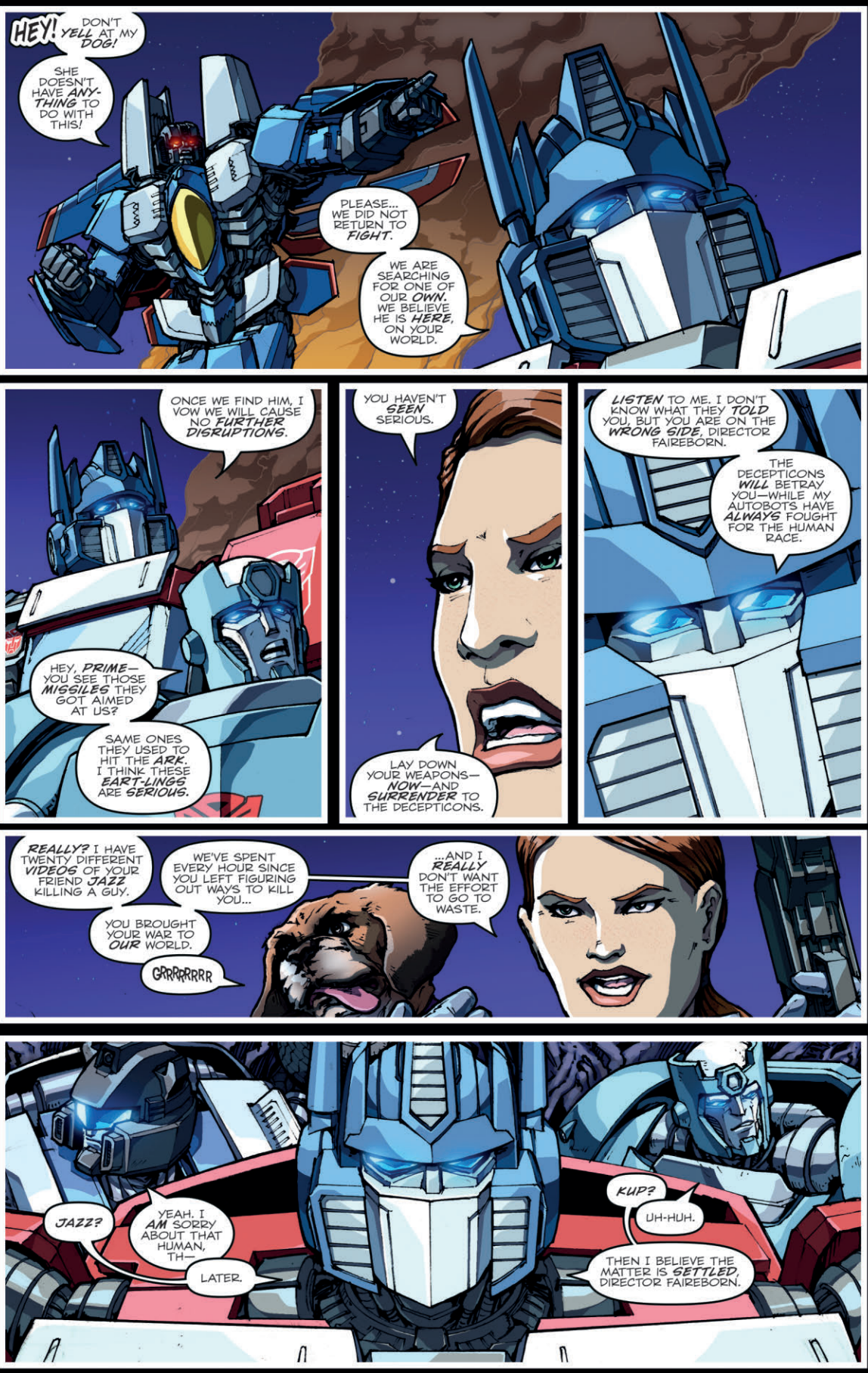
GALVATRON—WHO WAS NOT PART OF THE EARTH INVASION—LEADS US.
HIS ARRIVAL HAS ALTERED FOREVER THE DECEPTICONS, SEEDING AND FERMENTING OUR JOURNEY TOWARD UNIVERSAL HARMONY.

AND AS WE HAVE CHANGED... SO HAVE OUR RIVALS.
WE ARE HERE NOT TO CONQUER, BUT TO PROTECT YOU—TO WORK WITH YOU AGAINST A MUTUAL ENEMY...

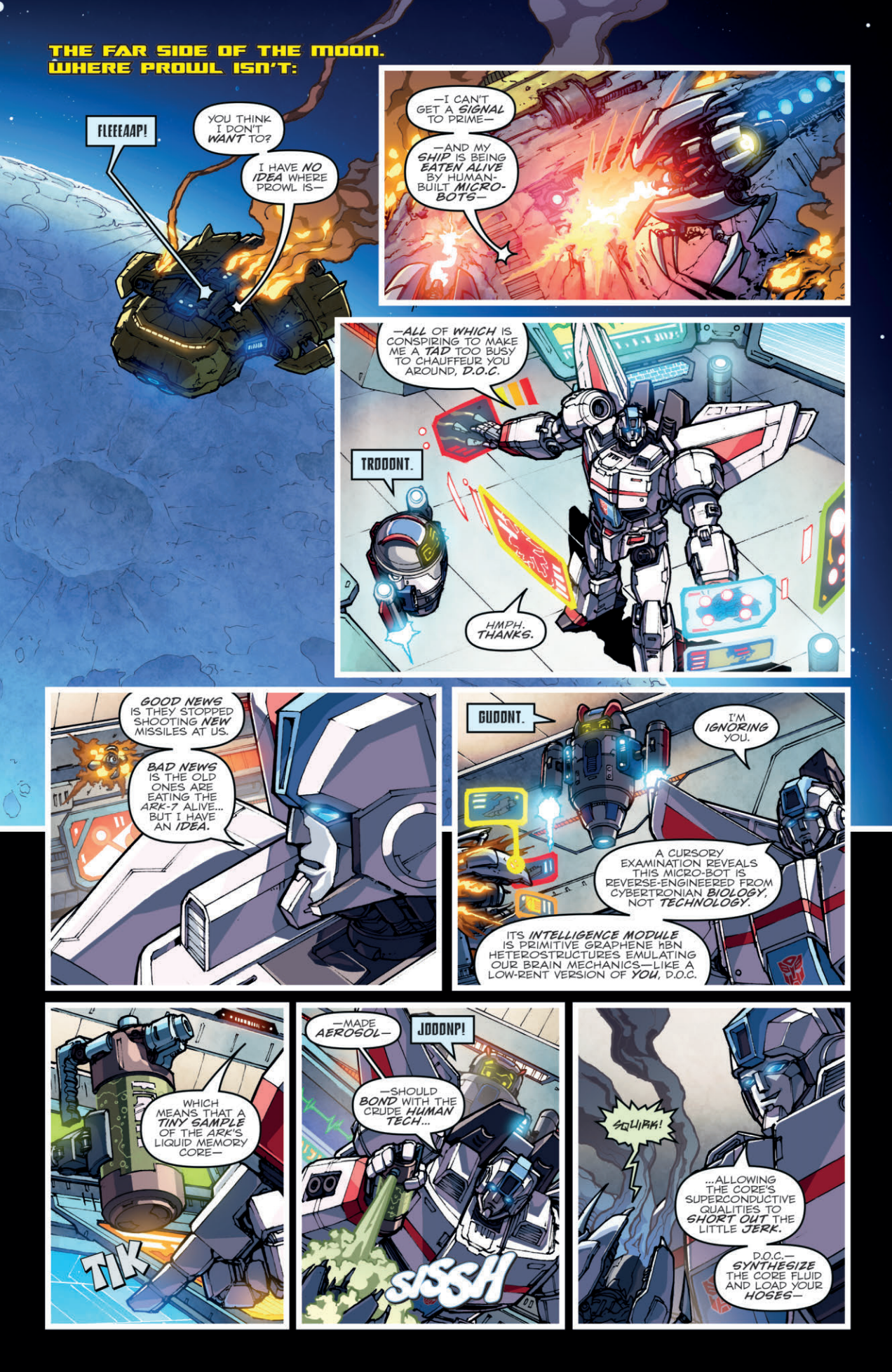
EARTHFALL

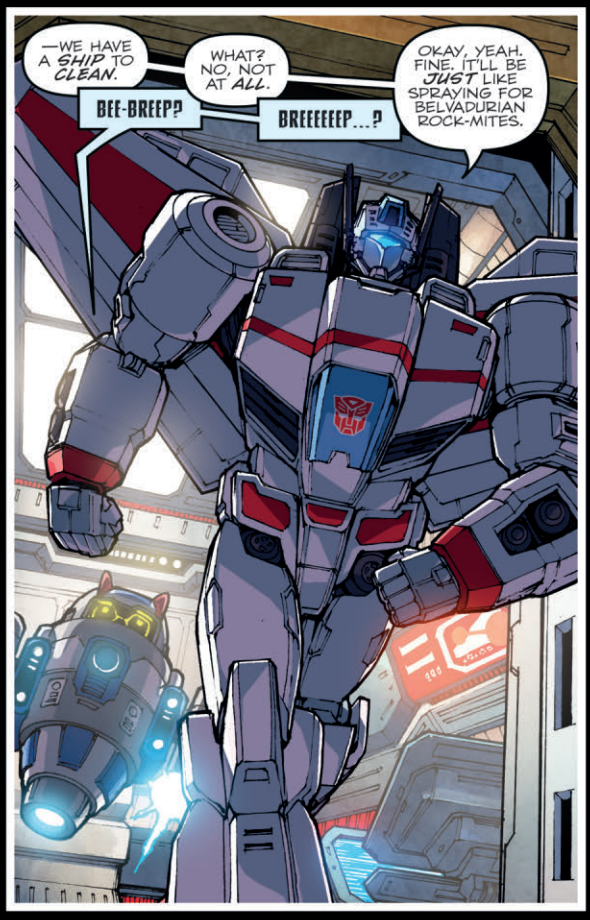
PART 2: DETONATION BOULEVARD

YOU BURNED EVERY *SCRAP* OF *TECH* YOU COULD WHEN YOU CUT OUT OF HERE. AND THEN—THEN—YOU *ALLIED* YOURSELF WITH MEGATRON.
NOW *STAND DOWN* OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES, *OPTIMUS PRIME.*
ARF ARF ARF!
SHUT UP, *BUSTER*—I CAN HANDLE THIS.

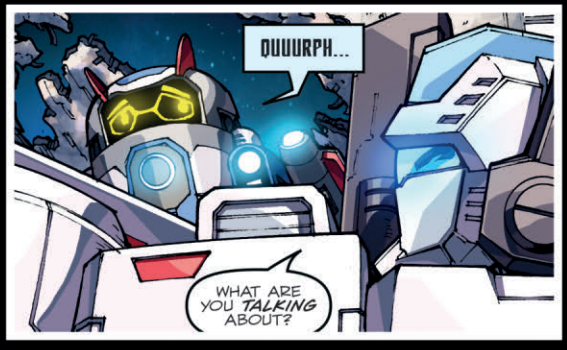

HEY!
DON'T YELL AT MY DOG!
SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANY-THING TO DO WITH THIS!
PLEASE... WE DID NOT RETURN TO FIGHT.
WE ARE SEARCHING FOR ONE OF OUR OWN. WE BELIEVE HE IS HERE, ON YOUR WORLD.
ONCE WE FIND HIM, I VOW WE WILL CAUSE NO FURTHER DISRUPTIONS.
HEY, PRIME— YOU SEE THOSE MISSILES THEY GOT AIMED AT US?
SAME ONES THEY USED TO HIT THE ARK. I THINK THESE EART-LINGS ARE SERIOUS.
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN SERIOUS.
LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPONS— NOW— AND SURRENDER TO THE DECEPTICONS.
LISTEN TO ME. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY TOLD YOU, BUT YOU ARE ON THE WRONG SIDE, DIRECTOR FAIREBORN.
THE DECEPTICONS WILL BETRAY YOU—WHILE MY AUTOBOTS HAVE ALWAYS FOUGHT FOR THE HUMAN RACE.
REALLY? I HAVE TWENTY DIFFERENT VIDEOS OF YOUR FRIEND JAZZ KILLING A GUY.
YOU BROUGHT YOUR WAR TO OUR WORLD.
GRRRRRRR
WE'VE SPENT EVERY HOUR SINCE YOU LEFT FIGURING OUT WAYS TO KILL YOU...
...AND I REALLY DON'T WANT THE EFFORT TO GO TO WASTE.
JAZZ?
YEAH. I AM SORRY ABOUT THAT HUMAN, TH—
LATER.
KUP?
UH-HUH.
THEN I BELIEVE THE MATTER IS SETTLED, DIRECTOR FAIREBORN.

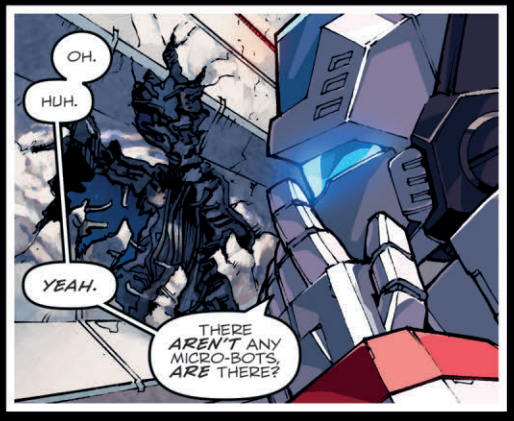
AUTOBOTS—TAKE THE BATTLE TO THEM!
NO HUMAN CASUALTIES—AND GALVATRON IS MINE!
AH, GOOD. I FEARED TALK HAD OVERTAKEN ACTION IN MY ABSENCE.
DECEPTICONS—EXECUTE THESE FOOLS!
HEY—I'LL EXECUTE YOU ALL IF THAT DOG GETS A SCRATCH!
WOURF WOURF!
CHAGA
KRANK
JAZZ—THERE'S TOO MANY TO PLAY FAIR!
GET IN CLOSE, LAD, SO THEY CAN'T GET A CLEAN SHOT!
I HAVE DREAMED OF A REMATCH WITH THE SOFT SPARK WHO CALLS HIMSELF "PRIME."
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR NONSENSE, GALVATRON.
PROWL, COME IN—WE NEED BACK-UP!
WHERE ARE YOU?

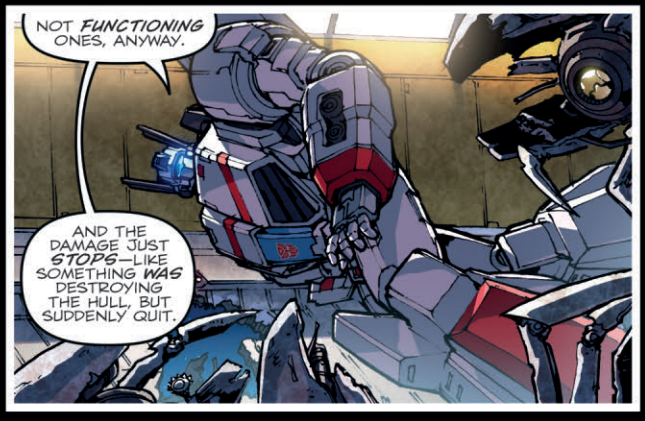

THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOON. WHERE PROWL ISN'T:
FLEEEAAP!
YOU THINK I DON'T WANT TO?
I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE PROWL IS—
—I CAN'T GET A SIGNAL TO PRIME—
—AND MY SHIP IS BEING EATEN ALIVE BY HUMAN-BUILT MICRO-BOTS—
—ALL OF WHICH IS CONSPIRING TO MAKE ME A TAD TOO BUSY TO CHAUFFEUR YOU AROUND, D.O.C.
TROOONT.
HMPH. THANKS.
GOOD NEWS IS THEY STOPPED SHOOTING NEW MISSILES AT US.
BAD NEWS IS THE OLD ONES ARE EATING THE ARK-7 ALIVE... BUT I HAVE AN IDEA.
GUOONT.
I'M IGNORING YOU.
A CURSORY EXAMINATION REVEALS THIS MICRO-BOT IS REVERSE-ENGINEERED FROM CYBERTRONIAN BIOLOGY, NOT TECHNOLOGY.
ITS INTELLIGENCE MODULE IS PRIMITIVE GRAPHENE hBN HETEROSTRUCTURES EMULATING OUR BRAIN MECHANICS—LIKE A LOW-RENT VERSION OF YOU, D.O.C.
WHICH MEANS THAT A TINY SAMPLE OF THE ARK'S LIQUID MEMORY CORE—
TIK
—MADE AEROSOL—
JOOONP!
—SHOULD BOND WITH THE CRUDE HUMAN TECH...
SISSH
SQUIRK!
...ALLOWING THE CORE'S SUPERCONDUCTIVE QUALITIES TO SHORT OUT THE LITTLE JERK.
D.O.C.— SYNTHESIZE THE CORE FLUID AND LOAD YOUR HOSES—

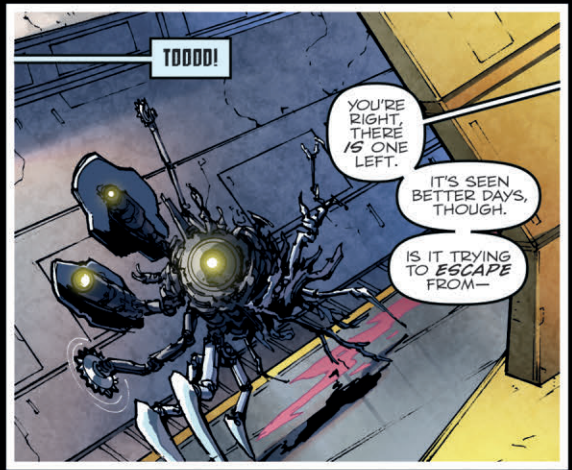

—WE HAVE A SHIP TO CLEAN.
WHAT? NO, NOT AT ALL.
BEE-BREEP?
BREEEEEEP...?
OKAY, YEAH. FINE. IT'LL BE JUST LIKE SPRAYING FOR BELVADURIAN ROCK-MITES.

SWITCH TO 60GHZ FOR COMMUNICATION—THERE'S NO AIR HERE.
WEEEE-DO-UH?
A MAGNETIC FIELD KEEPS MY LAB PRESSURIZED TO NORMAL CYBERTRONIAN ATMOSPHERE, UNDER ANY CONDITIONS.
NOW, START SPRAYING.


OUUURPH...
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?


OH.
HUH.
YEAH.
THERE AREN'T ANY MICRO-BOTS, ARE THERE?

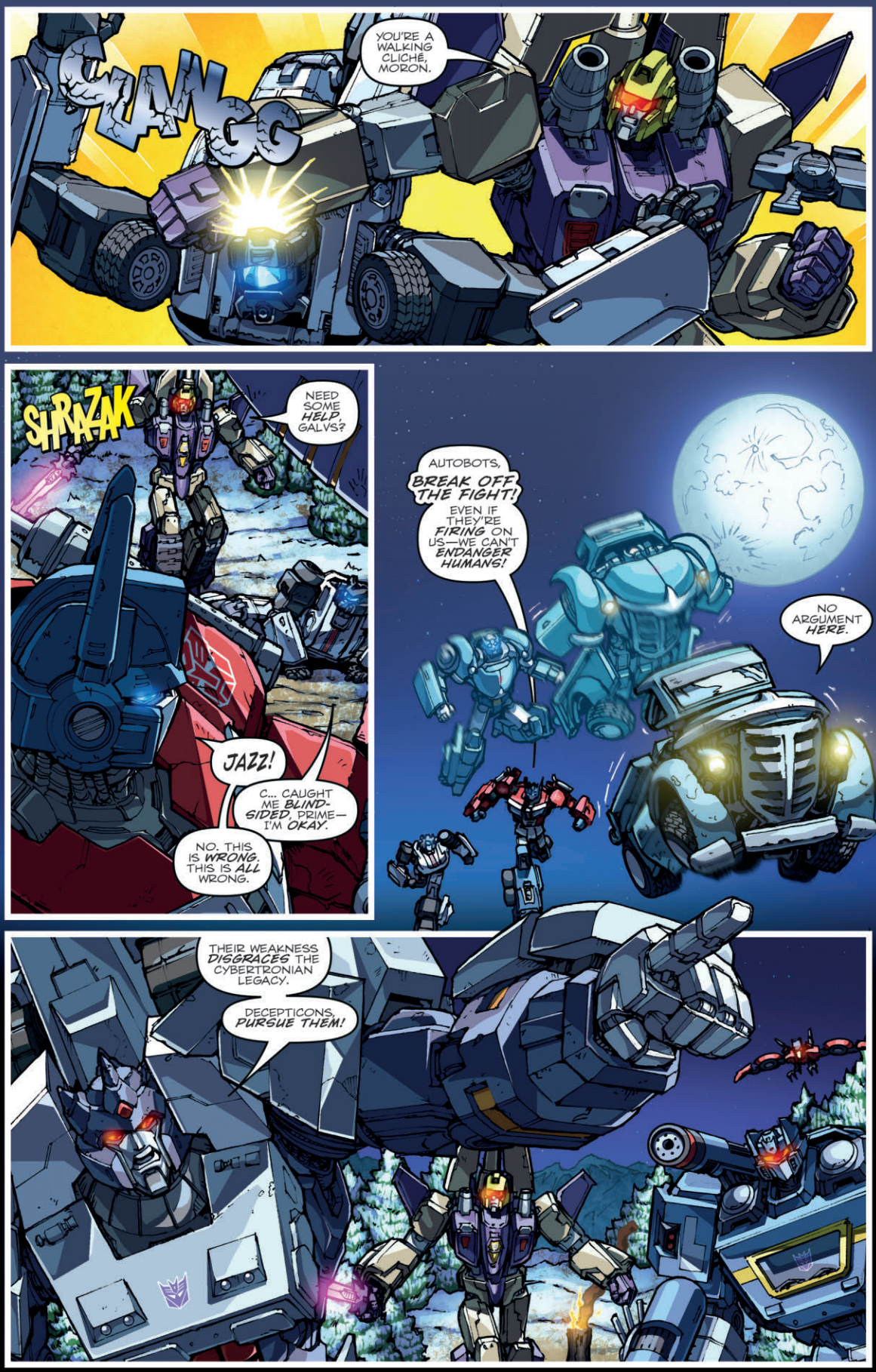

NOT FUNCTIONING ONES, ANYWAY.
AND THE DAMAGE JUST STOPS—LIKE SOMETHING WAS DESTROYING THE HULL, BUT SUDDENLY QUIT.


TOOOD!
YOU'RE RIGHT, THERE IS ONE LEFT.
IT'S SEEN BETTER DAYS, THOUGH.
IS IT TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM—

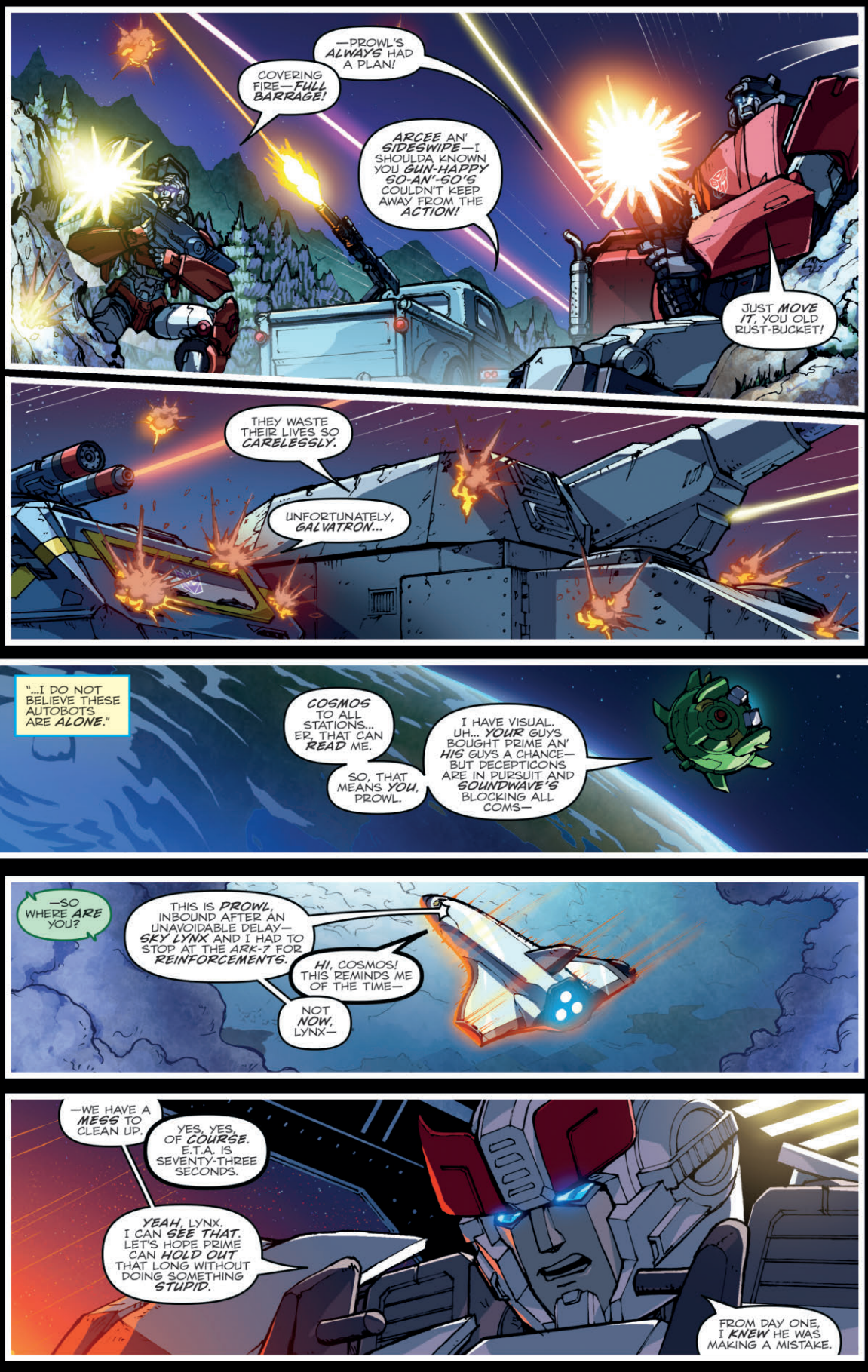
—SOMETHING?
SKRUNCH

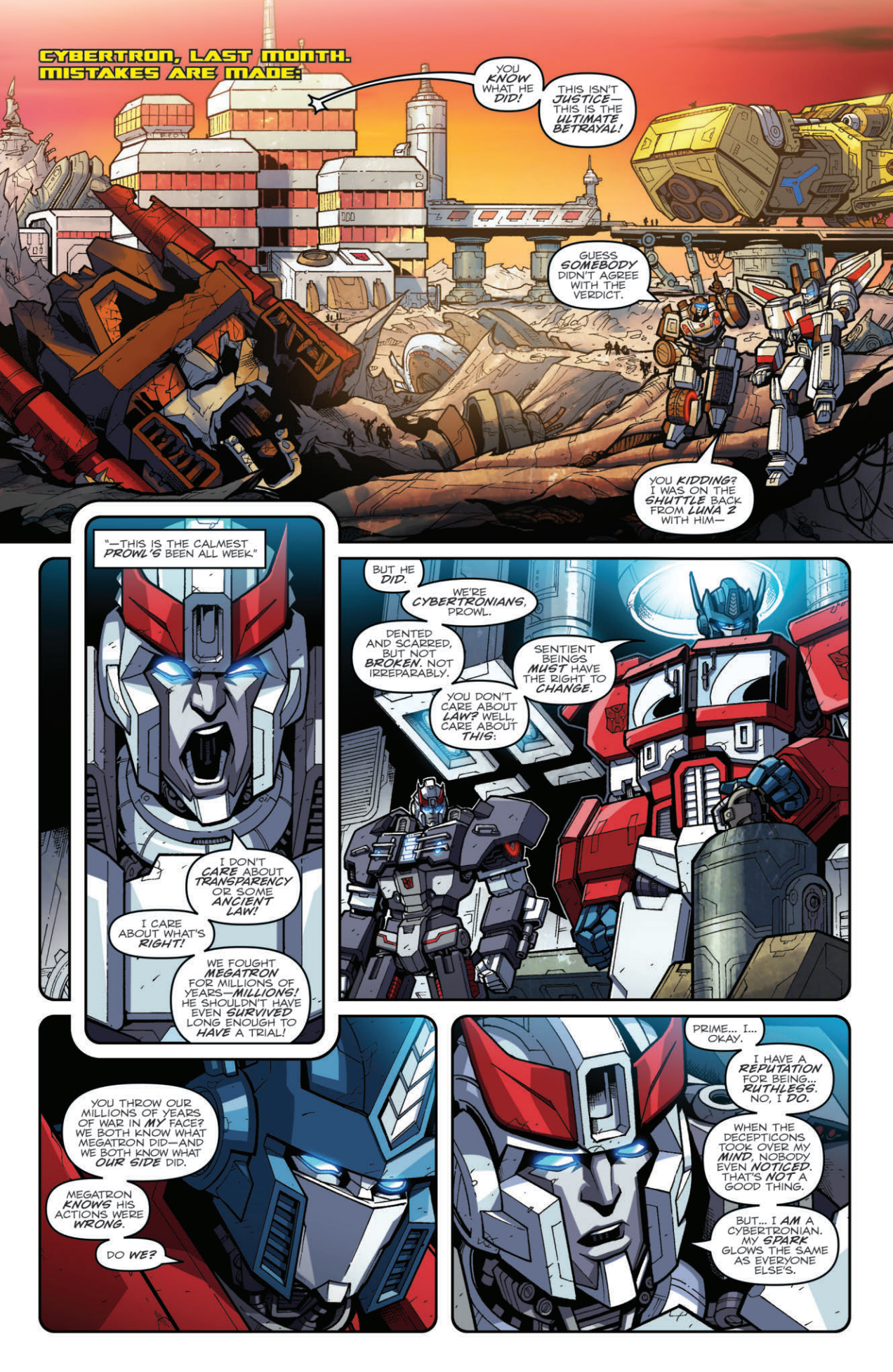
SKRUNCH
HEY, JETFIRE, OL' BUDDY, OL' PAL.
YOU FORGET TO TELL YOUR CREWMATES WE WERE BEING INVADED?
NO WORRIES, BRO. THE CONSTRUCTICONS DON'T TAKE THAT STUFF PERSONAL.
SKRUNCH
YEAH, PROWL CALLED AN'—
CHOMP
—FAUD AUF INGH. =MUNCH= =MUNCH=
ANYWAYS, WE TOOK CARE OF THE LITTLE GEEKS EATIN' THE SHIP—
SKRUNCH
—NOT THAT WE'LL GET ANY CREDIT...
"ANY CREDIT"? WHY, I—
TREEEP!
YEAH!
WHY IS PROWL IGNORING ME AND CALLING YOU IDIOTS?
PROWL FROM JETFIRE! I KNOW YOU'RE LISTENING!
THE ARK-7 IS EN ROUTE—
YO, YO! DON'T WASTE THE BOSS' TIME!
YEAH, JUST HOLD UP A MINUTE...

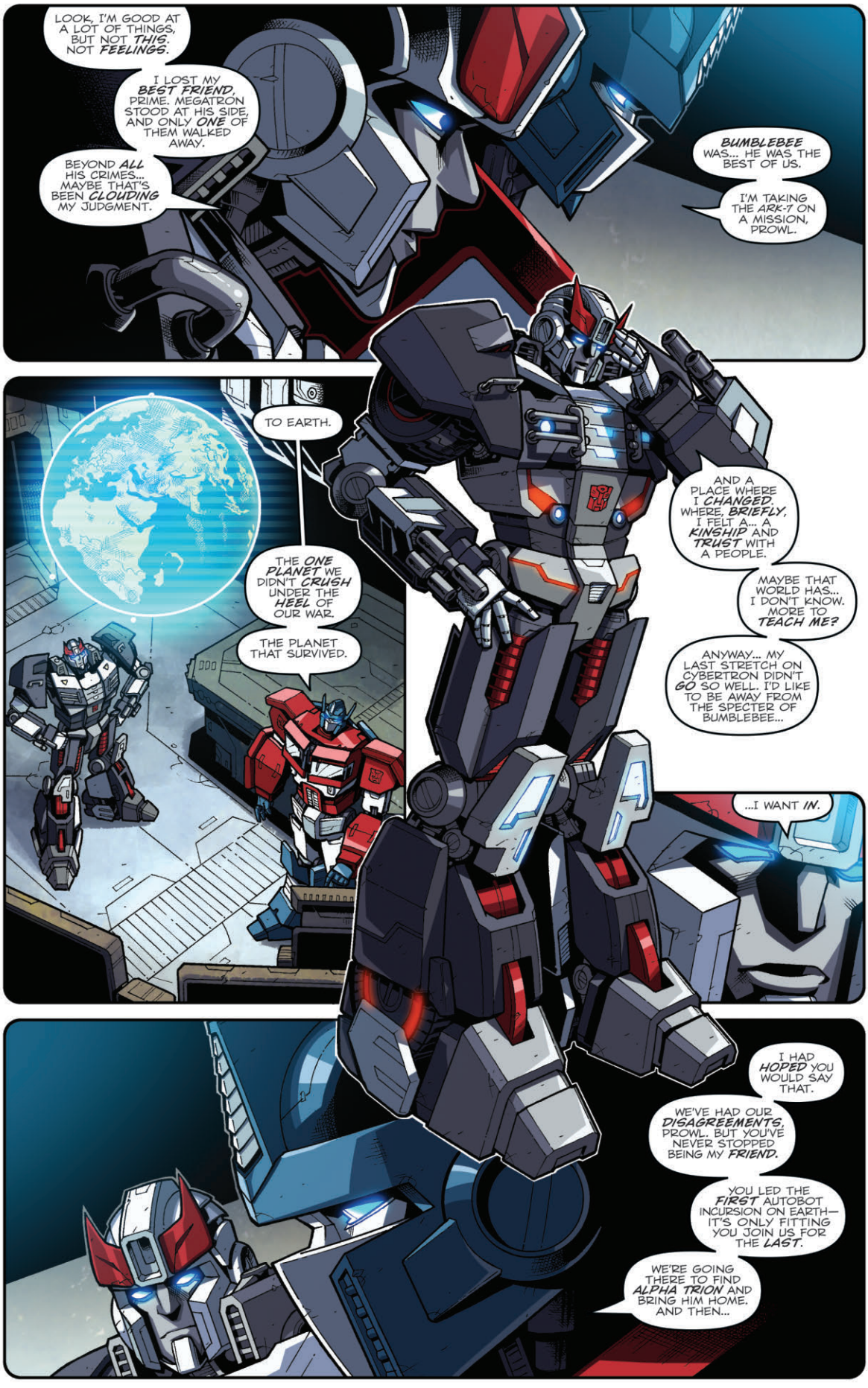
"...PROWL'S GOT IT ALL PLANNED OUT!"
RUMBA RUMBA
FREEEAAAAEEAAA
GEEZ LOUISE, FELLAS!
JAZZ, SORRY 'BOUT THAT MUSICIAN CRACK I MADE EARLIER—TURNS OUT THIS OLD 'BOT COULD USE A HAND!
SHUT UP AN' DIE, AUTOBOT!
STOP IT, FRENZY!
HOWWWWE! HOWWWWE!
ALL YOUR SONIC BLASTER'S DOING IS DRIVING THE DOG NUTS!
JUST GET THE AUTOBOTS AWAY FROM THE E.D.C. TANKS—WE NEED A CLEAR KILL ZONE!
HANG TIGHT AN' HANG COOL, KUP—I'M ON MY WAY!
DRAKK
DRAKK
DRAKK
HARD TO HIT A MOVING TARGET?
MAYBE I CAN HELP IF I SINK TO YOUR LEVEL—
—SO TO SPEAK.
DRAKK DRAKK DRAKK
GET DOWN!
NO! I DIDN'T MEAN—
—I NEVER MEANT TO HURT ANY HUMANS!


GLANGG
YOU'RE A WALKING CLICHÉ, MORON.
SHRAZAK
NEED SOME HELP, GALVS?
JAZZ!
C... CAUGHT ME BLIND-SIDED, PRIME— I'M OKAY.
NO. THIS IS WRONG. THIS IS ALL WRONG.
AUTOBOTS, BREAK OFF THE FIGHT! EVEN IF THEY'RE FIRING ON US—WE CAN'T ENDANGER HUMANS!
NO ARGUMENT HERE.
THEIR WEAKNESS DISGRACES THE CYBERTRONIAN LEGACY.
DECEPTICONS, PURSUE THEM!

DIRECTOR FAIREBORN—YOUR ORDERS?
HOLD BACK, SOLDIER. NO POINT IN TAKING ANY CASUALTIES.
LET THE DECEPTICONS HANDLE TH—
HEY!
WARF WARF!
BUSTER! COME HERE, GIRL.
DID THE BAD GUYS SCARE YOU? YOU'RE OKAY, BUSTER.
GOOD GIRL!
I LOVE YOU, TOO!
THIS IS MY LIFE.
SORRY, DIRECTOR—PLEASE REPEAT.
I SAID IT'S IN ALL OUR BEST INTERESTS FOR THE DECEPTICONS TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE.
THEY PROMISED TO KICK THESE KILLERS OFF OUR PLANET. SO FOR NOW, HANG TIGHT...
...AND LET THE DECEPTICONS EARN THEIR KEEP.
SORRY I FROZE UP, PRIME.
I UNDERSTAND, JAZZ—BUT HESITATION IS SOMETHING WE CANNOT AFFORD.
YEAH—NOT WITH THESE DECEPTICREEPS BLASTIN' OUR CHASSIS—PLUS PROWL'S GONE AN' DITCHED US!
KUP—IN ALL THE TIME I'VE KNOWN HIM—


—PROWL'S ALWAYS HAD A PLAN!
COVERING FIRE—FULL BARRAGE!
ARCEE AN' SIDESWIPE—I SHOULDA KNOWN YOU GUN-HAPPY GO-AN'-GO'S COULDN'T KEEP AWAY FROM THE ACTION!
JUST MOVE IT, YOU OLD RUST-BUCKET!
THEY WASTE THEIR LIVES SO CARELESSLY.
UNFORTUNATELY, GALVATRON...
"...I DO NOT BELIEVE THESE AUTOBOTS ARE ALONE."
COSMOS TO ALL STATIONS... ER, THAT CAN READ ME.
SO, THAT MEANS YOU, PROWL.
I HAVE VISUAL. UH... YOUR GUYS BOUGHT PRIME AN' HIS GUYS A CHANCE—BUT DECEPTICONS ARE IN PURSUIT AND SOUNDWAVE'S BLOCKING ALL COMS—
—SO WHERE ARE YOU?
THIS IS PROWL, INBOUND AFTER AN UNAVOIDABLE DELAY—SKY LYNX AND I HAD TO STOP AT THE ARK-7 FOR REINFORCEMENTS.
HI, COSMOS! THIS REMINDS ME OF THE TIME—
NOT NOW, LYNX—
—WE HAVE A MESS TO CLEAN UP.
YES, YES, OF COURSE. E.T.A. IS SEVENTY-THREE SECONDS.
YEAH, LYNX. I CAN SEE THAT. LET'S HOPE PRIME CAN HOLD OUT THAT LONG WITHOUT DOING SOMETHING STUPID.
FROM DAY ONE, I KNEW HE WAS MAKING A MISTAKE.


CYBERTRON, LAST MONTH. MISTAKES ARE MADE:
YOU KNOW WHAT HE DID!
THIS ISN'T JUSTICE—THIS IS THE ULTIMATE BETRAYAL!
GUESS SOMEBODY DIDN'T AGREE WITH THE VERDICT.
YOU KIDDING? I WAS ON THE SHUTTLE BACK FROM LUNA 2 WITH HIM—
"—THIS IS THE CALMEST PROWL'S BEEN ALL WEEK."
I DON'T CARE ABOUT TRANSPARENCY OR SOME ANCIENT LAW!
I CARE ABOUT WHAT'S RIGHT!
WE FOUGHT MEGATRON FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS—MILLIONS! HE SHOULDN'T HAVE EVEN SURVIVED LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE A TRIAL!
BUT HE DID.
WE'RE CYBERTRONIANS, PROWL.
DENTED AND SCARRED, BUT NOT BROKEN. NOT IRREPARABLY.
SENTIENT BEINGS MUST HAVE THE RIGHT TO CHANGE.
YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT LAW? WELL, CARE ABOUT THIS:
YOU THROW OUR MILLIONS OF YEARS OF WAR IN MY FACE? WE BOTH KNOW WHAT MEGATRON DID—AND WE BOTH KNOW WHAT OUR SIDE DID.
MEGATRON KNOWS HIS ACTIONS WERE WRONG.
DO WE?
PRIME... I... OKAY.
I HAVE A REPUTATION FOR BEING... RUTHLESS. NO, I DO.
WHEN THE DECEPTICONS TOOK OVER MY MIND, NOBODY EVEN NOTICED. THAT'S NOT A GOOD THING.
BUT... I AM A CYBERTRONIAN. MY SPARK GLOWS THE SAME AS EVERYONE ELSE'S.


LOOK, I'M GOOD AT A LOT OF THINGS, BUT NOT THIS. NOT FEELINGS.
I LOST MY BEST FRIEND, PRIME. MEGATRON STOOD AT HIS SIDE, AND ONLY ONE OF THEM WALKED AWAY.
BEYOND ALL HIS CRIMES... MAYBE THAT'S BEEN CLOUDING MY JUDGMENT.
BUMBLEBEE WAS... HE WAS THE BEST OF US.
I'M TAKING THE ARK-7 ON A MISSION, PROWL.
TO EARTH.
THE ONE PLANET WE DIDN'T CRUSH UNDER THE HEEL OF OUR WAR.
THE PLANET THAT SURVIVED.
AND A PLACE WHERE I CHANGED. WHERE, BRIEFLY, I FELT A... A KINSHIP AND TRUST WITH A PEOPLE.
MAYBE THAT WORLD HAS... I DON'T KNOW. MORE TO TEACH ME?
ANYWAY... MY LAST STRETCH ON CYBERTRON DIDN'T GO SO WELL. I'D LIKE TO BE AWAY FROM THE SPECTER OF BUMBLEBEE...
...I WANT IN.
I HAD HOPED YOU WOULD SAY THAT.
WE'VE HAD OUR DISAGREEMENTS, PROWL. BUT YOU'VE NEVER STOPPED BEING MY FRIEND.
YOU LED THE FIRST AUTOBOT INCURSION ON EARTH— IT'S ONLY FITTING YOU JOIN US FOR THE LAST.
WE'RE GOING THERE TO FIND ALPHA TRION AND BRING HIM HOME. AND THEN...

"...WE LEAVE THAT WORLD FREE FROM OUR SHADOW."
PROWL!
DID YA TALK TO HIM?
IS IT TRUE ABOUT MEGATRON?
ARE WE GOIN' WITH HIM?
YEAH, DO WE GET TO JOIN THE LOST LIGHT CREW?

YOU IDIOTS!
YOU'VE BEEN IN MY HEAD—YOU KNOW I WILL NEVER STAND WITH THAT BUTCHER.
MEGATRON HIMSELF ADMITTED HIS WRONGDOING.
WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF HE'S CHANGED—HISTORY DIDN'T.

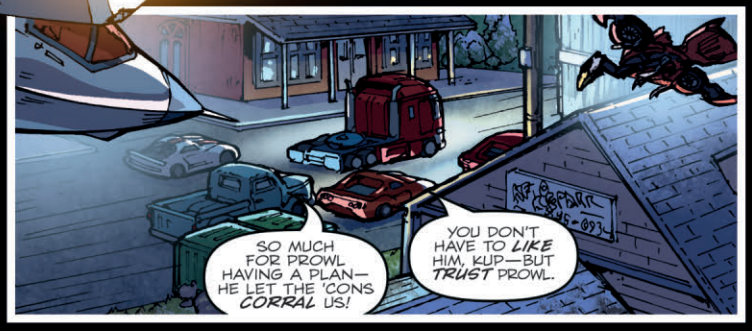
I NEVER ADMITTED I WAS WRONG BECAUSE I NEVER WAS.
I DID THINGS FOR THE GREATER GOOD.
WHATEVER NONSENSE PRIME AND THE OTHERS SPOUT—THAT NEVER CHANGED.

DOES THAT MEAN WE'RE STAYING ON CYBERTRON?

NO. WE'RE GOING BACK TO EARTH.
IT'S A MISTAKE... BUT IT'S ONE I CAN'T LET THEM MAKE WITHOUT ME THERE...

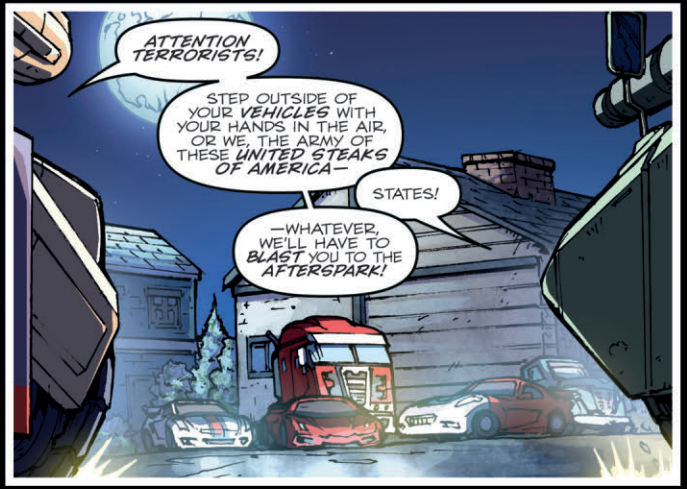
"...TO FIX EVERYTHING."
PROWL KNEW THERE WAS ONE ROAD IN AND OUT. IT GAVE US A CHANCE TO HIT THOSE GUYS—
BUT IT DOESN'T GIVE US ANY CHOICE WHERE WE GO.
HUH—NO IMAGINATION, PRIME!
WE ALWAYS GOT CHOICES.
SKREEEEEEEE
BLITZWING—DO NOT TAKE THEIR BAIT!
WE HAVE THEM AT A DISADVANTAGE—THEIR FEAR OF HARMING THE FLESHLINGS WILL ONLY GROW ONCE THEY REACH THE HUMAN ENCAMPMENT.
CLOSE THEIR MEANS OF ESCAPE ON THE FAR SIDE OF TOWN.
Poverty Flat 1
Ridgecrest 202
San Diego 415
UH, HEY, ARCEE—I GUESS A LOW PROFILE IS OUT OF THE QUESTION, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE PRIME WON'T WANT US SHOWING OFF OUR 'BOT-MODES.
RIGHT.
FROM WHAT I'M TOLD, THESE NATIVES WOULDN'T REACT WELL TO SEEING CYBERTRONIANS AGAIN...

GETTIN' SEEN IS THE *LEAST* OF OUR PROBLEMS!
WE CAN'T FIGHT *HERE!*


SO MUCH FOR PROWL HAVING A PLAN—HE LET THE 'CONS *CORRAL* US!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO *LIKE* HIM, KUP—BUT *TRUST* PROWL.

BLITZWING TO *GALVATRON!* THE COAST IS CLEAR—
—WELL, MORE OR LESS—
—SO I'M SECURING THEIR *ESCAPE ROUTE.*
THUMK

CAREFUL, BLITZWING—DON' LET THE HUMANS SEE YA *CHANGE.*
THESE CREATURES ARE *BARELY* SMARTER THAN *YOU,* BRAWL.
I THINK WE'RE *FINE.* NOW, THE *AUTOBOTS* ON THE OTHER HAND...


ATTENTION TERRORISTS!
STEP OUTSIDE OF YOUR *VEHICLES* WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR, OR WE, THE ARMY OF THESE *UNITED STEAKS OF AMERICA—*
STATES!
—WHATEVER, WE'LL HAVE TO *BLAST* YOU TO THE *AFTERSPARK!*

YOU'VE PURSUED THE AUTOBOTS TO WHERE!?!
I TOLD YOU THIS WOULD HAPPEN.
HRUF.
OH YEAH, THUNDERCRACKER?
YOU'VE BEEN LIVING BY YOURSELF IN THE MOUNTAINS LONG ENOUGH TO BECOME A MASTER OF CONDUCTING COVERT OPERATIONS?
WELL, I PLAYED A LOT OF REAL-TIME STRATEGY GAMES, SO YEAH. BASICALLY.
PLUS IF YOU TOOK THE TIME TO UNDERSTAND MY SCREENPLAY, YOU'D SEE WHAT I WAS GETTING AT.
NONE OF US CAN BE TRUSTED—NOT CYBERTRONIANS, NOT HUMANS.
NOBODY.
WELL, ALMOST NOBODY.
SNORT.
HOW DID THIS SEEM LIKE A GOOD IDEA...?
SOUNDWAVE—BREAK OFF PURSUIT. STAND DOWN, BEFORE YOUR TROOPS DO SOMETHING REALLY BAD.
IF WORD GETS OUT THAT CYBERTRONIANS ARE BACK, WE'LL HAVE MASS PANIC.
NOBODY'S SEEN YOU, HAVE THEY?

THE SITUATION IS IN HAND, DIRECTOR FAIREBORN. SOUNDWAVE OUT.
GALVATRON— THE HUMAN DOES HAVE A POINT.
GALVATRON DOES NOT BACK DOWN.
NOTHING CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED HERE. THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ENDANGERED.
LET US CONTINUE OUR BATTLE, BUT AWAY FROM—
BELAY THAT, PRIME—
—I'VE GOT THE DECEPTICONS RIGHT WHERE I WANT THEM.
HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING?
PROWL— WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WINNING, PRIME. SEE, THE 'CONS DON'T WANT HUMANS KNOWING THEY'RE HERE.
THAT GIVES US AN ADVANTAGE.
TELL 'IM, PROWL!
WE'LL DO MORE THAN TELL, BONECRUSHER.
CONSTRUCTICONS, JOIN TOGETHER!
LET'S SHOW THE DECEPTICONS THAT WHEN YOUR OPPONENT SLIPS UP...

...YOU PRESS THE ADVANTAGE—
—AS HARD AS IT CAN GO, AND FAR AS IT CAN GO.
AND WHEN YOU'RE DONE... YOU LEAVE THEM
DEVASTATED.

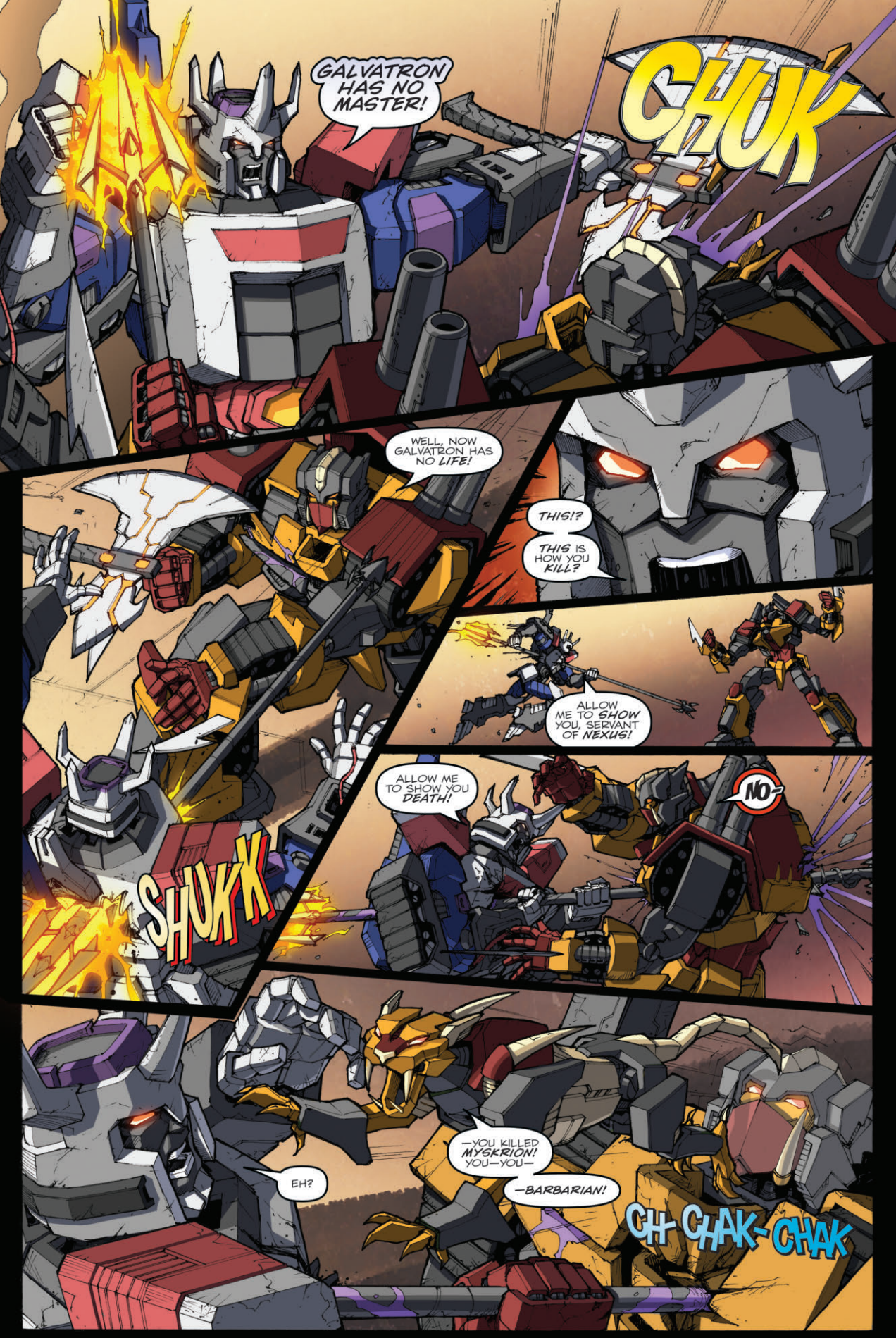
☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #29 COVER SUB

by **CASEY W. COLLER** Colors by **JOANA LAFUENTE**

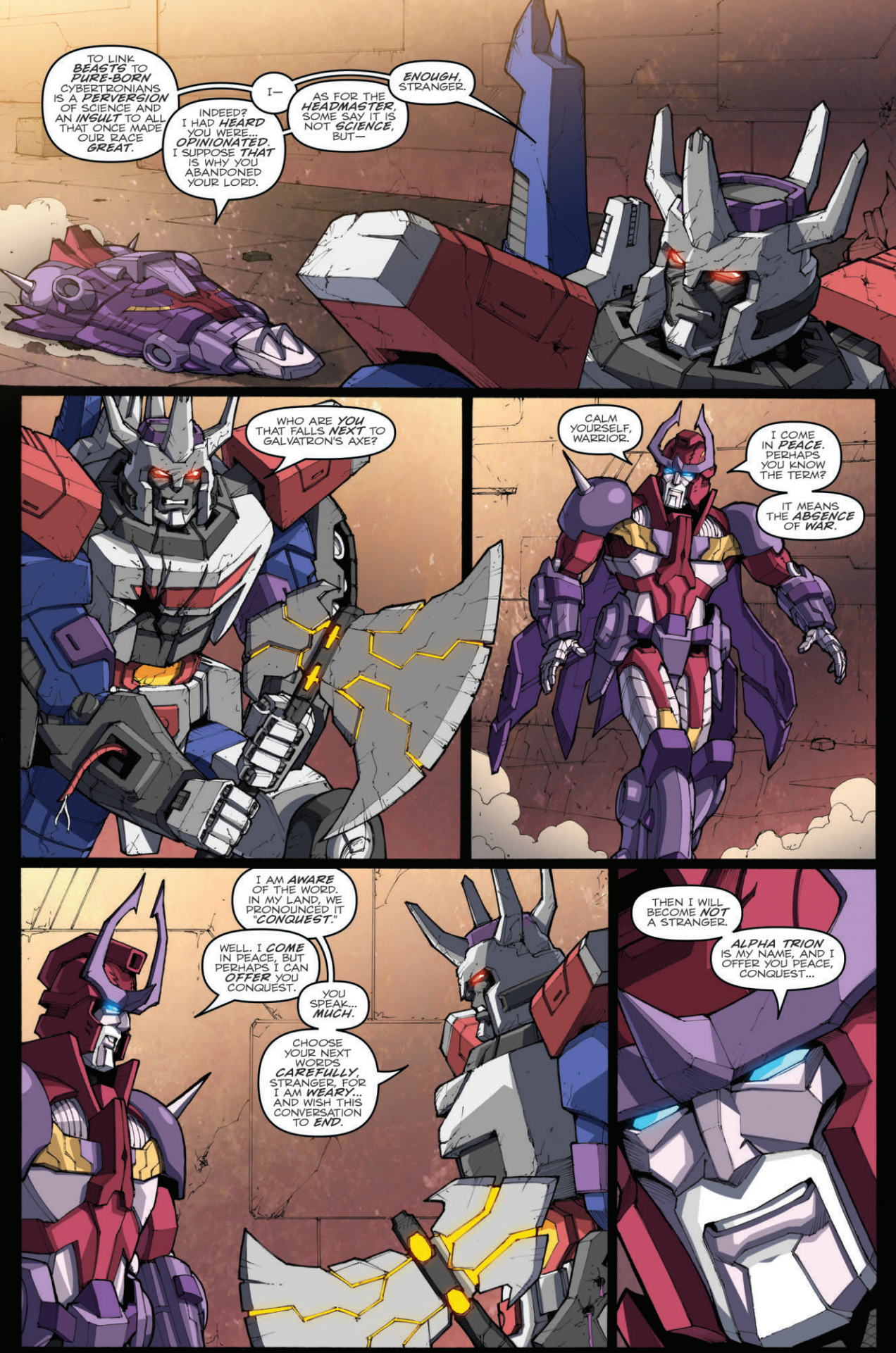
☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #30 COVER A

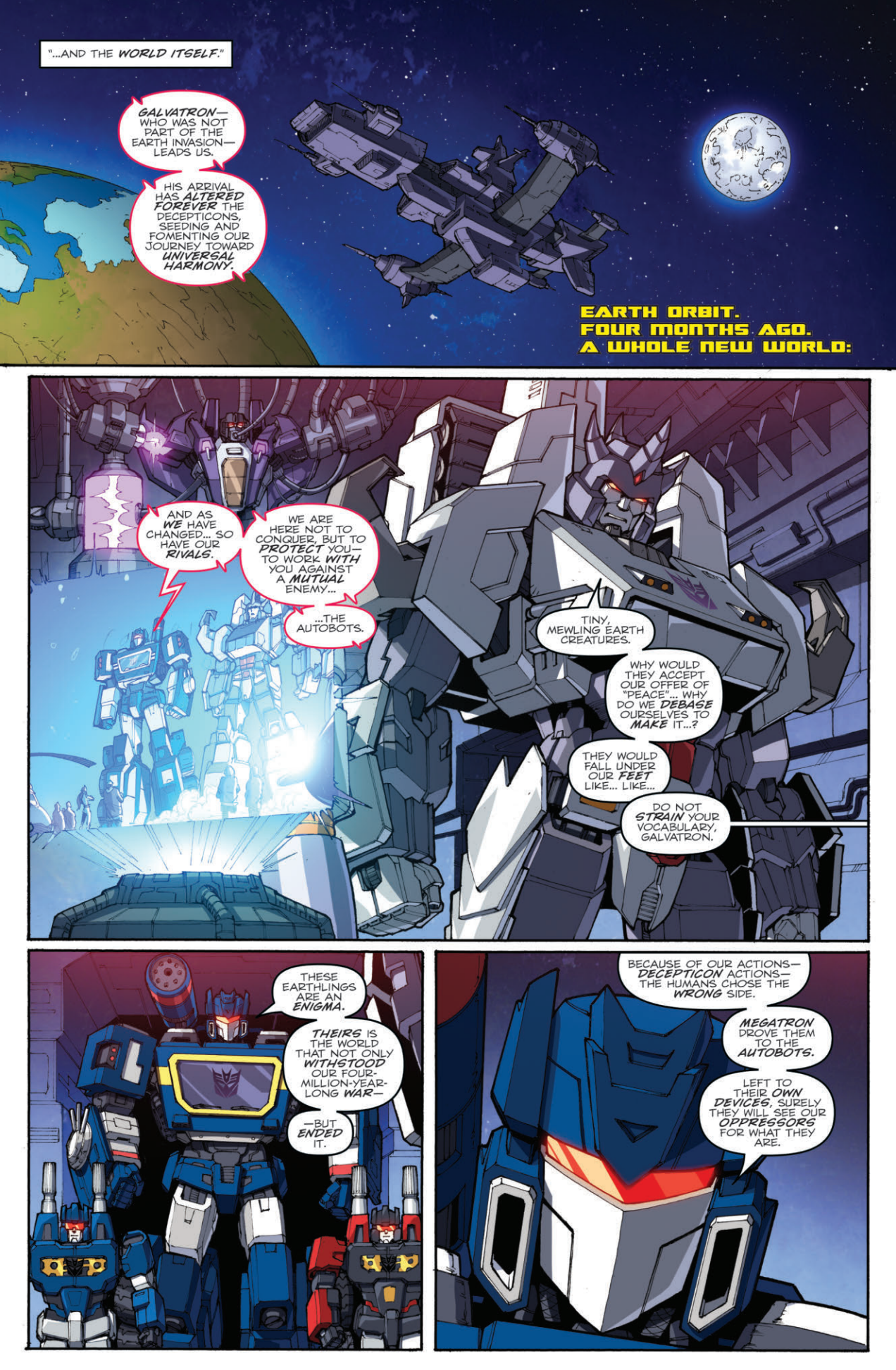
by **ANDREW GRIFFITH** COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

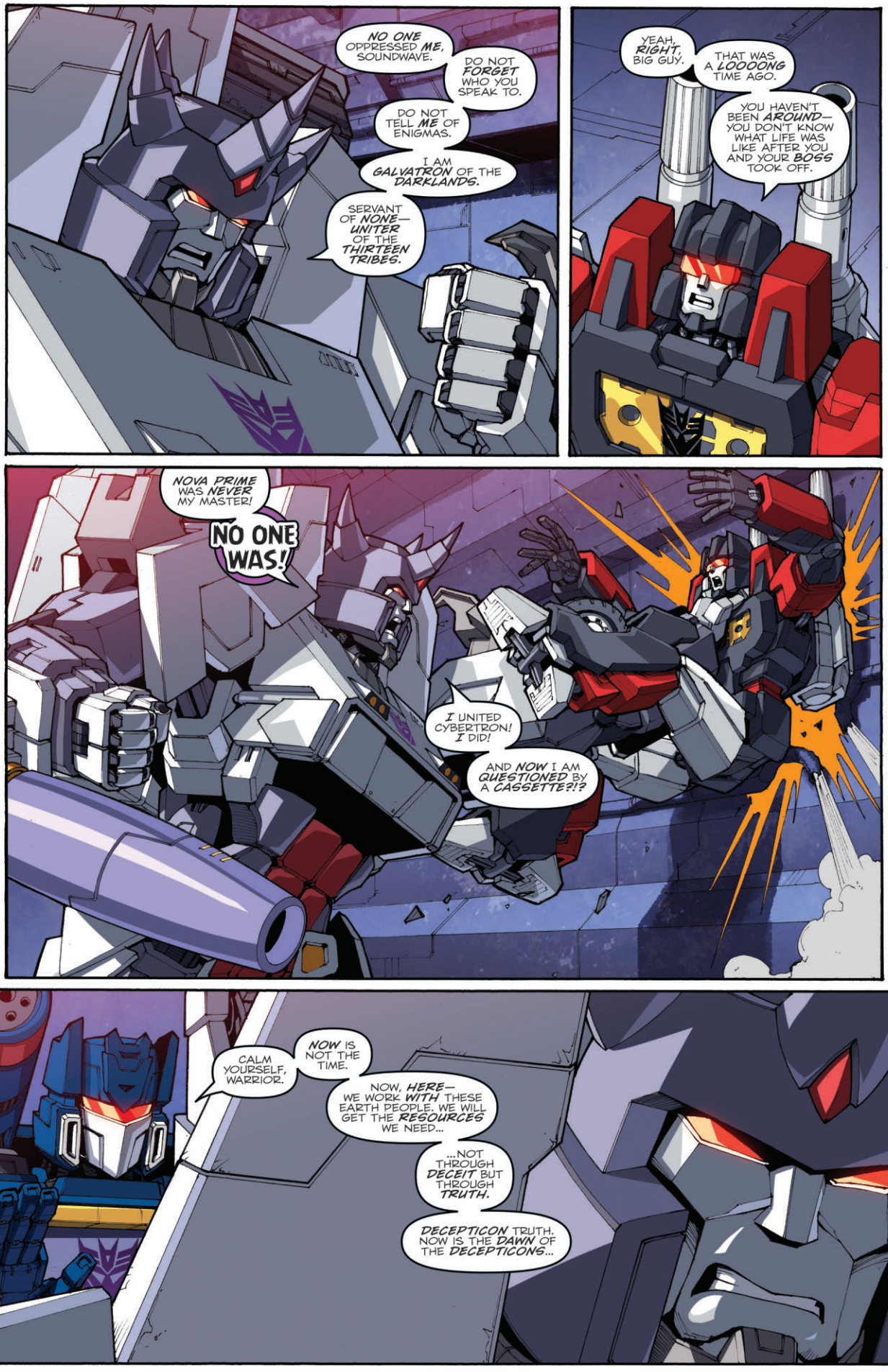
CYBERTRON. TEN MILLION YEARS AGO.
THE FIRST CYBERTRONIAN CIVIL WAR.
THE BATTLE OF AEGIAX, DAY 43:
YOUR BROTHERS ARE DEAD, HEADMASTER.
ARE YOU READY TO JOIN THEM?
YOU BOAST IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN DEFEAT.
YOU MISUNDERSTAND. I MERELY INQUIRE...
...OF YOUR PREPARATIONS.
YOU'RE WEAKENED, GALVATRON. SURRENDER.
MY WEAKEST—
CHAZZZK
AIGH!
—IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR YOU LOT!
RAH!
FALL, GALVATRON! FALL, LIKE YOUR MASTER FELL!


GALVATRON HAS NO MASTER!
CHUK
WELL, NOW GALVATRON HAS NO LIFE!
THIS!?
THIS IS HOW YOU KILL?
ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU, SERVANT OF NEXUS!
SHUKK
ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU DEATH!
NO
EH?
—YOU KILLED MYSKRION! YOU—YOU—
—BARBARIAN!
CH CHAK-CHAK

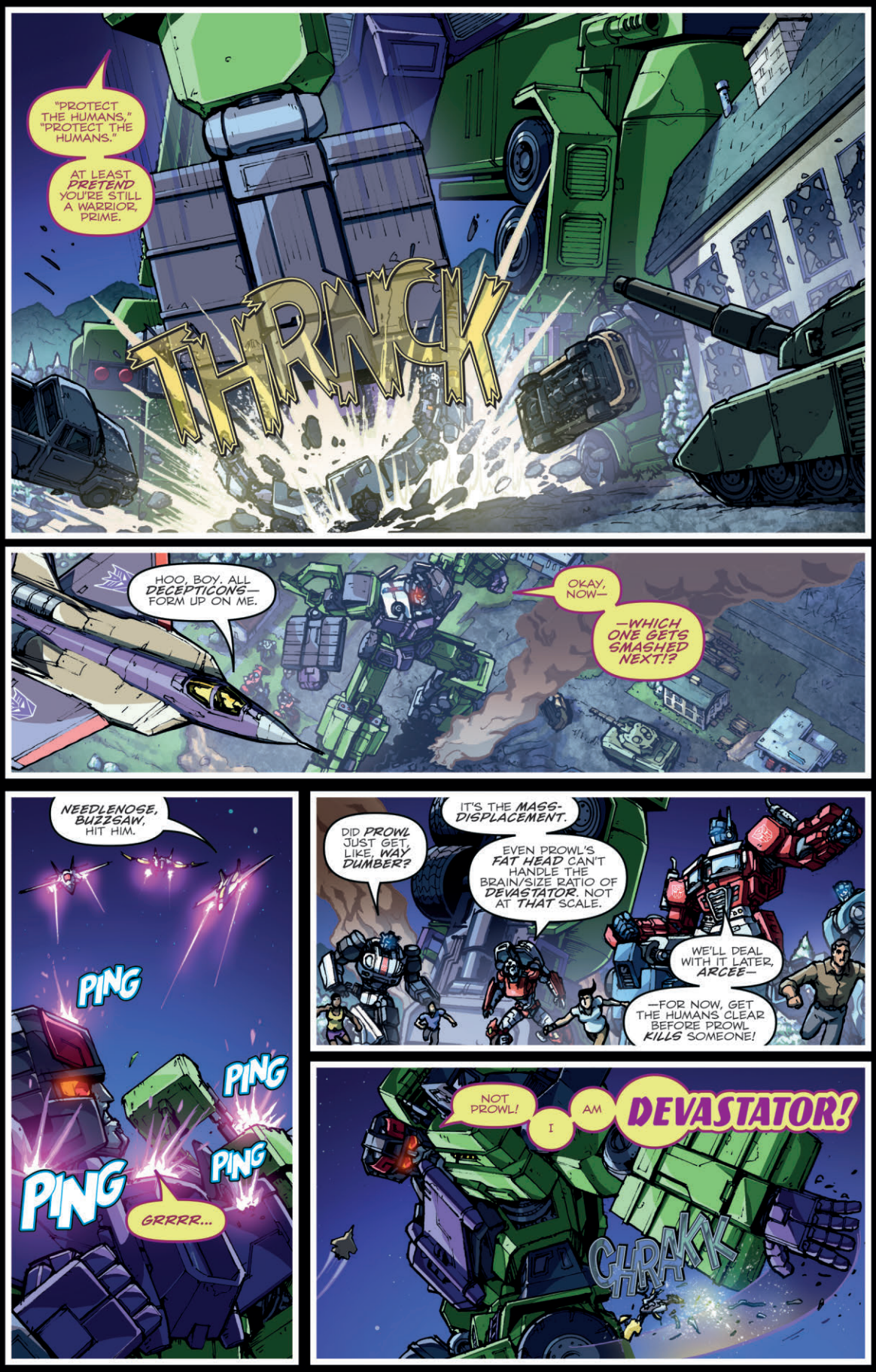
LOWBORN MONGREL, ABANDONING YOUR OWN KIND—
—UNG—
—FOR NEXUS' ENIGMA...
SHRAKK
DARKLANDER—YOUR KIND HAS DONE ENOUGH TO OUR WORLD!
CHOMP
NEVER!
NEVER ENOUGH.
ABOMINATION.
SHLUK
ENJOY RIPPING CYBERTRONIANS IN HALF, DO YOU?
THERE ARE WORSE WAYS TO PASS THE TIME...


TO LINK BEASTS TO PURE-BORN CYBERTRONIANS IS A PERVERSION OF SCIENCE AND AN INSULT TO ALL THAT ONCE MADE OUR RACE GREAT.
INDEED? I HAD HEARD YOU WERE... OPINIONATED. I SUPPOSE THAT IS WHY YOU ABANDONED YOUR LORD.
I—
AS FOR THE HEADMASTER, SOME SAY IT IS NOT SCIENCE, BUT—
ENOUGH, STRANGER.
WHO ARE YOU THAT FALLS NEXT TO GALVATRON'S AXE?
CALM YOURSELF, WARRIOR.
I COME IN PEACE. PERHAPS YOU KNOW THE TERM?
IT MEANS THE ABSENCE OF WAR.
I AM AWARE OF THE WORD. IN MY LAND, WE PRONOUNCED IT "CONQUEST."
WELL. I COME IN PEACE, BUT PERHAPS I CAN OFFER YOU CONQUEST.
YOU SPEAK... MUCH.
CHOOSE YOUR NEXT WORDS CAREFULLY, STRANGER, FOR I AM WEARY... AND WISH THIS CONVERSATION TO END.
THEN I WILL BECOME NOT A STRANGER.
ALPHA TRION IS MY NAME, AND I OFFER YOU PEACE, CONQUEST...


"...AND THE WORLD ITSELF."
GALVATRON—WHO WAS NOT PART OF THE EARTH INVASION—LEADS US.
HIS ARRIVAL HAS ALTERED FOREVER THE DECEPTICONS, SEEDING AND FOMENTING OUR JOURNEY TOWARD UNIVERSAL HARMONY.
EARTH ORBIT. FOUR MONTHS AGO. A WHOLE NEW WORLD:
AND AS WE HAVE CHANGED... SO HAVE OUR RIVALS.
WE ARE HERE NOT TO CONQUER, BUT TO PROTECT YOU—TO WORK WITH YOU AGAINST A MUTUAL ENEMY...
...THE AUTOBOTS.
TINY, MEWLING EARTH CREATURES.
WHY WOULD THEY ACCEPT OUR OFFER OF "PEACE"... WHY DO WE DEBASE OURSELVES TO MAKE IT...?
THEY WOULD FALL UNDER OUR FEET LIKE... LIKE...
DO NOT STRAIN YOUR VOCABULARY, GALVATRON.
THESE EARTHLINGS ARE AN ENIGMA.
THEIRS IS THE WORLD THAT NOT ONLY WITHSTOOD OUR FOUR-MILLION-YEAR-LONG WAR—
—BUT ENDED IT.
BECAUSE OF OUR ACTIONS—DECEPTICON ACTIONS—THE HUMANS CHOSE THE WRONG SIDE.
MEGATRON DROVE THEM TO THE AUTOBOTS.
LEFT TO THEIR OWN DEVICES, SURELY THEY WILL SEE OUR OPPRESSORS FOR WHAT THEY ARE.


NO ONE OPPRESSED ME, SOUNDWAVE.
DO NOT FORGET WHO YOU SPEAK TO.
DO NOT TELL ME OF ENIGMAS.
I AM GALVATRON OF THE DARKLANDS.
SERVANT OF NONE—UNITER OF THE THIRTEEN TRIBES.
YEAH, RIGHT, BIG GUY.
THAT WAS A LOOOONG TIME AGO.
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND—YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT LIFE WAS LIKE AFTER YOU AND YOUR BOSS TOOK OFF.
NOVA PRIME WAS NEVER MY MASTER!
NO ONE WAS!
I UNITED CYBERTRON! I DID!
AND NOW I AM QUESTIONED BY A CASSETTE?!?
CALM YOURSELF, WARRIOR.
NOW IS NOT THE TIME.
NOW, HERE—WE WORK WITH THESE EARTH PEOPLE. WE WILL GET THE RESOURCES WE NEED...
...NOT THROUGH DECEIT BUT THROUGH TRUTH.
DECEPTICON TRUTH. NOW IS THE DAWN OF THE DECEPTICONS...

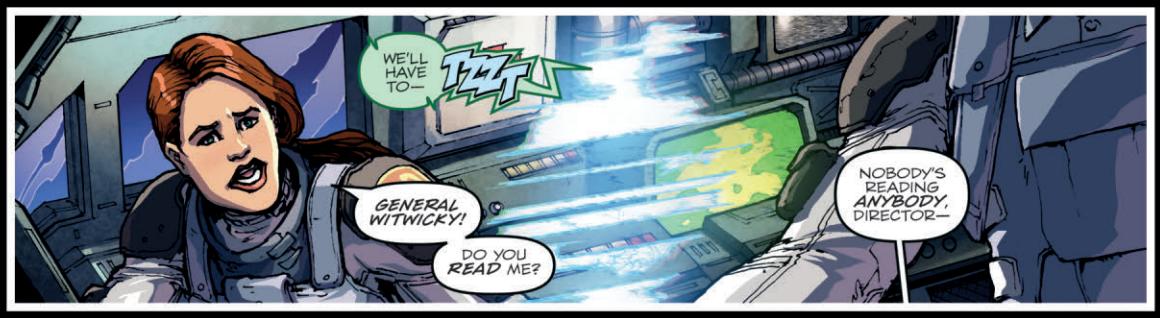
"...NOT A TIME FOR VIOLENCE."
EARTHFALL
PART 3: THE MIND BOMB
ARE YOU PREPARED TO DIE, GALVATRON?
ALWAYS.
BUT THAT HAS NEVER BEEN A REAL CONCERN.
PROWL... YA BIG OL' IDIOT.
NOW YA REALLY WENT AND DID IT.
AUTOBOTS— THERE'S NO POINT IN SECRECY, ANYMORE. PROTECT THE HUMANS!
BOB'S GENERAL STORE
POVERTY FLAT, CALIFORNIA. EARTH. TODAY.

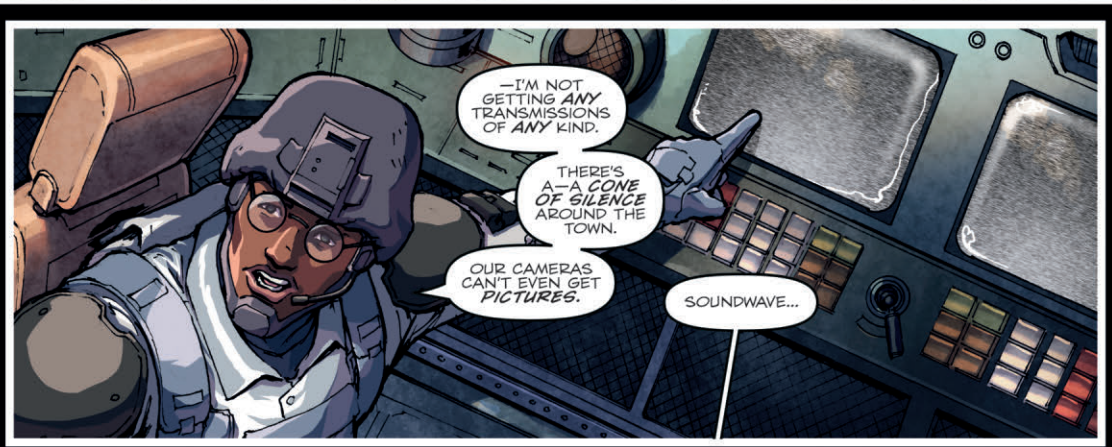

"PROTECT THE HUMANS," "PROTECT THE HUMANS."
AT LEAST *PRETEND* YOU'RE STILL A WARRIOR, PRIME.
THRNGK
HOO, BOY. ALL *DECEPTICONS*— FORM UP ON ME.
OKAY, NOW—
—WHICH ONE GETS SMASHED NEXT!?
NEEDLENOSE, BUZZSAW, HIT HIM.
PING
PING
PING
PING
GRRRR...
DID *PROWL* JUST GET, LIKE, *WAY DUMBER?*
IT'S THE *MASS-DISPLACEMENT.*
EVEN PROWL'S *FAT HEAD* CAN'T HANDLE THE BRAIN/SIZE RATIO OF *DEVASTATOR*. NOT AT *THAT* SCALE.
WE'LL DEAL WITH IT LATER, *ARCEE*—
—FOR NOW, GET THE HUMANS CLEAR BEFORE PROWL *KILLS* SOMEONE!
NOT PROWL! I AM *DEVASTATOR!*
CHRAKK

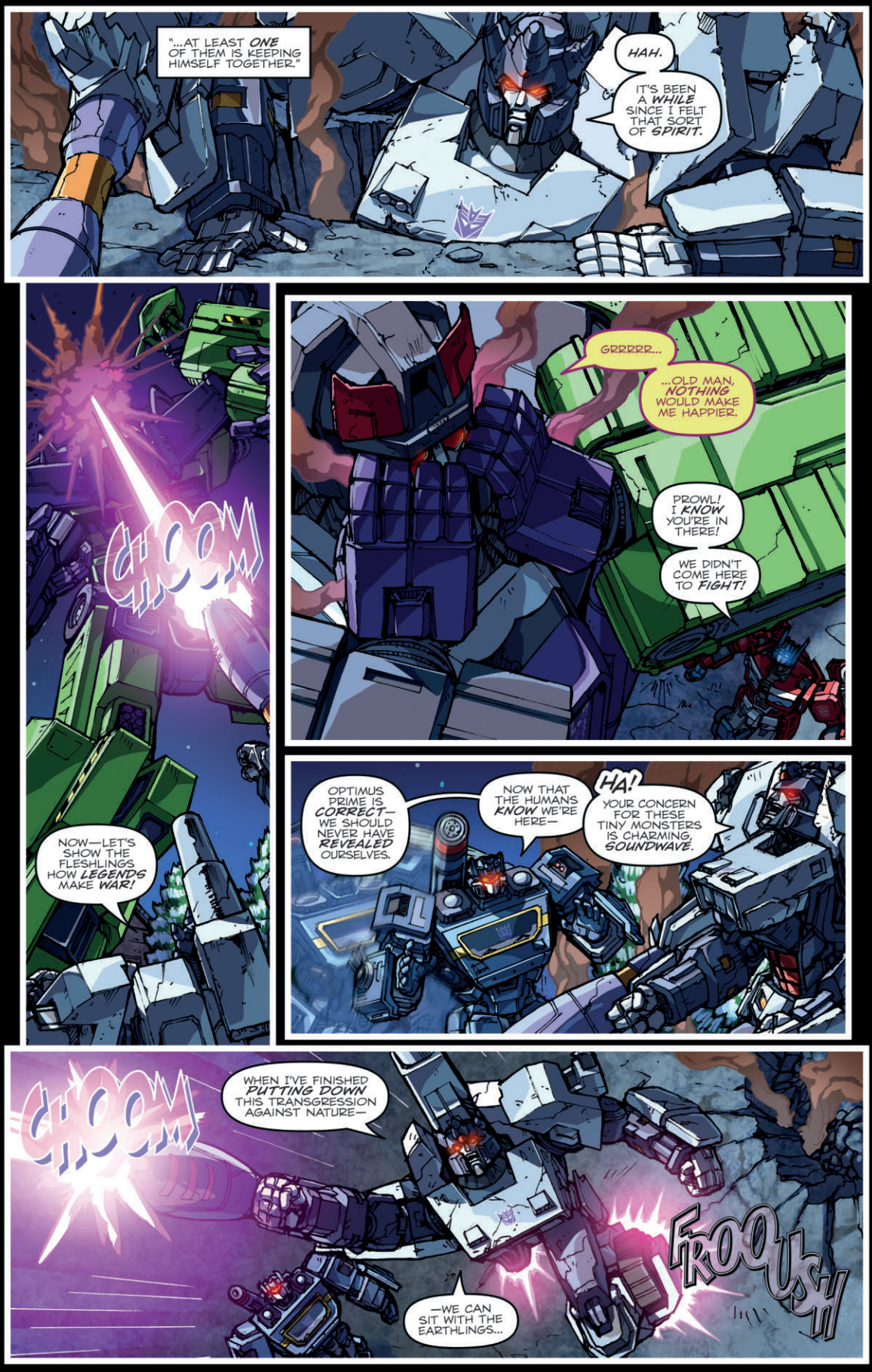
AND EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL!
DID HE JUST—
—DID THAT *THING* JUST SAY WHAT I *THINK* IT SAID?

BECAUSE I'M PRETTY SURE WE LEFT BEHIND "*UNDER CONTROL*" A WHILE AGO.
I CAN'T BELIEVE WE LET THEM *DO* THIS!
"DO THIS," DIRECTOR FAIREBORN?
THE DECEPTICONS *DECIMATED* OUR WORLD EIGHT YEARS AGO, AND YOU THOUGHT, *WHAT?*

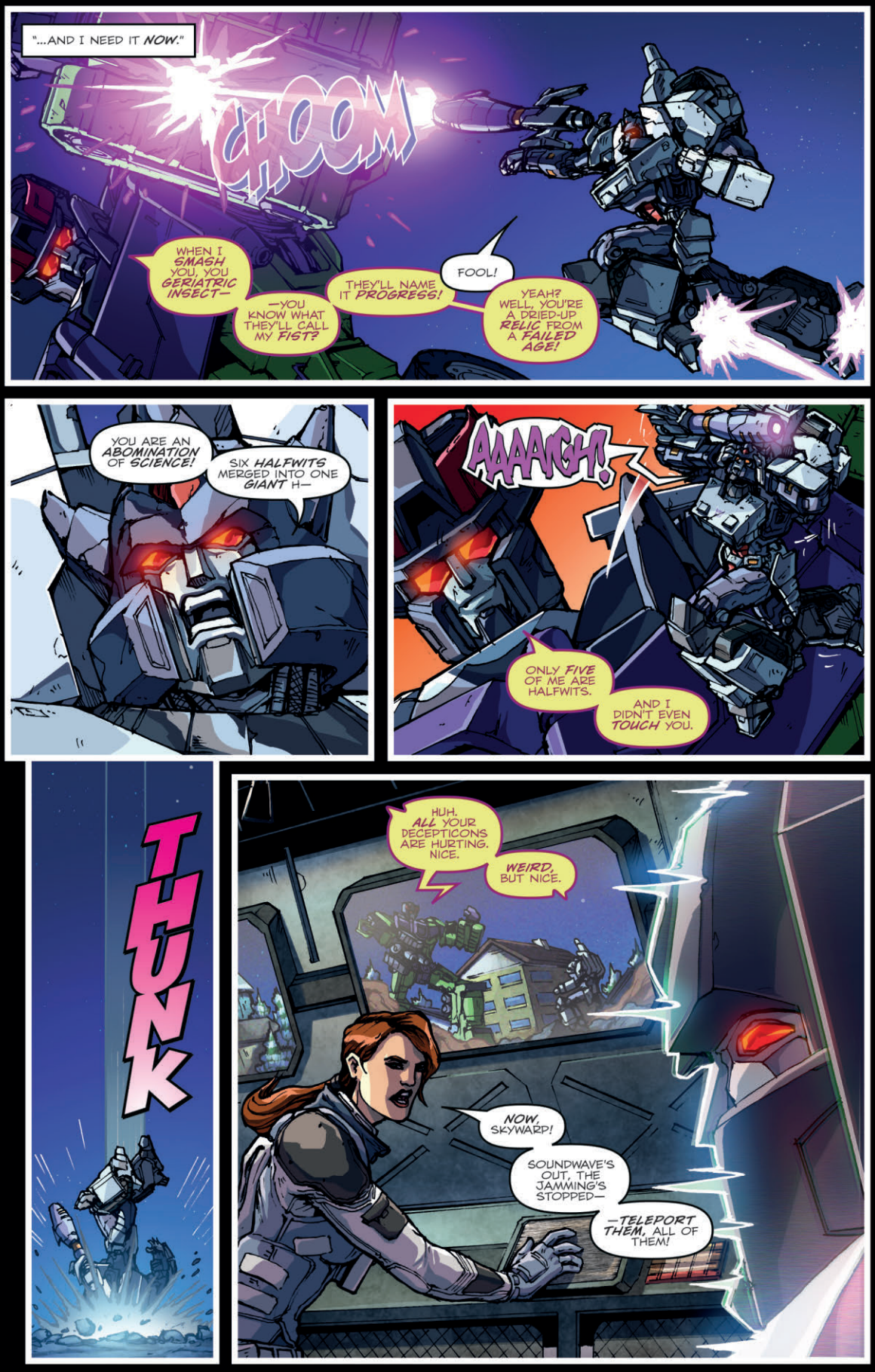
THEY'D HAVE DECIDED TO BECOME *CONSIDERATE* IN THE MEANTIME?
THEY'RE OUR *ALLIES* BUT YOU KNOW THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE *TRUST* THEM.
NOW GET DOWN THERE AND MINIMIZE THE NUMBER OF *SPECTATORS*.


WE'LL HAVE TO—
TZZT
GENERAL WITWICKY!
DO YOU *READ* ME?
NOBODY'S READING *ANYBODY*, DIRECTOR—


—I'M NOT GETTING *ANY* TRANSMISSIONS OF *ANY* KIND.
THERE'S A—A *CONE OF SILENCE* AROUND THE TOWN.
OUR CAMERAS CAN'T EVEN GET *PICTURES*.
SOUNDWAVE...


"...AT LEAST ONE OF THEM IS KEEPING HIMSELF TOGETHER."
HAH.
IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I FELT THAT SORT OF SPIRIT.
KROOM
NOW—LET'S SHOW THE FLESHLINGS HOW LEGENDS MAKE WAR!
GRRRRR...
...OLD MAN, NOTHING WOULD MAKE ME HAPPIER.
PROWL! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!
WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO FIGHT!
OPTIMUS PRIME IS CORRECT— WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE REVEALED OURSELVES.
NOW THAT THE HUMANS KNOW WE'RE HERE—
HA!
YOUR CONCERN FOR THESE TINY MONSTERS IS CHARMING, SOUNDWAVE.
KROOM
WHEN I'VE FINISHED PUTTING DOWN THIS TRANSGRESSION AGAINST NATURE—
—WE CAN SIT WITH THE EARTHLINGS...
FROOOSH

...AND TALK THINGS OUT.
KHOOM
WE'RE OUTSIDE THE CONE, MA'AM. SATLINK REESTABLISHED.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THIS FREQUENCY, HUMAN?
GET YOUR DECEPTICONS OUT OF THERE— AND I MEAN NOW, SKYWARP.
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU—
GET THEM OUT!
GRRR. I CAN'T. I CAN'T EVEN SEE THEM, LET ALONE TELEPORT THEM! THE CITY IS JUST A BLURRY—
FIGURE SOMETHING OUT!
YOUR IDIOT FRIEND THUNDERCRACKER TOLD ME YOU WERE SOMETHING SPECIAL.
BUT YOU AREN'T ANY BETTER AT BEING A SUPER ROBOT THAN HE IS AT WRITING SCREENPLAYS.
WRITING WHAT?!
I'M—
WE'RE NOT ROBOTS!
JUST BE READY.
DR. BHARWANEY. THINGS WENT TO HELL.
I TOLD YOU SO.
ACTIVATE THE DEVICE.
EDC
Earth Defense
IT ISN'T READY FOR TACTICAL USE.
IT WILL ONLY WORK ON KNOWN BRAIN PATTERNS.
I DON'T CARE, SANJAY.
I NEED THEM DEACTIVATED...

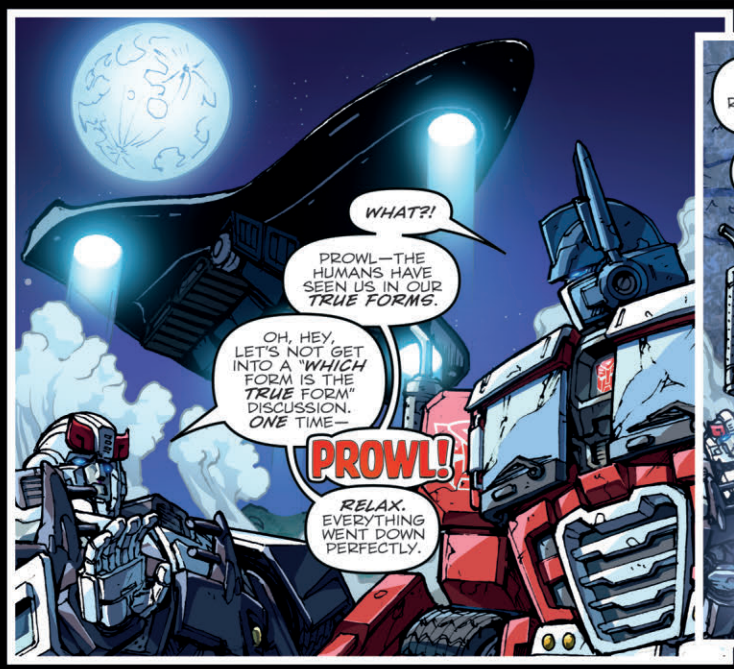

"...AND I NEED IT NOW."
KOOM
WHEN I SMASH YOU, YOU GERIATRIC INSECT—
—YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'LL CALL MY FIST?
THEY'LL NAME IT PROGRESS!
FOOL!
YEAH? WELL, YOU'RE A DRIED-UP RELIC FROM A FAILED AGE!
YOU ARE AN ABOMINATION OF SCIENCE!
SIX HALFWITS MERGED INTO ONE GIANT H—
AAAAGH!
ONLY FIVE OF ME ARE HALFWITS.
AND I DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH YOU.
THUNK
HUH. ALL YOUR DECEPTICONS ARE HURTING. NICE.
WEIRD, BUT NICE.
NOW, SKYWARP!
SOUNDWAVE'S OUT, THE JAMMING'S STOPPED—
—TELEPORT THEM, ALL OF THEM!

AW.
KROOM

THE HELL'S GOIN' ON, PRIME? WHERE'D THE DECEPTICONS GO?
HM.
IT WAS SKYWARP.
PROWL! DISASSEMBLE!

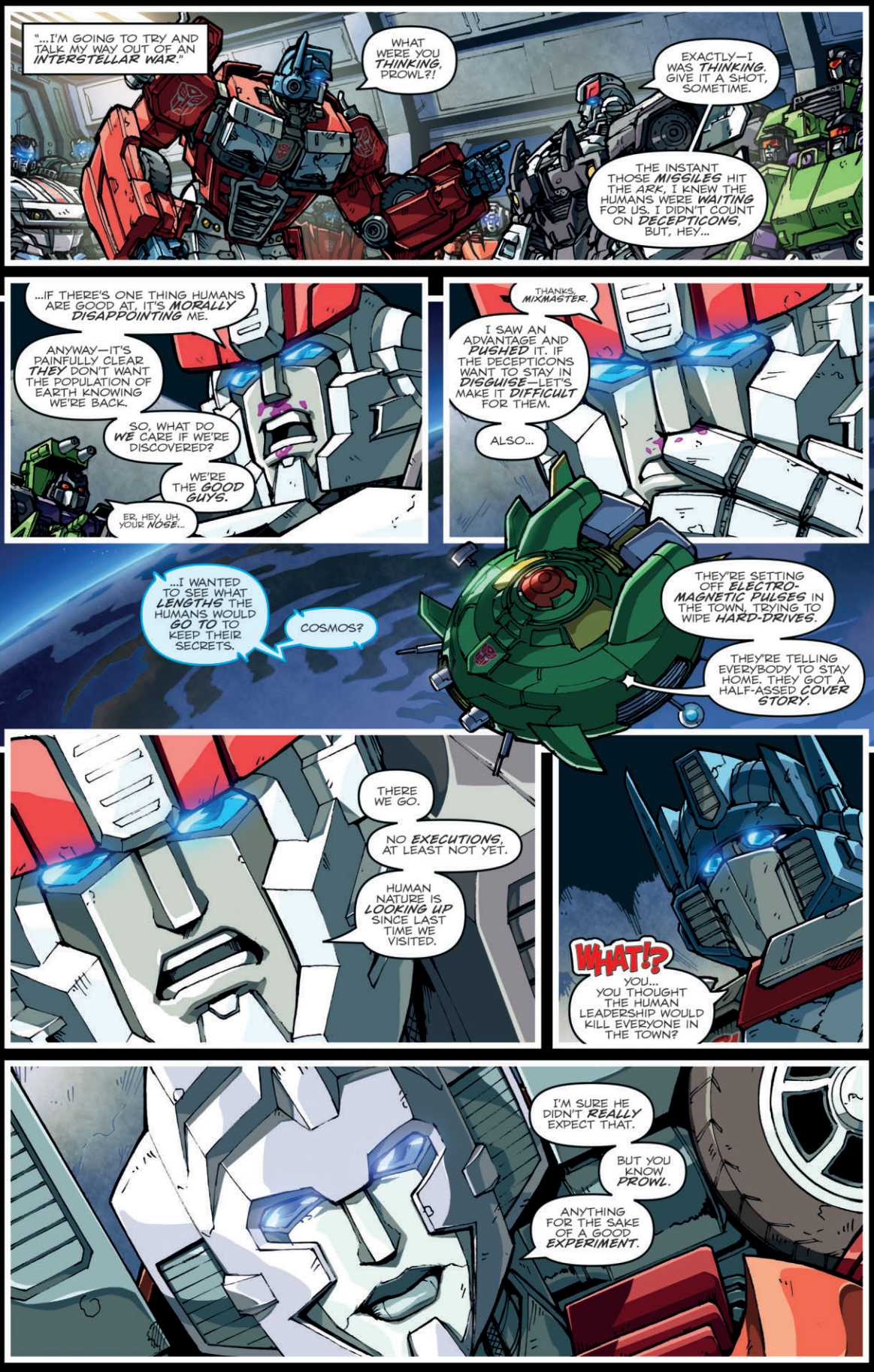
YOU GOT IT PRIME.
WOO-HOO!
WE SHOWED THAT PURPLE GUY!

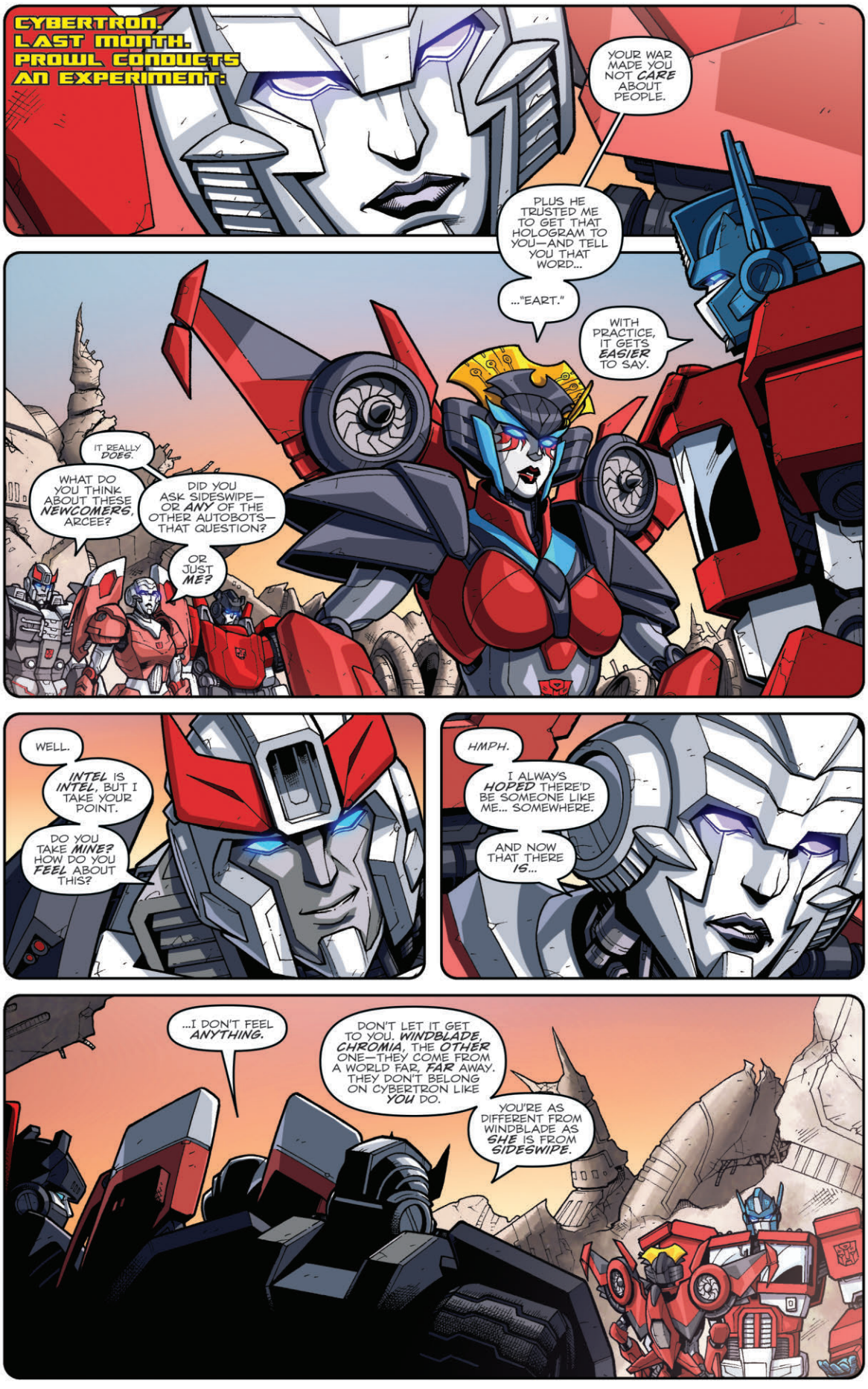
NOW, THAT WORKED OUT BETTER THAN WE COULD HAVE HOPED.

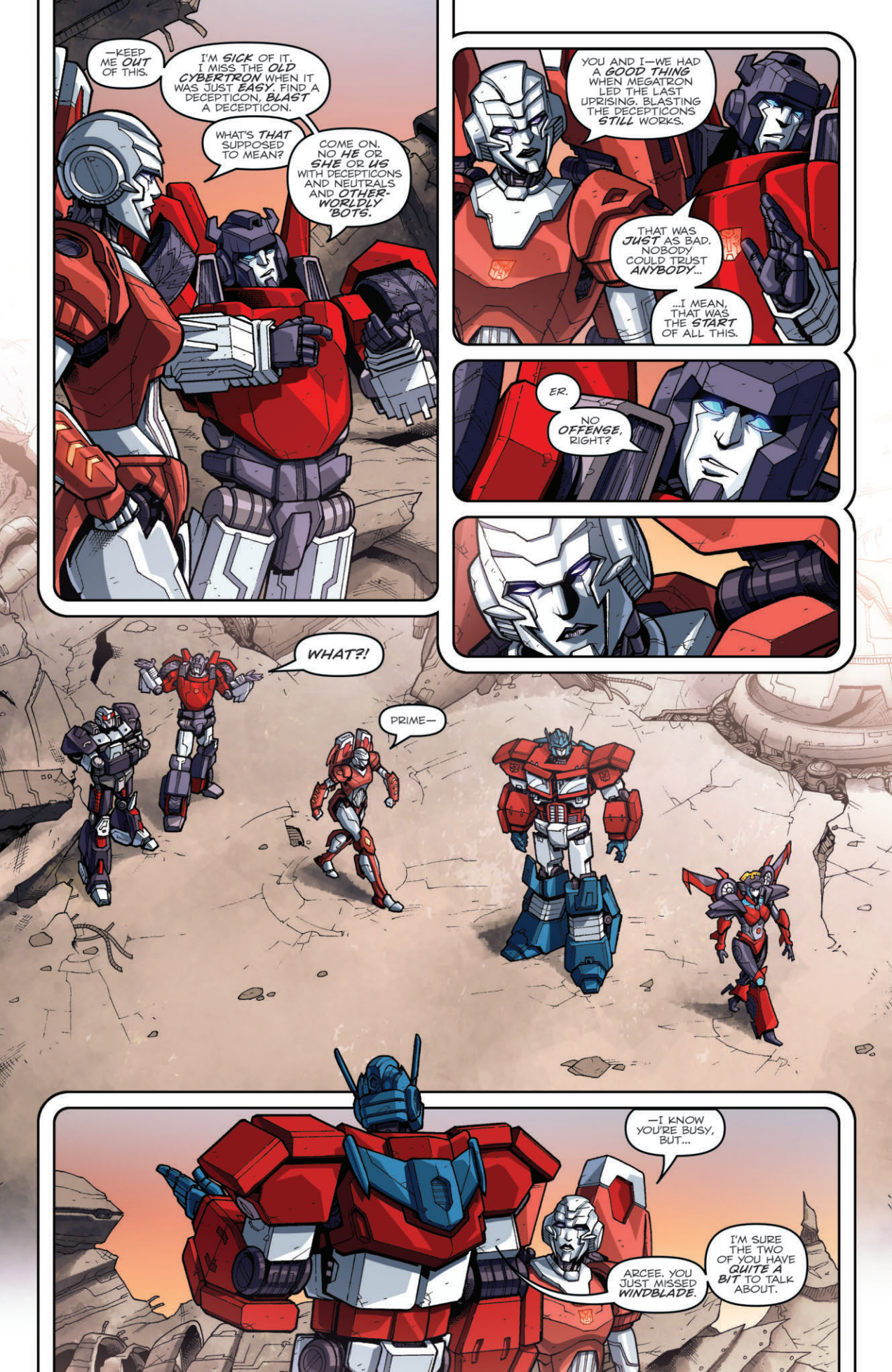

WHAT?!
PROWL—THE HUMANS HAVE SEEN US IN OUR TRUE FORMS.
OH, HEY, LET'S NOT GET INTO A "WHICH FORM IS THE TRUE FORM" DISCUSSION. ONE TIME—
PROWL!
RELAX. EVERYTHING WENT DOWN PERFECTLY.

I HAVE NEVER RELAXED, PROWL.
AND AS LONG AS WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER...

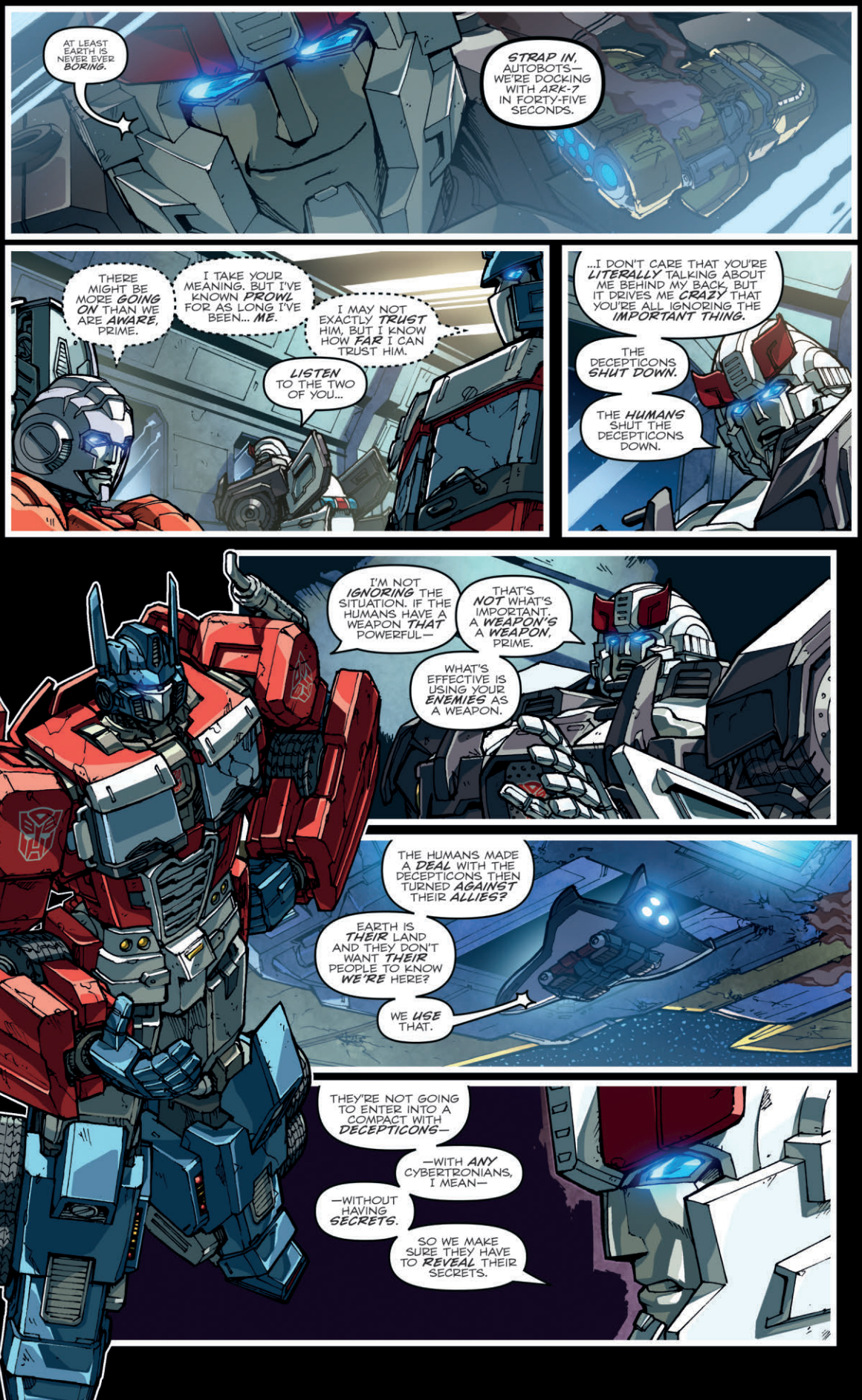
"...NEITHER HAVE YOU."
ALL UNITS—ADVANCE ON POVERTY FLAT AS LOUDLY AND AS VISIBLY AS YOU CAN!
SHOCK AND AWE THESE YOKELS.
DIRECTOR—THE PRESIDENT IS ON SECURE-LINE OMEGA.
LET HIM WAIT—THIS IS IMPORTANT.
DIRECTOR FAIREBORN—THE AUTOBOT, UH, CRAFT IS HYPERSONIC.
AUTHORIZE PURSUIT?
I AUTHORIZE YOU TO FOLLOW MY ORDERS.
SECURE THE CITY, CONFISCATE CAMERAS AND CELL PHONES, SET UP E.M.P. CHARGES AND DECLARE MARTIAL LAW.
THEY PLAYED US!
THE AUTOBOTS PLAYED US LIKE AMATEURS!
KRUNCK
THEY GOT A FEW MILLION YEARS ON US—
—PLUS THEY PROBABLY LEARNED A THING OR TWO LAST TIME THEY WERE HERE.
THE COVER STORY IS OUR ANTI-CYBERTRONIAN TECH WENT WRONG AND WE HAD TO SHUT IT DOWN.
I UNDERSTAND HOW TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE. I WANNA KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO ABOUT THE DECEPTICONS.
WELL, GENERAL...

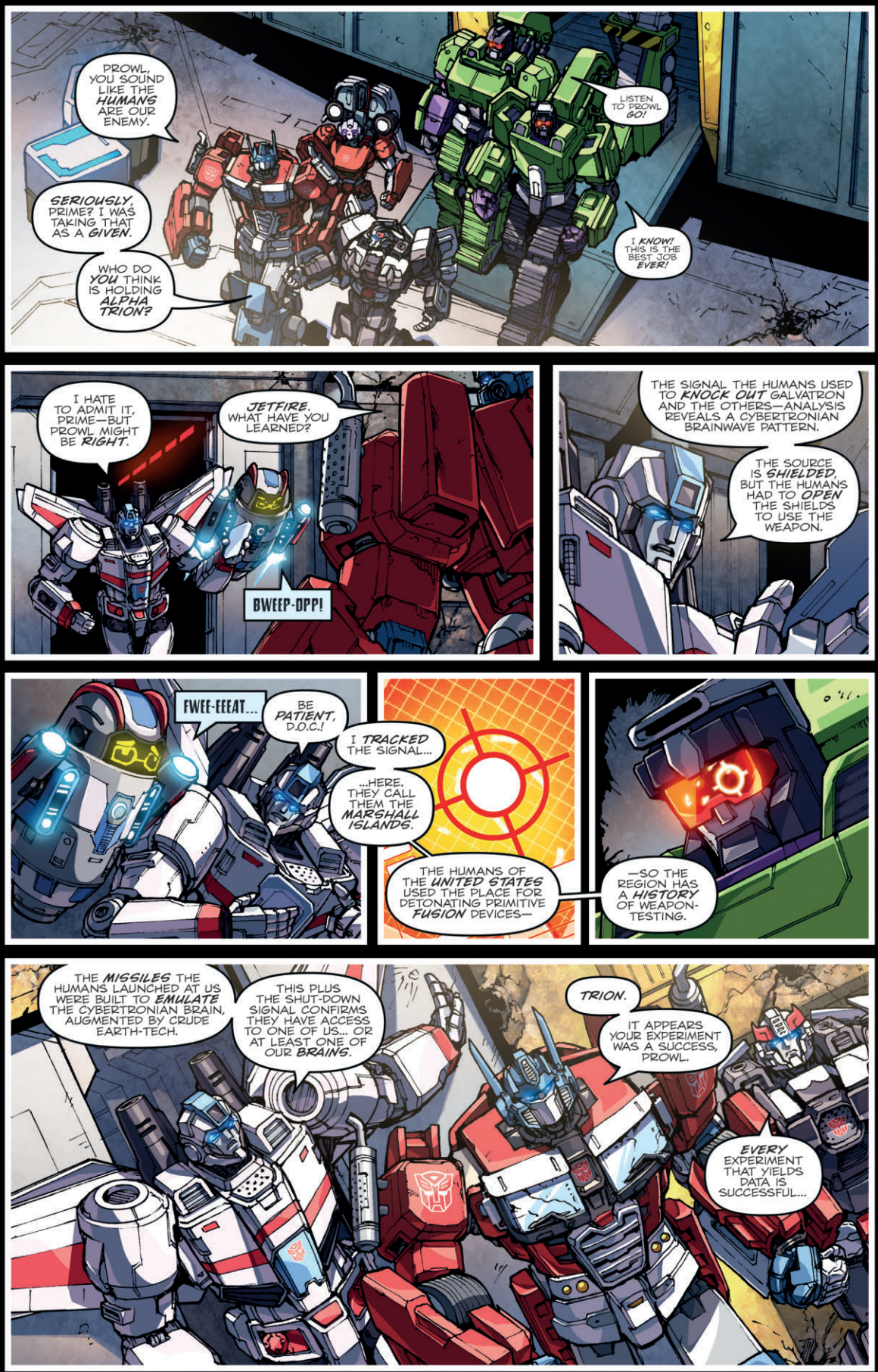

"...I'M GOING TO TRY AND TALK MY WAY OUT OF AN INTERSTELLAR WAR."
WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, PROWL?!
EXACTLY—I WAS THINKING. GIVE IT A SHOT, SOMETIME.
THE INSTANT THOSE MISSILES HIT THE ARK, I KNEW THE HUMANS WERE WAITING FOR US. I DIDN'T COUNT ON DECEPTICONS, BUT, HEY...
...IF THERE'S ONE THING HUMANS ARE GOOD AT, IT'S MORALLY DISAPPOINTING ME.
ANYWAY—IT'S PAINFULLY CLEAR THEY DON'T WANT THE POPULATION OF EARTH KNOWING WE'RE BACK.
SO, WHAT DO WE CARE IF WE'RE DISCOVERED?
WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS.
ER, HEY, UH, YOUR NOSE...
THANKS, MIXMASTER.
I SAW AN ADVANTAGE AND PUSHED IT. IF THE DECEPTICONS WANT TO STAY IN DISGUISE—LET'S MAKE IT DIFFICULT FOR THEM.
ALSO...
...I WANTED TO SEE WHAT LENGTHS THE HUMANS WOULD GO TO TO KEEP THEIR SECRETS.
COSMOS?
THEY'RE SETTING OFF ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PULSES IN THE TOWN, TRYING TO WIPE HARD-DRIVES.
THEY'RE TELLING EVERYBODY TO STAY HOME. THEY GOT A HALF-ASSED COVER STORY.
THERE WE GO.
NO EXECUTIONS, AT LEAST NOT YET.
HUMAN NATURE IS LOOKING UP SINCE LAST TIME WE VISITED.
WHAT!?
YOU... YOU THOUGHT THE HUMAN LEADERSHIP WOULD KILL EVERYONE IN THE TOWN?
I'M SURE HE DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT THAT.
BUT YOU KNOW PROWL.
ANYTHING FOR THE SAKE OF A GOOD EXPERIMENT.


CYBERTRON. LAST MONTH. PROWL CONDUCTS AN EXPERIMENT:
YOUR WAR MADE YOU NOT *CARE* ABOUT PEOPLE.
PLUS HE TRUSTED ME TO GET THAT HOLOGRAM TO *YOU*—AND TELL YOU THAT WORD...
..."EART."
WITH PRACTICE, IT GETS *EASIER* TO SAY.
IT REALLY *DOES.*
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THESE *NEWCOMERS*, ARCEE?
DID YOU ASK SIDESWIPE—OR *ANY* OF THE OTHER AUTOBOTS—THAT QUESTION?
OR JUST *ME?*
WELL.
INTEL IS *INTEL*, BUT I TAKE YOUR POINT.
DO YOU TAKE *MINE?* HOW DO YOU *FEEL* ABOUT THIS?
HMPH.
I ALWAYS *HOPED* THERE'D BE SOMEONE LIKE ME... SOMEWHERE.
AND NOW THAT THERE *IS*...
...I DON'T FEEL *ANYTHING.*
DON'T LET IT GET TO YOU. *WINDBLADE*, *CHROMIA*, THE *OTHER* ONE—THEY COME FROM A WORLD FAR, *FAR* AWAY. THEY DON'T BELONG ON CYBERTRON LIKE *YOU* DO.
YOU'RE AS DIFFERENT FROM WINDBLADE AS *SHE* IS FROM *SIDESWIPE.*

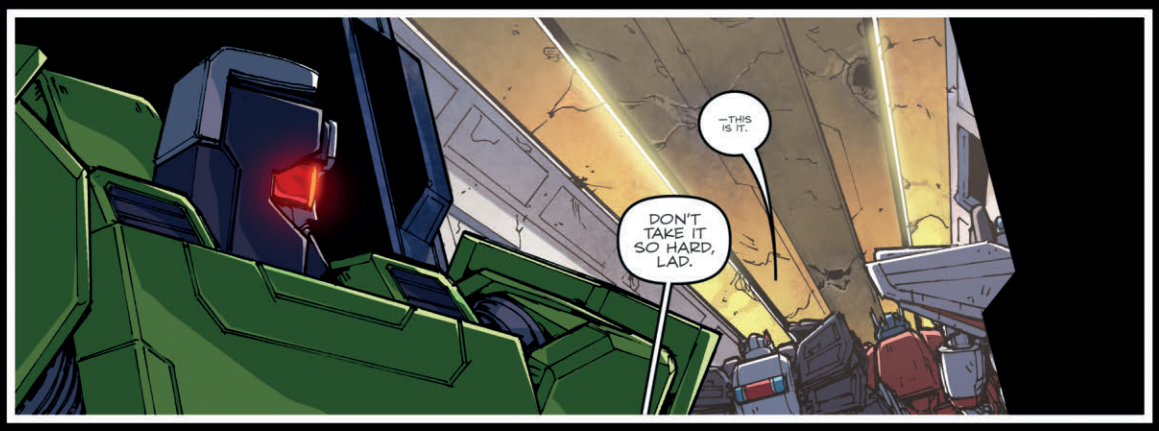

—KEEP ME OUT OF THIS.
I'M SICK OF IT. I MISS THE OLD CYBERTRON WHEN IT WAS JUST EASY. FIND A DECEPTICON, BLAST A DECEPTICON.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
COME ON. NO HE OR SHE OR US WITH DECEPTICONS AND NEUTRALS AND OTHER-WORLDLY 'BOTS.
YOU AND I—WE HAD A GOOD THING WHEN MEGATRON LED THE LAST UPRISING. BLASTING THE DECEPTICONS STILL WORKS.
THAT WAS JUST AS BAD. NOBODY COULD TRUST ANYBODY...
..I MEAN, THAT WAS THE START OF ALL THIS.
ER.
NO OFFENSE, RIGHT?
WHAT?!
PRIME—
—I KNOW YOU'RE BUSY, BUT...
I'M SURE THE TWO OF YOU HAVE QUITE A BIT TO TALK ABOUT.
ARCEE. YOU JUST MISSED WINDBLADE.

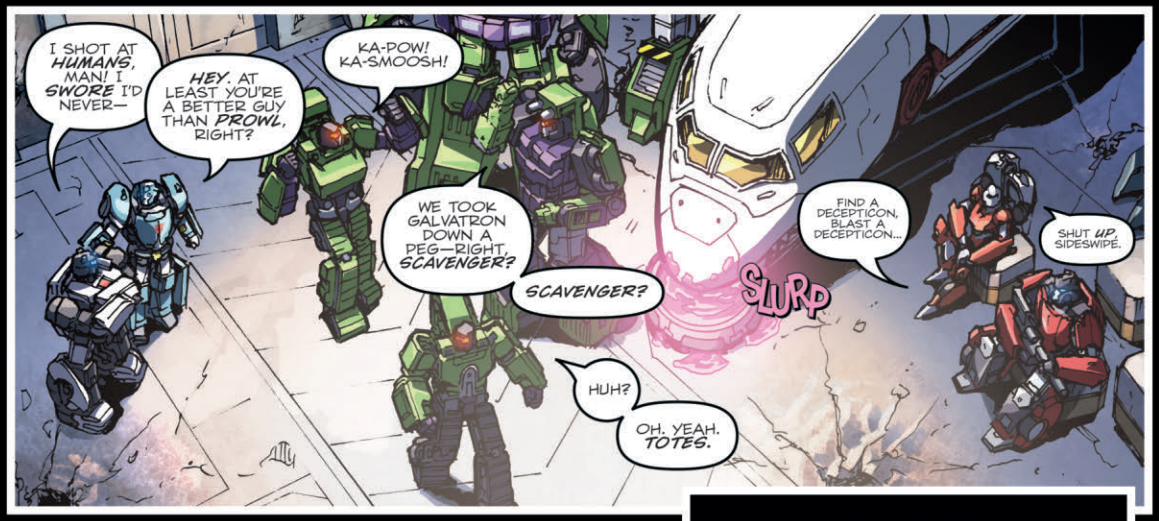
YEAH, EVERYBODY'S SURE OF THAT.
I... I HAVE SOMETHING TO ASK YOU...
OF COURSE.
I NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO...
BACK WHEN YOU WERE IN THE DEAD UNIVERSE, DURING ALL THE DARK CYBERTRON STUFF.
HARDHEAD WAS... HARDHEAD DIED.
OH.
I...
...YOU AND HARDHEAD WERE STATIONED TOGETHER ON GORLAM PRIME.
FOR A COUPLE YEARS, YEAH.
FORGIVE ME. I FORGOT YOU TWO WERE FRIENDS.
IT'S OKAY.
PEOPLE FORGET THINGS LIKE THAT.
HARDHEAD DIED TRYING TO SAVE US ALL.
HIS KILLER IS... GONE. I TOOK CARE OF THAT, MYSELF.
WELL.
I GUESS IT'S OKAY, THEN.
BUT THAT WASN'T ALL I WANTED TO ASK.
I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO GO TO EARTH TO LOOK FOR ALPHA TRION. I'VE... HEARD OF THE PLACE. AND, WELL—
—TRION'S BEEN AROUND FOR A WHILE, PLUS HE WAS THE FIRST ONE TO MEET WINDBLADE AND HER CREW. CAN...
...CAN I JOIN YOUR CREW, PRIME?
I'D LIKE TO FINALLY SEE EARTH.


AT LEAST EARTH IS NEVER EVER BORING.
STRAP IN, AUTOBOTS— WE'RE DOCKING WITH ARK-7 IN FORTY-FIVE SECONDS.
THERE MIGHT BE MORE GOING ON THAN WE ARE AWARE, PRIME.
I TAKE YOUR MEANING. BUT I'VE KNOWN PROWL FOR AS LONG I'VE BEEN... ME.
I MAY NOT EXACTLY TRUST HIM, BUT I KNOW HOW FAR I CAN TRUST HIM.
LISTEN TO THE TWO OF YOU...
...I DON'T CARE THAT YOU'RE LITERALLY TALKING ABOUT ME BEHIND MY BACK, BUT IT DRIVES ME CRAZY THAT YOU'RE ALL IGNORING THE IMPORTANT THING.
THE DECEPTICONS SHUT DOWN.
THE HUMANS SHUT THE DECEPTICONS DOWN.
I'M NOT IGNORING THE SITUATION. IF THE HUMANS HAVE A WEAPON THAT POWERFUL—
THAT'S NOT WHAT'S IMPORTANT. A WEAPON'S A WEAPON, PRIME.
WHAT'S EFFECTIVE IS USING YOUR ENEMIES AS A WEAPON.
THE HUMANS MADE A DEAL WITH THE DECEPTICONS THEN TURNED AGAINST THEIR ALLIES?
EARTH IS THEIR LAND AND THEY DON'T WANT THEIR PEOPLE TO KNOW WE'RE HERE?
WE USE THAT.
THEY'RE NOT GOING TO ENTER INTO A COMPACT WITH DECEPTICONS—
—WITH ANY CYBERTRONIANS, I MEAN—
—WITHOUT HAVING SECRETS.
SO WE MAKE SURE THEY HAVE TO REVEAL THEIR SECRETS.

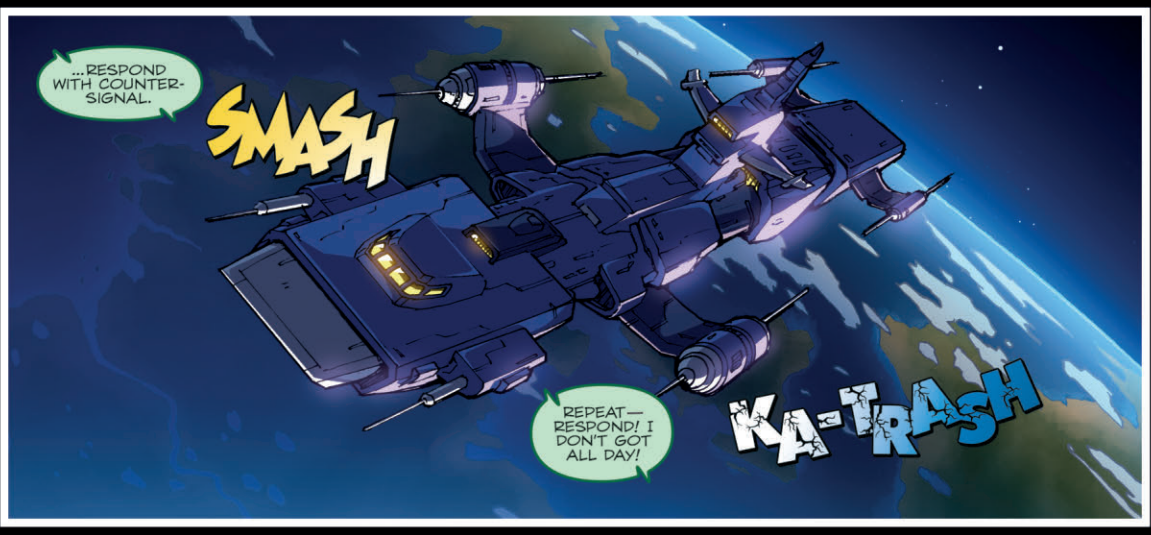

PROWL, YOU SOUND LIKE THE HUMANS ARE OUR ENEMY.
SERIOUSLY, PRIME? I WAS TAKING THAT AS A GIVEN.
WHO DO YOU THINK IS HOLDING ALPHA TRION?
LISTEN TO PROWL GO!
I KNOW! THIS IS THE BEST JOB EVER!
I HATE TO ADMIT IT, PRIME—BUT PROWL MIGHT BE RIGHT.
JETFIRE. WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED?
BWEEP-DPP!
THE SIGNAL THE HUMANS USED TO KNOCK OUT GALVATRON AND THE OTHERS—ANALYSIS REVEALS A CYBERTRONIAN BRAINWAVE PATTERN.
THE SOURCE IS SHIELDED, BUT THE HUMANS HAD TO OPEN THE SHIELDS TO USE THE WEAPON.
FWEE-EEEAT...
BE PATIENT, D.O.C.!
I TRACKED THE SIGNAL...
...HERE. THEY CALL THEM THE MARSHALL ISLANDS.
THE HUMANS OF THE UNITED STATES USED THE PLACE FOR DETONATING PRIMITIVE FUSION DEVICES—
—SO THE REGION HAS A HISTORY OF WEAPON-TESTING.
THE MISSILES THE HUMANS LAUNCHED AT US WERE BUILT TO EMULATE THE CYBERTRONIAN BRAIN, AUGMENTED BY CRUDE EARTH-TECH.
THIS PLUS THE SHUT-DOWN SIGNAL CONFIRMS THEY HAVE ACCESS TO ONE OF US... OR AT LEAST ONE OF OUR BRAINS.
TRION.
IT APPEARS YOUR EXPERIMENT WAS A SUCCESS, PROWL.
EVERY EXPERIMENT THAT YIELDS DATA IS SUCCESSFUL...

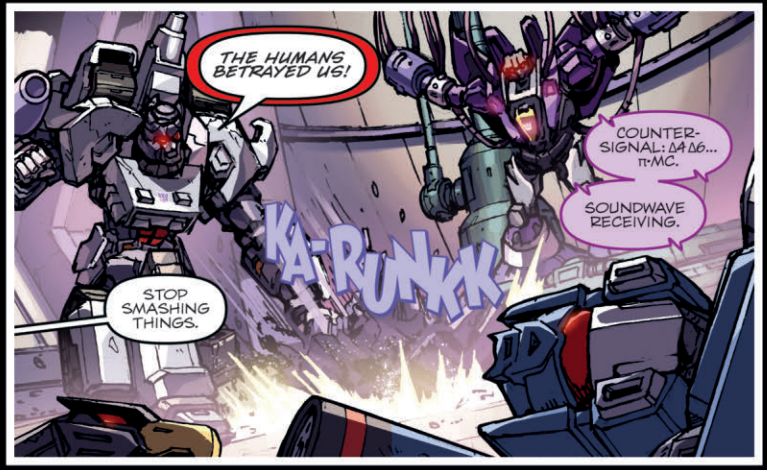
...WHATEVER'S THERE IS IMPORTANT.
AND THE DECEPTICONS SURELY DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS.
IF WE'RE LOOKING FOR A NEXT MOVE, PRIME—


—THIS IS IT.
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, LAD.

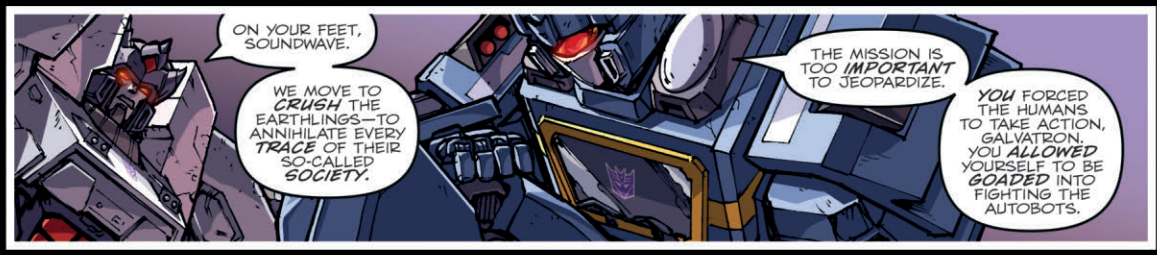

I SHOT AT HUMANS, MAN! I SWORE I'D NEVER—
HEY. AT LEAST YOU'RE A BETTER GUY THAN PROWL, RIGHT?
KA-POW! KA-SMOOSH!
WE TOOK GALVATRON DOWN A PEG—RIGHT, SCAVENGER?
SCAVENGER?
HUH?
OH. YEAH. TOTES.
SLURP
FIND A DECEPTICON, BLAST A DECEPTICON...
SHUT UP, SIDESWIPE.

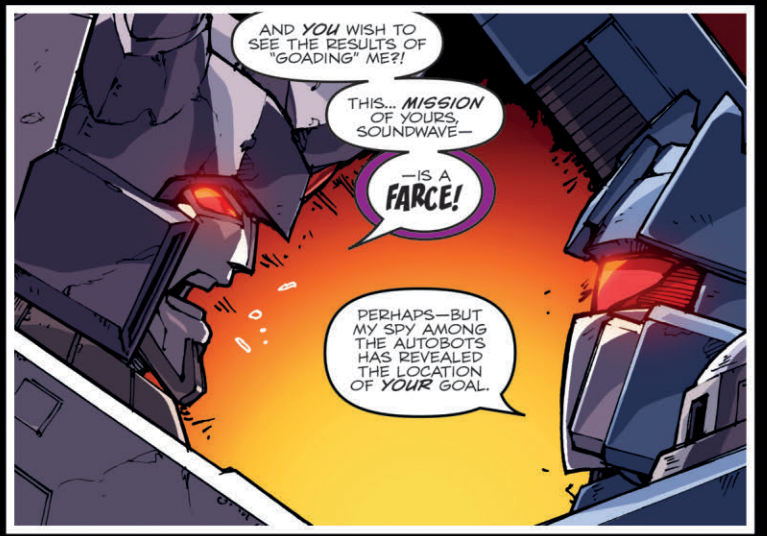
THIS IS SCAVENGER, ON S-W SECURE-LINE πXπ34...


...RESPOND WITH COUNTER-SIGNAL.
SMASH
REPEAT—RESPOND! I DON'T GOT ALL DAY!
KA-TRASH


THE HUMANS BETRAYED US!
COUNTER-SIGNAL: Δ4 Δ6... π-MC.
SOUNDWAVE RECEIVING.
KA-RUNKK
STOP SMASHING THINGS.

DID YOU JUST ISSUE ME AN ORDER, SPACEBUS?
UH, MY NAME'S ASTROTRAIN...
...AND, UH...
...IT WAS MORE A SUGGESTION...


ON YOUR FEET, SOUNDWAVE.
WE MOVE TO CRUSH THE EARTHLINGS—TO ANNIHILATE EVERY TRACE OF THEIR SO-CALLED SOCIETY.
THE MISSION IS TOO IMPORTANT TO JEOPARDIZE.
YOU FORCED THE HUMANS TO TAKE ACTION, GALVATRON. YOU ALLOWED YOURSELF TO BE GOADED INTO FIGHTING THE AUTOBOTS.


AND YOU WISH TO SEE THE RESULTS OF "GOADING" ME?!
THIS... MISSION OF YOURS, SOUNDWAVE—
—IS A FARCE!
PERHAPS—BUT MY SPY AMONG THE AUTOBOTS HAS REVEALED THE LOCATION OF YOUR GOAL.

I KNOW WHERE THE HUMANS HOLD ALPHA TRION.

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #30 COVER SUB

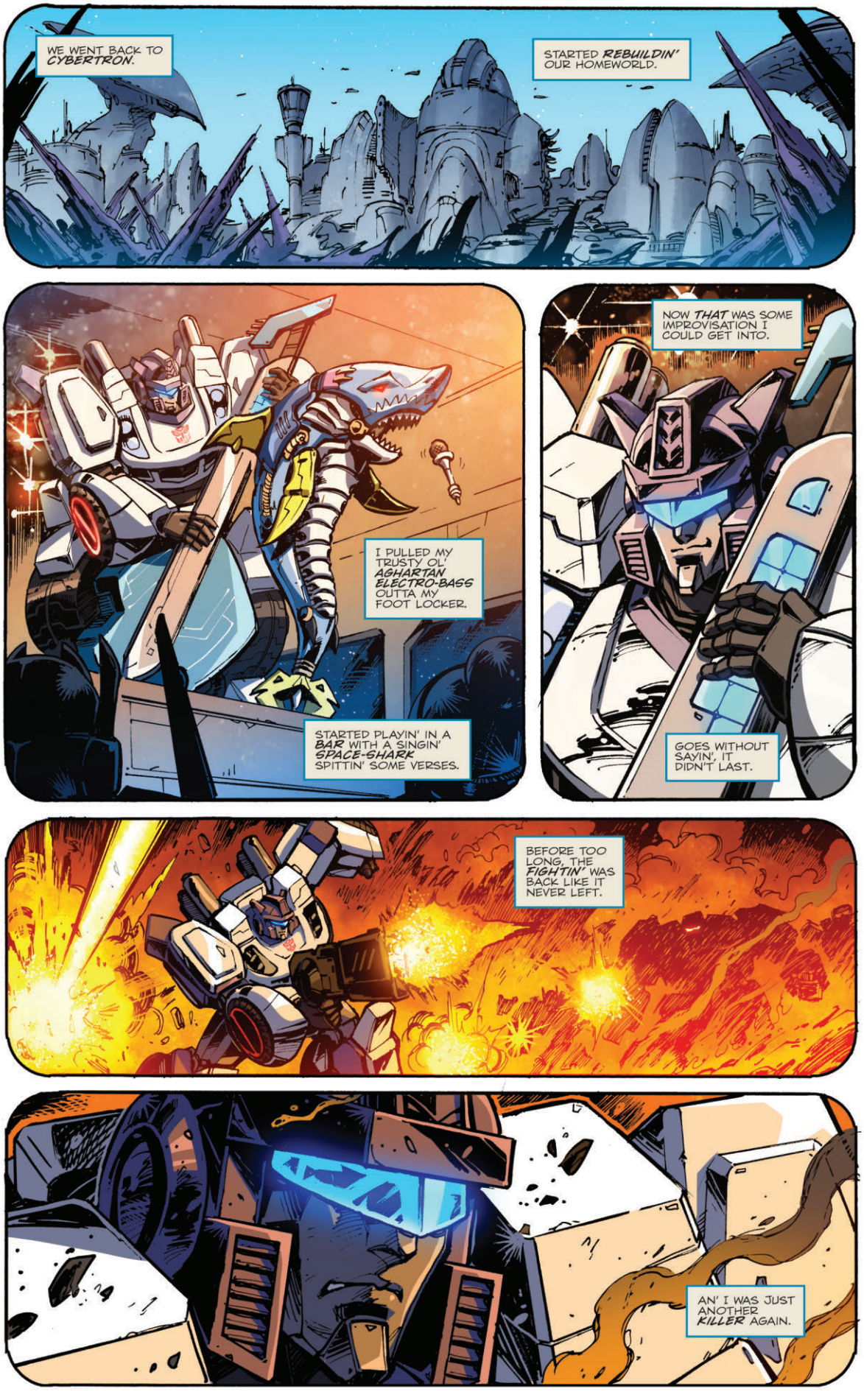
by **CASEY W. COLLER** Colors by **JOANA LAFUENTE**

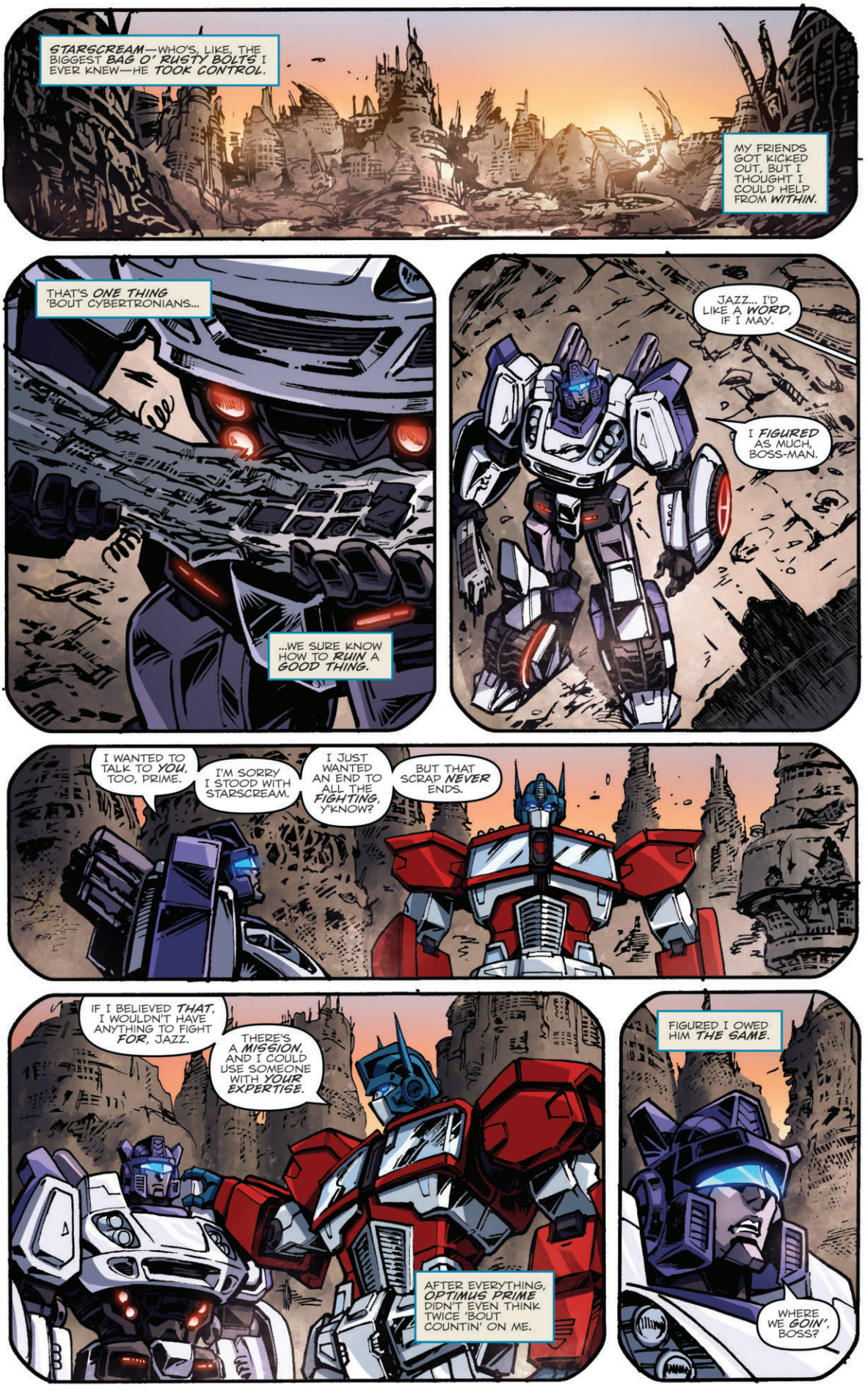
☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #31 COVER A

by **ANDREW GRIFFITH** COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**

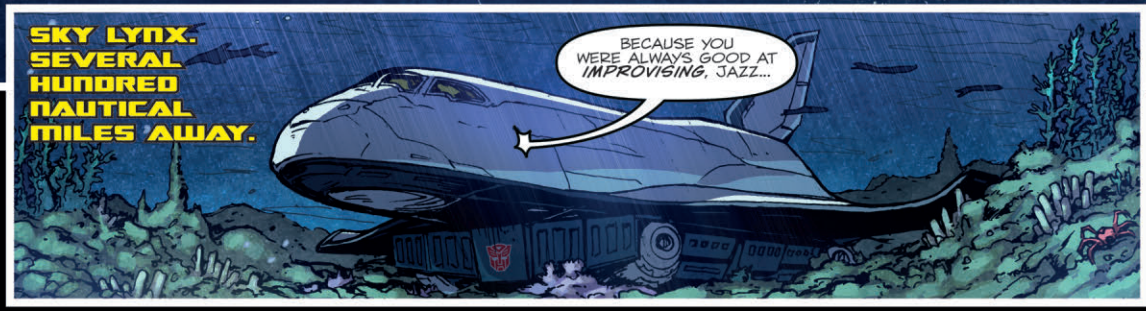
JAZZ...
...WHAT DID YOU DO?
THAT'S BUMBLEBEE, ASKIN' ME THE QUESTION.
IN ONE WAY, THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE.
I DID WHAT I DO BEST—
—I IMPROVISED.
THING IS, THE ANSWER'S A LITTLE HARDER, TOO...
...BECAUSE I'D IMPROVISED MY WAY INTO KILLIN' A GUY.
A HUMAN.
HE PULLED A GUN ON BEE, AN' I WAS PROTECTIN' MY BUDDY.
AN' THIS WAS A WAR, AFTER ALL. I KILLED BEFORE, AN' I'D KILL AGAIN.

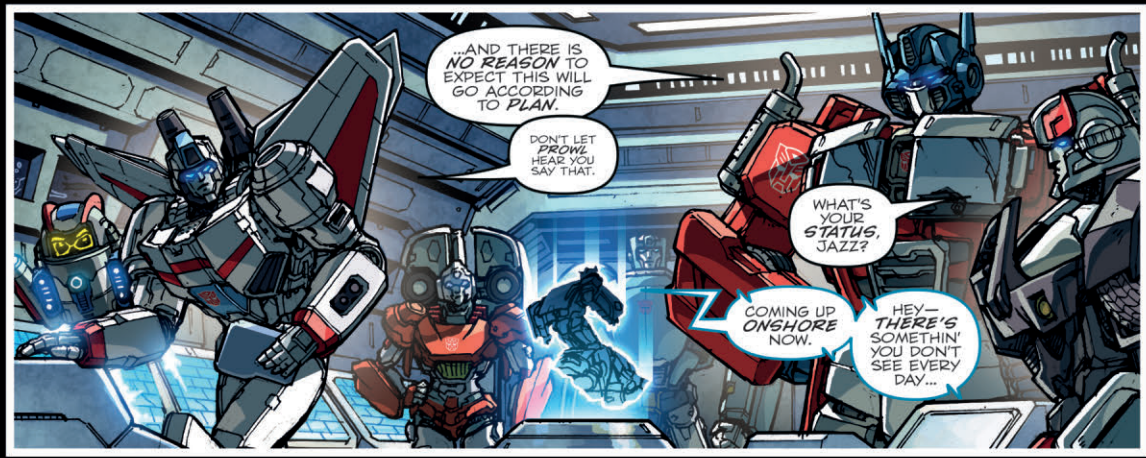
BUT THIS PLACE... THIS PLANET EARTH.
WHERE WE STOPPED THE DECEPTICONS, BUT GOOD.
I MEAN, LIFE WASN'T GOIN' SMOOTH OR NOTHING, BUT IT WAS BETTER THAN THE FOUR MILLION YEARS O' VIOLENCE THAT CAME BEFORE.
EARTH GOT BLASTED UP REAL GOOD, SO BEE GOT IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY AN' SAID WE'D KEEP THE LITTLE DUDES AND DUDETTES SAFE.
AN' THEN I KILLED ONE.
IT BOTHERED ME, REAL BAD.
JOHN POWELL— THE GUY I KILLED— HE'D GOT MIXED UP IN OUR BUSINESS.
PROWL TOLD ME THE GUY BROUGHT IT ON HIMSELF. BUT THAT'S HOW PROWL THINKS.
ME? I WAS SICK O' THE KILLIN'...
...AN' I WAS SICK SICK SICK O' OTHER PLANETS GETTING CAUGHT UP IN OUR BIG DUMB WAR.
I WANTED EVERY TRACE OF US—EVERY PIECE O' TECH WE LEFT LAYIN' AROUND, EVERY WHATEVER—GONE.
SO I GOT RID OF IT ALL.

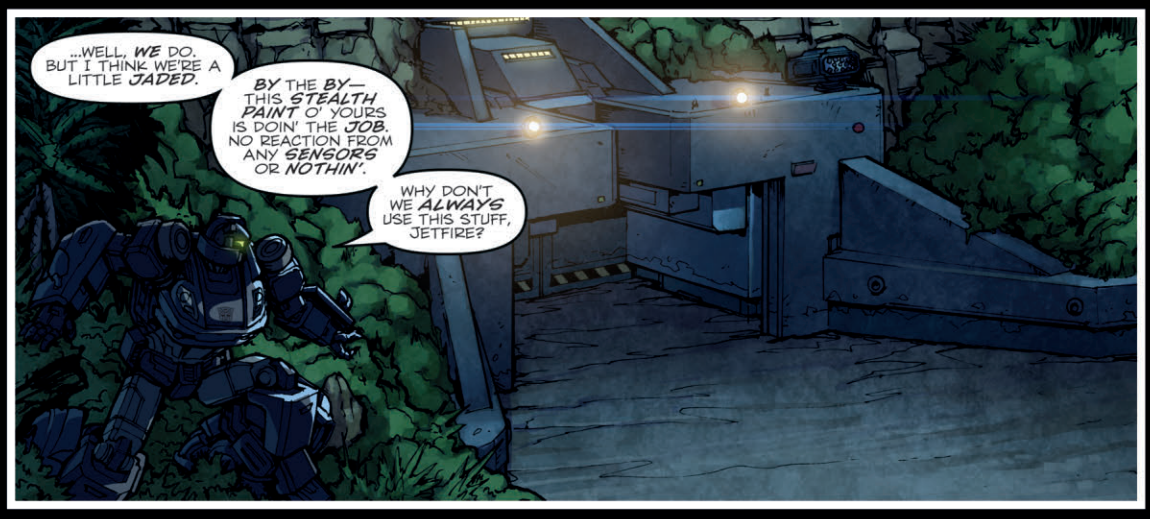

WE WENT BACK TO CYBERTRON.
STARTED REBUILDIN' OUR HOMEWORLD.
I PULLED MY TRUSTY OL' AGHARTAN ELECTRO-BASS OUTTA MY FOOT LOCKER.
STARTED PLAYIN' IN A BAR WITH A SINGIN' SPACE-SHARK SPITTIN' SOME VERSES.
NOW THAT WAS SOME IMPROVISATION I COULD GET INTO.
GOES WITHOUT SAYIN', IT DIDN'T LAST.
BEFORE TOO LONG, THE FIGHTIN' WAS BACK LIKE IT NEVER LEFT.
AN' I WAS JUST ANOTHER KILLER AGAIN.

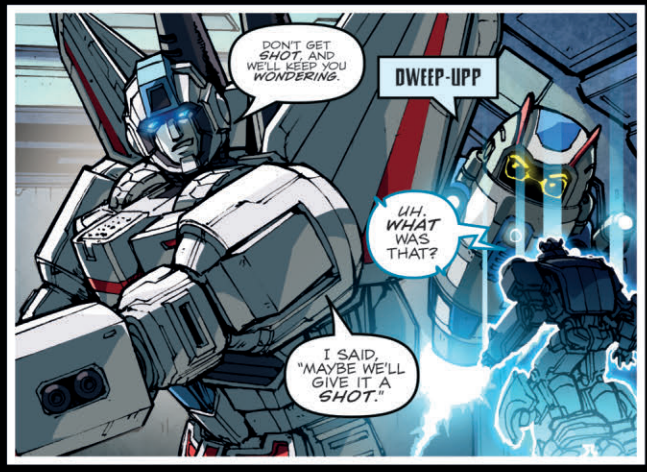

STARSCREAM—WHO'S, LIKE, THE BIGGEST BAG O' RUSTY BOLTS I EVER KNEW—HE TOOK CONTROL.
MY FRIENDS GOT KICKED OUT, BUT I THOUGHT I COULD HELP FROM WITHIN.
THAT'S ONE THING 'BOUT CYBERTRONIANS...
...WE SURE KNOW HOW TO RUIN A GOOD THING.
JAZZ... I'D LIKE A WORD, IF I MAY.
I FIGURED AS MUCH, BOSS-MAN.
I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU, TOO, PRIME.
I'M SORRY I STOOD WITH STARSCREAM.
I JUST WANTED AN END TO ALL THE FIGHTING, Y'KNOW?
BUT THAT SCRAP NEVER ENDS.
IF I BELIEVED THAT, I WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO FIGHT FOR, JAZZ.
THERE'S A MISSION, AND I COULD USE SOMEONE WITH YOUR EXPERTISE.
AFTER EVERYTHING, OPTIMUS PRIME DIDN'T EVEN THINK TWICE 'BOUT COUNTIN' ON ME.
FIGURED I OWED HIM THE SAME.
WHERE WE GOIN', BOSS?

DIDN'T EXPECT HE'D SAY "EARTH."
WHY AM I HERE?
EARTHFALL
PART 4: FULL FATHOM FIVE


SKY LYNX. SEVERAL HUNDRED NAUTICAL MILES AWAY.
BECAUSE YOU WERE ALWAYS GOOD AT IMPROVISING, JAZZ...


...AND THERE IS NO REASON TO EXPECT THIS WILL GO ACCORDING TO PLAN.
DON'T LET PROWL HEAR YOU SAY THAT.
WHAT'S YOUR STATUS, JAZZ?
COMING UP ONSHORE NOW.
HEY— THERE'S SOMETHIN' YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY...


...WELL, WE DO. BUT I THINK WE'RE A LITTLE JADED.
BY THE BY— THIS STEALTH PAINT O' YOURS IS DOIN' THE JOB. NO REACTION FROM ANY SENSORS OR NOTHIN'.
WHY DON'T WE ALWAYS USE THIS STUFF, JETFIRE?

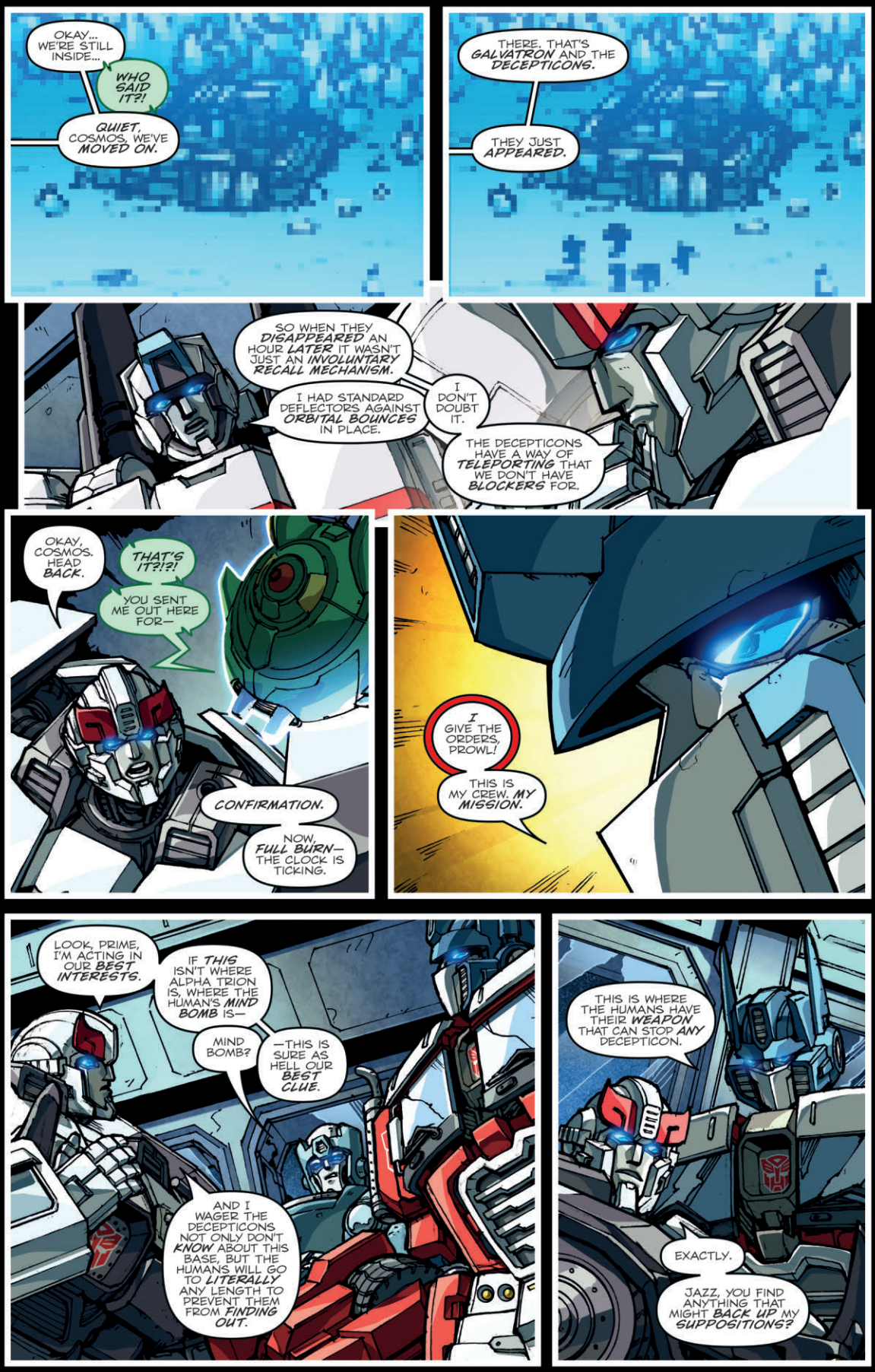

DON'T GET SHOT, AND WE'LL KEEP YOU WONDERING.
DWEEP-UPP
UH. WHAT WAS THAT?
I SAID, "MAYBE WE'LL GIVE IT A SHOT."

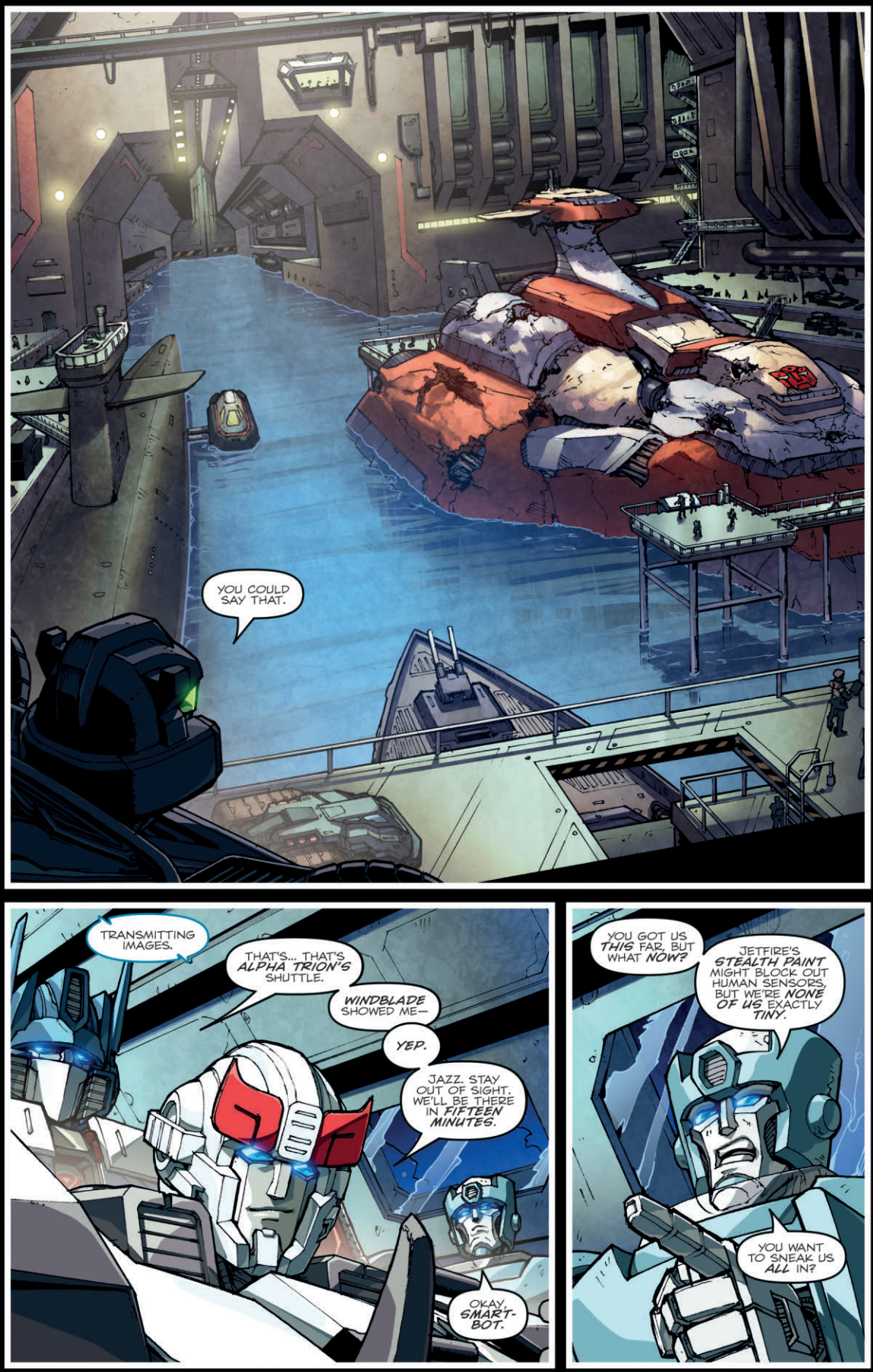
ENOUGH BLATHERING.
COSMOS FROM PROWL. YOU THERE, BIG GUY?
OH, I AM RIGHT WHERE YOU SENT ME.
THEN TRANSMIT IMAGES.

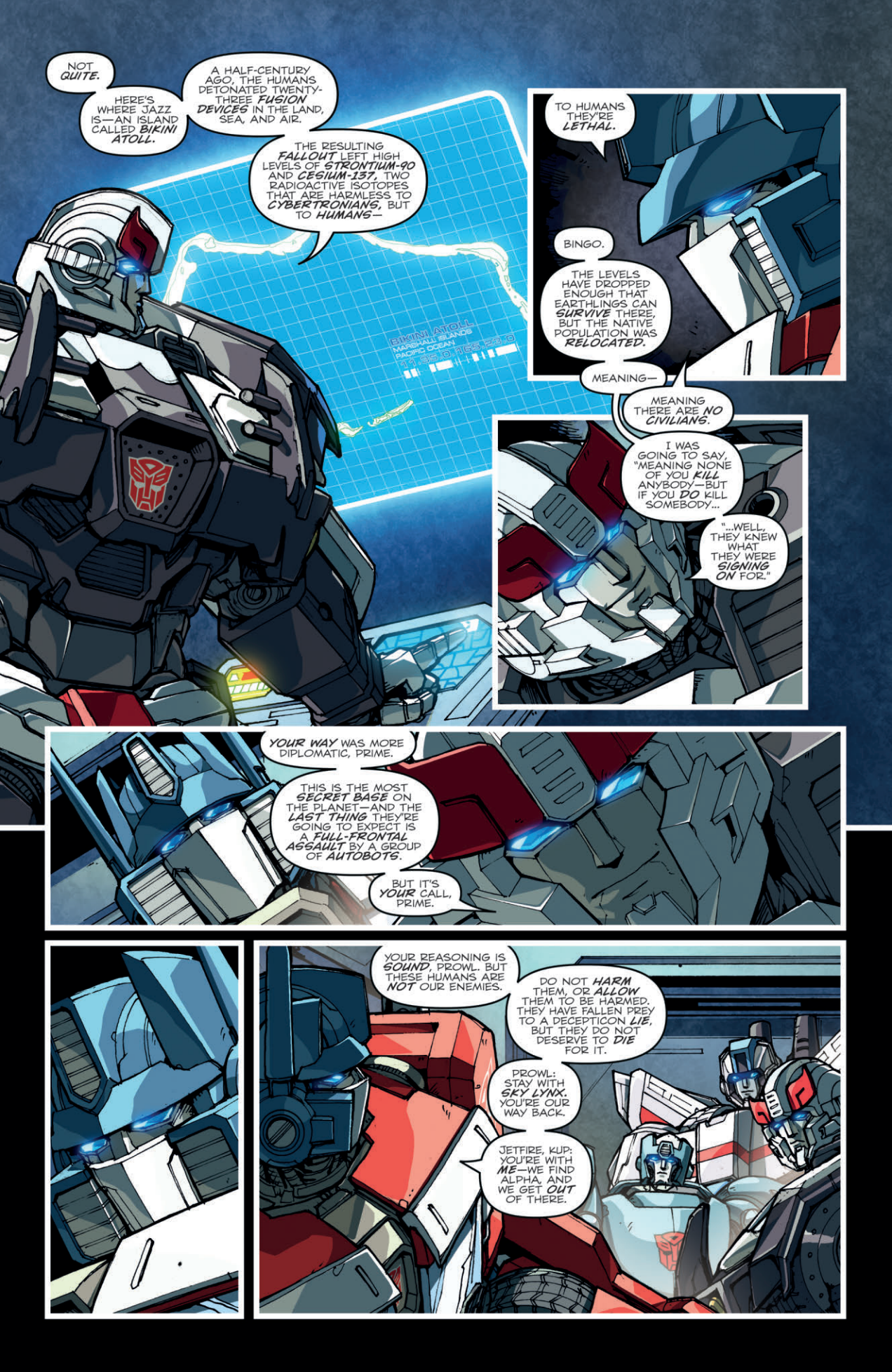
DID I MENTION IT'S REAL NICE OUT HERE?
FIVE LIGHT HOURS AWAY FROM EARTH IN THE DARK AND THE COLD AND IN A FRICKIN' GEO-CENTRIC ORBIT OVER THUNDERCRACKER'S CABIN.
YOU KNOW HOW FAST I HAVE TO CONSTANTLY ACCELERATE?
I CAN DO THE MATH.
ALL SO I CAN TAKE PICTURES OF LIGHT FROM FIVE HOURS AGO.

THERE—KUP, JAZZ, AND PRIME GOING INSIDE. LIKE WE'RE SEEING BACK IN TIME.
I DON'T KNOW WHY WE DON'T DO THIS MORE OFTEN.
BECAUSE I'M NOT JUST A CAMERA!
NO— YOU'RE A REALLY GOOD CAMERA.
I DUNNO.
IT'S PRETTY BLURRY...

I'M FIVE BILLION KILOMETERS AWAY AND IT WAS NIGHT!
I WILL KILL WHOEVER SAID THAT!
KUP...
HEH.
SORRY. THE GREEN FELLA'S A LITTLE HIGH-STRUNG.


OKAY... WE'RE STILL INSIDE...
WHO SAID IT?!
QUIET, COSMOS. WE'VE MOVED ON.
THERE. THAT'S GALVATRON AND THE DECEPTICONS.
THEY JUST APPEARED.
SO WHEN THEY DISAPPEARED AN HOUR LATER IT WASN'T JUST AN INVOLUNTARY RECALL MECHANISM.
I HAD STANDARD DEFLECTORS AGAINST ORBITAL BOUNCES IN PLACE.
I DON'T DOUBT IT.
THE DECEPTICONS HAVE A WAY OF TELEPORTING THAT WE DON'T HAVE BLOCKERS FOR.
OKAY, COSMOS. HEAD BACK.
THAT'S IT?!?!
YOU SENT ME OUT HERE FOR—
CONFIRMATION.
NOW, FULL BURN— THE CLOCK IS TICKING.
I GIVE THE ORDERS, PROWL!
THIS IS MY CREW. MY MISSION.
LOOK, PRIME, I'M ACTING IN OUR BEST INTERESTS.
IF THIS ISN'T WHERE ALPHA TRION IS, WHERE THE HUMAN'S MIND BOMB IS—
MIND BOMB?
—THIS IS SURE AS HELL OUR BEST CLUE.
AND I WAGER THE DECEPTICONS NOT ONLY DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS BASE, BUT THE HUMANS WILL GO TO LITERALLY ANY LENGTH TO PREVENT THEM FROM FINDING OUT.
THIS IS WHERE THE HUMANS HAVE THEIR WEAPON THAT CAN STOP ANY DECEPTICON.
EXACTLY.
JAZZ, YOU FIND ANYTHING THAT MIGHT BACK UP MY SUPPOSITIONS?

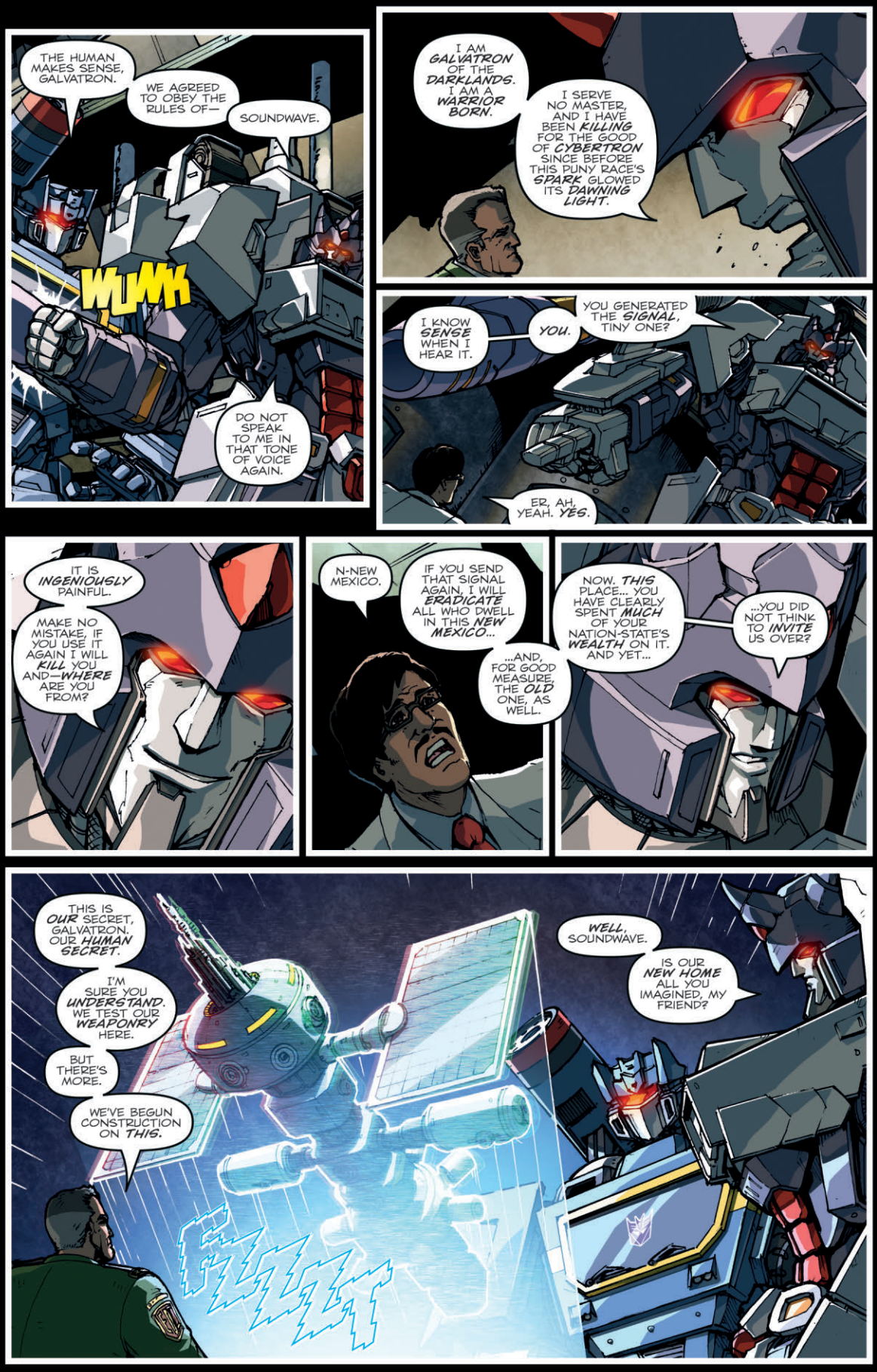

YOU COULD SAY THAT.
TRANSMITTING IMAGES.
THAT'S... THAT'S ALPHA TRION'S SHUTTLE.
WINDBLADE SHOWED ME—
YEP.
JAZZ. STAY OUT OF SIGHT. WE'LL BE THERE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.
OKAY, SMART-BOT.
YOU GOT US THIS FAR, BUT WHAT NOW?
JETFIRE'S STEALTH PAINT MIGHT BLOCK OUT HUMAN SENSORS, BUT WE'RE NONE OF US EXACTLY TINY.
YOU WANT TO SNEAK US ALL IN?

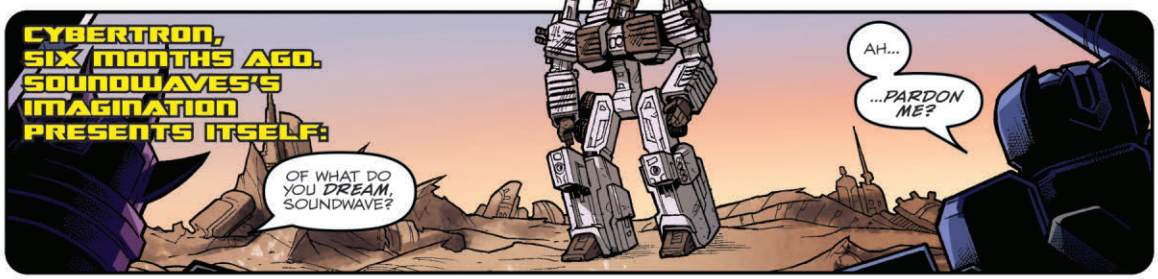

NOT QUITE.
HERE'S WHERE JAZZ IS—AN ISLAND CALLED BIKINI ATOLL.
A HALF-CENTURY AGO, THE HUMANS DETONATED TWENTY-THREE FUSION DEVICES IN THE LAND, SEA, AND AIR.
THE RESULTING FALLOUT LEFT HIGH LEVELS OF STRONTIUM-90 AND CESIUM-137, TWO RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPES THAT ARE HARMLESS TO CYBERTRONIANS, BUT TO HUMANS—
BIKINI ATOLL
MARSHALL ISLANDS
PACIFIC OCEAN
TO HUMANS THEY'RE LETHAL.
BINGO.
THE LEVELS HAVE DROPPED ENOUGH THAT EARTHLINGS CAN SURVIVE THERE, BUT THE NATIVE POPULATION WAS RELOCATED.
MEANING—
MEANING THERE ARE NO CIVILIANS.
I WAS GOING TO SAY, "MEANING NONE OF YOU KILL ANYBODY—BUT IF YOU DO KILL SOMEBODY...
"...WELL, THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WERE SIGNING ON FOR."
YOUR WAY WAS MORE DIPLOMATIC, PRIME.
THIS IS THE MOST SECRET BASE ON THE PLANET—AND THE LAST THING THEY'RE GOING TO EXPECT IS A FULL-FRONTAL ASSAULT BY A GROUP OF AUTOBOTS.
BUT IT'S YOUR CALL, PRIME.
YOUR REASONING IS SOUND, PROWL. BUT THESE HUMANS ARE NOT OUR ENEMIES.
DO NOT HARM THEM, OR ALLOW THEM TO BE HARMED. THEY HAVE FALLEN PREY TO A DECEPTICON LIE, BUT THEY DO NOT DESERVE TO DIE FOR IT.
PROWL: STAY WITH SKY LYNX. YOU'RE OUR WAY BACK.
JETFIRE, KUP: YOU'RE WITH ME—WE FIND ALPHA, AND WE GET OUT OF THERE.

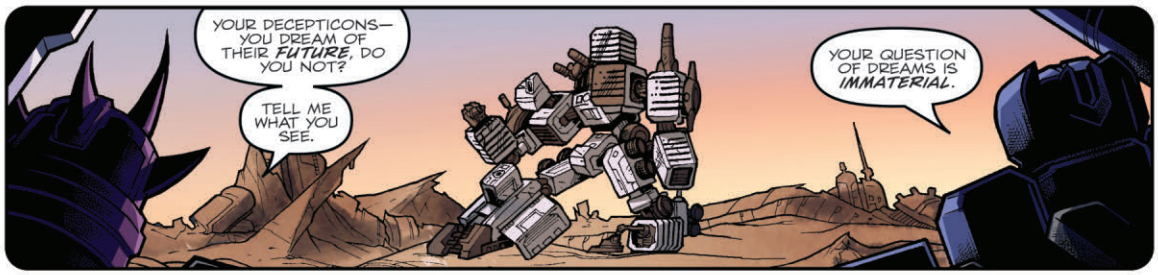
PROWL, ONE MINUTE— ALONE.
BEFORE WE LEFT THE ARK, I SAW THAT CONSTRUCTICON, SCAVENGER, SNEAKING OFF.
I BELIEVE HE MAY BE A DECEPTICON SPY.
HAVE YOU TOLD PRIME?
NO.
ARE YOU GOING TO?
DO I HAVE TO?
THAT'S NOT THE QUESTION. DO YOU TRUST ME—ARE YOU STILL LOYAL TO ME?
I'M LOYAL TO ONE THING, PROWL—THE AUTOBOT DREAM.
HAHAHA
WELL, OKAY!
JUST WATCH OUT FOR PRIME, DOWN THERE. DON'T LET HIM GET HURT.
THAT'S SOMETHING WE CAN ALL AGREE ON, RIGHT?
WATCH OUT FOR HIM, BECAUSE WHATEVER HAPPENS—

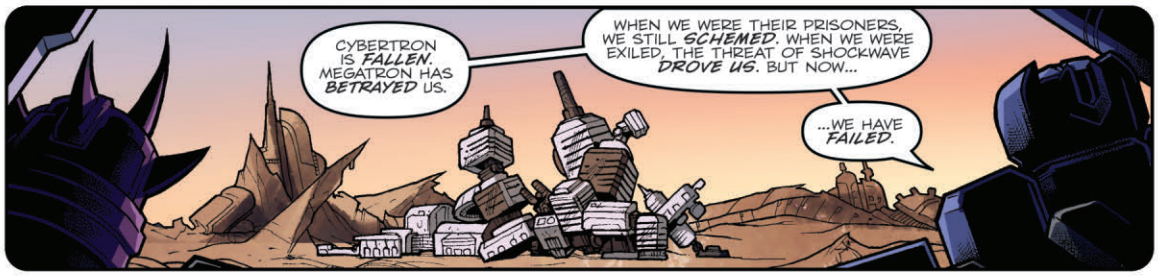
"—I BET THERE'S GOING TO BE SOMETHING WE HAVEN'T PREPARED FOR."
THE CYBER-PSIONIC DEVICE SIMPLY WASN'T READY FOR TACTICAL USE, COMMANDER FAIREBORN!
YEAH, NO DUH, SANJAY. THINGS HAPPEN.
I'M STUCK IN THE FIELD, AND ASSUMING THE DECEPTICONS AREN'T STILL SLEEPING OFF A BAD HANGOVER—
—THEY'LL BE WATCHING ME LIKE... LIKE...
AN ARDURIAN ROC?
FOR THE LOVE OF—
SHUT UP, THUNDERCRACKER!
SNORT.
WE'RE CLEANING UP THE MESS IN POVERTY FLAT. IF THE 'CONS SHOW UP AGAIN...
YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN. THE DEVICE WON'T DETONATE AGAIN FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER FEW HOURS.
I STRONGLY SUGGEST YOU EXPEDITE THAT NUMBER, BECAUSE IF THERE IS ANY WAY ON THE PLANET THEY TRACED THE SIGNAL—
THERE ISN'T.
—YOU'RE ABOUT TO HAVE SOME REAL UNHAPPY HOUSE-GUESTS.
WITWICKY HERE, COMMANDER.
JUST STAY ON YOUR TOES, AND STAY CLOSE TO THUNDERCRACKER. HE'LL BE ABLE TO HOLD OFF THE DECEPTICONS IF NEED BE.
YOU'VE MET HIM, RIGHT?
I HAVE IT ON AUTHORITY, THAT GUY USED TO BE A BIG DEAL IN THE DECEPTICON HIERARCHY.
AND IF THE 'CONS SHOW UP HERE, WELL, THEY'LL BE IN FOR—
UM.
GENERAL...

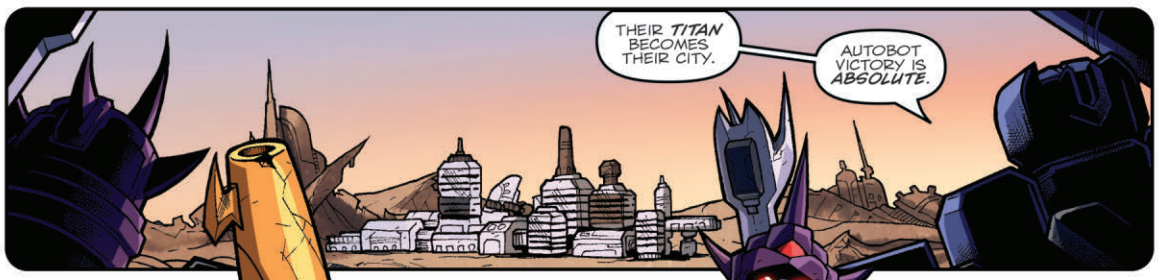
HUMANS. I AM... ...DISPLEASED.
UH, GENERAL, I THINK THEY'RE READY FOR WHATEVER YOU HAVE, RIGHT ABOUT NOW.
BOTH OF YOU—
—GET OUT OF—
PRIVACY, PLEASE.
SHWUMP
GLAD YOU BOYS ARE HERE, BECAUSE I HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU.
YOU DISOBEYED A DIRECT ORDER. YOU WENT ROGUE AND PUT OUR UNION IN JEOPARDY.
WE KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, AND WE'RE WORKING TO GET IT TO YOU— BUT YOUR LAST VISIT WAS THE WORST DISASTER IN THE HISTORY OF HUMANKIND.
WE'RE NOT GONNA PLAY WITH FIRE AND NOT HAVE AN EXTINGUISHER HANDY.

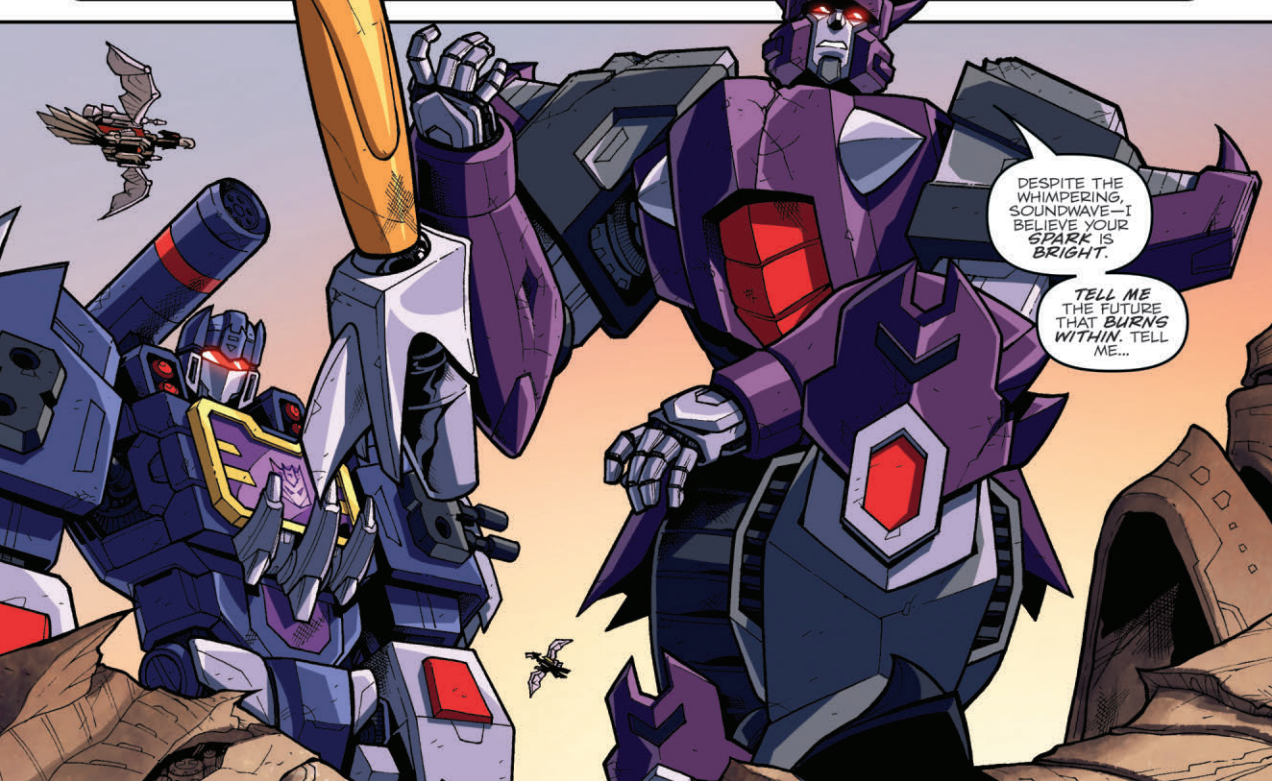

THE HUMAN MAKES SENSE, GALVATRON.
WE AGREED TO OBEY THE RULES OF—
SOUNDWAVE.
WUMM
DO NOT SPEAK TO ME IN THAT TONE OF VOICE AGAIN.
I AM GALVATRON OF THE DARKLANDS. I AM A WARRIOR BORN.
I SERVE NO MASTER, AND I HAVE BEEN KILLING FOR THE GOOD OF CYBERTRON SINCE BEFORE THIS PUNY RACE'S SPARK GLOWED ITS DAWNING LIGHT.
I KNOW SENSE WHEN I HEAR IT.
YOU.
YOU GENERATED THE SIGNAL, TINY ONE?
ER, AH, YEAH. YES.
IT IS INGENIOUSLY PAINFUL.
MAKE NO MISTAKE, IF YOU USE IT AGAIN I WILL KILL YOU AND—WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
N-NEW MEXICO.
IF YOU SEND THAT SIGNAL AGAIN, I WILL ERADICATE ALL WHO DWELL IN THIS NEW MEXICO...
...AND, FOR GOOD MEASURE, THE OLD ONE, AS WELL.
NOW. THIS PLACE... YOU HAVE CLEARLY SPENT MUCH OF YOUR NATION-STATE'S WEALTH ON IT. AND YET...
...YOU DID NOT THINK TO INVITE US OVER?
THIS IS OUR SECRET, GALVATRON. OUR HUMAN SECRET.
I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND. WE TEST OUR WEAPONRY HERE.
BUT THERE'S MORE.
WE'VE BEGUN CONSTRUCTION ON THIS.
WELL, SOUNDWAVE.
IS OUR NEW HOME ALL YOU IMAGINED, MY FRIEND?
FZZZZT


CYBERTRON, SIX MONTHS AGO. SOUNDWAVE'S IMAGINATION PRESENTS ITSELF:
OF WHAT DO YOU DREAM, SOUNDWAVE?
AH...
...PARDON ME?


YOUR DECEPTICONS—YOU DREAM OF THEIR FUTURE, DO YOU NOT?
TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.
YOUR QUESTION OF DREAMS IS IMMATERIAL.

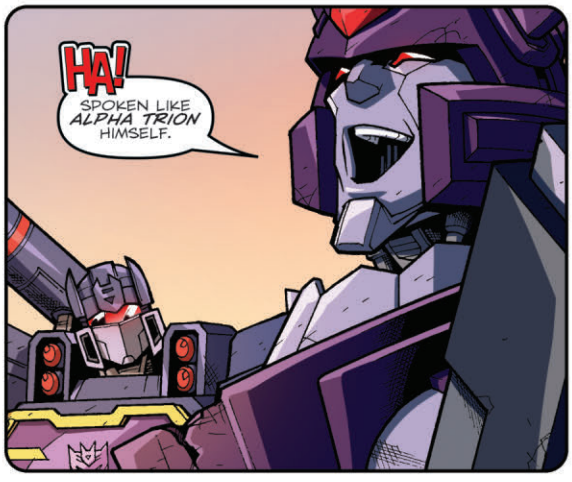

CYBERTRON IS FALLEN. MEGATRON HAS BETRAYED US.
WHEN WE WERE THEIR PRISONERS, WE STILL SCHEMED. WHEN WE WERE EXILED, THE THREAT OF SHOCKWAVE DROVE US. BUT NOW...
...WE HAVE FAILED.


THEIR TITAN BECOMES THEIR CITY.
AUTOBOT VICTORY IS ABSOLUTE.


DESPITE THE WHIMPERING, SOUNDWAVE—I BELIEVE YOUR SPARK IS BRIGHT.
TELL ME THE FUTURE THAT BURNS WITHIN. TELL ME...

...OF YOUR DECEPTICONS.
THESE CYBERTRONIANS LEFT BEHIND THEIR LIVES—
—THEIR JOBS, THEIR LOVED ONES—
—TO FIGHT FOR THE FREEDOM OF EQUALITY...
...TO THROW OFF THE YOKE OF THOSE WHO DIVIDED THEM BY FUNCTION, BY FORM—WHO CALLED THEM ANIMALS.
THEY GAVE EVERYTHING, AND LOST.

THE ONE WHO CLAIMS TO BE PRIME—OPTIMUS, HE IS NAMED.
HE SPEAKS AS THOUGH FREEDOM WAS... OWED TO ALL.
TO BE RULED BY ANYONE IS TO BE RULED BY SOMEONE.

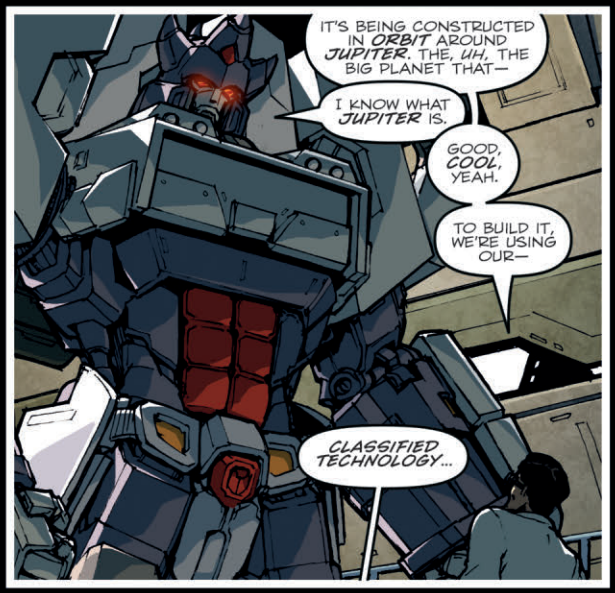

HA!
SPOKEN LIKE ALPHA TRION HIMSELF.

MILLENNIA AGO, I WAS LOST... UNTIL TRION PROVIDED ME WITH A CAUSE.
NOW I CRAVE A NEW ONE.
DIG DEEP, SOUNDWAVE, AND TOGETHER WE MIGHT FIND A FUTURE WORTHY OF THEIR SACRIFICE.

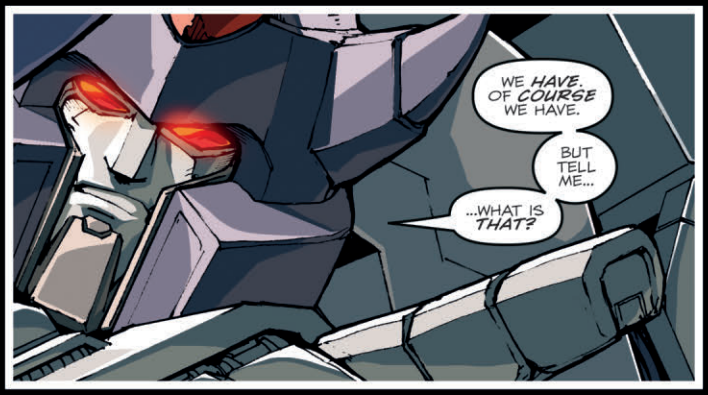
A PLACE OF OUR OWN.
A COMMUNITY WHERE WE MAY WORK AS EQUALS... WHERE EVERYONE'S SKILLS ARE USED FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL.
HM.
CYBERTRON IS A BIG WORLD, BUT CONFLICT WILL SURELY ARISE BETWEEN YOUR... COMMUNE AND THE AUTOBOTS' CITY.
NO, NOT THIS WORLD. THERE IS ANOTHER PLACE.
ANOTHER PLACE WITH LIFE-SUSTAINING ENERGON?
YES. YOU WERE THERE ONCE.
AH. EARTH. SHOCKWAVE SEEDED THE WORLD WITH THE THIRTEENTH OF HIS ORES...
ULTRA-ENERGON, UNSTABLE IN ITS RAW FORM, BUT WHEN WE STAYED ON EARTH FOR A TIME, WE LEARNED TO HARNESS IT.
THEN WE CONQUER EARTH. I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET A STARSHIP.
NO—NO MORE CONQUERING.
THAT... THAT WAS MEGATRON'S WAY. NOW WE FOLLOW THE TRUE DECEPTICON PATH.
AND WHAT IS THAT...?
PEACE.

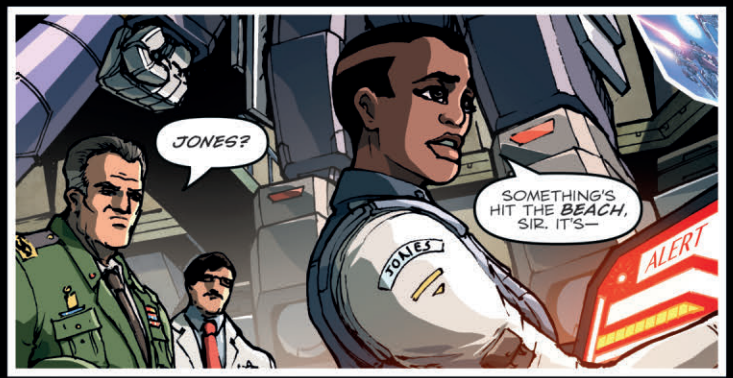
IT WILL DO, GALVATRON.
YOU HUMANS HAVE THIS... HOME READY FOR OCCUPATION?

IT'S— UM.
PERMISSION TO SPEAK?
YEAH, YEAH, GRANTED.


IT'S BEING CONSTRUCTED IN ORBIT AROUND JUPITER. THE, UH, THE BIG PLANET THAT—
I KNOW WHAT JUPITER IS.
GOOD, COOL, YEAH.
TO BUILD IT, WE'RE USING OUR—
CLASSIFIED TECHNOLOGY...

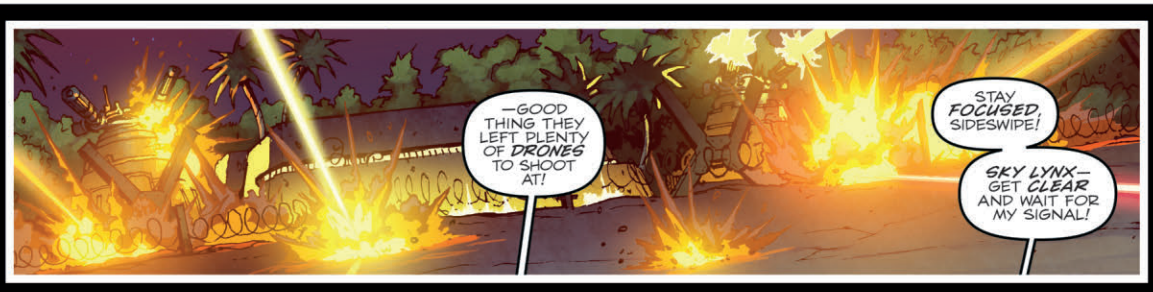
...WE'VE BEEN USING YOUR ZERO-POINT STARDRIVES TO FERRY THE HARDWARE OUT THERE.
YOU GUYS ARE WELCOME TO GO TAKE A LOOK.
I'M HALF SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY.
WIRWICKY

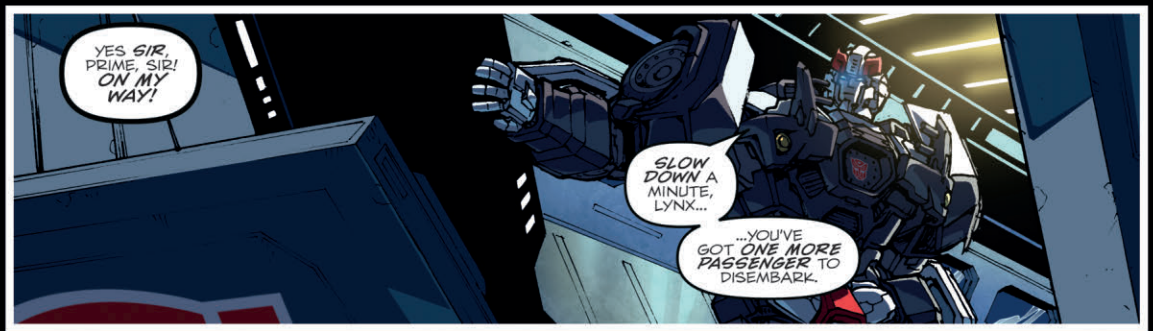

WE HAVE. OF COURSE WE HAVE.
BUT TELL ME...
...WHAT IS THAT?

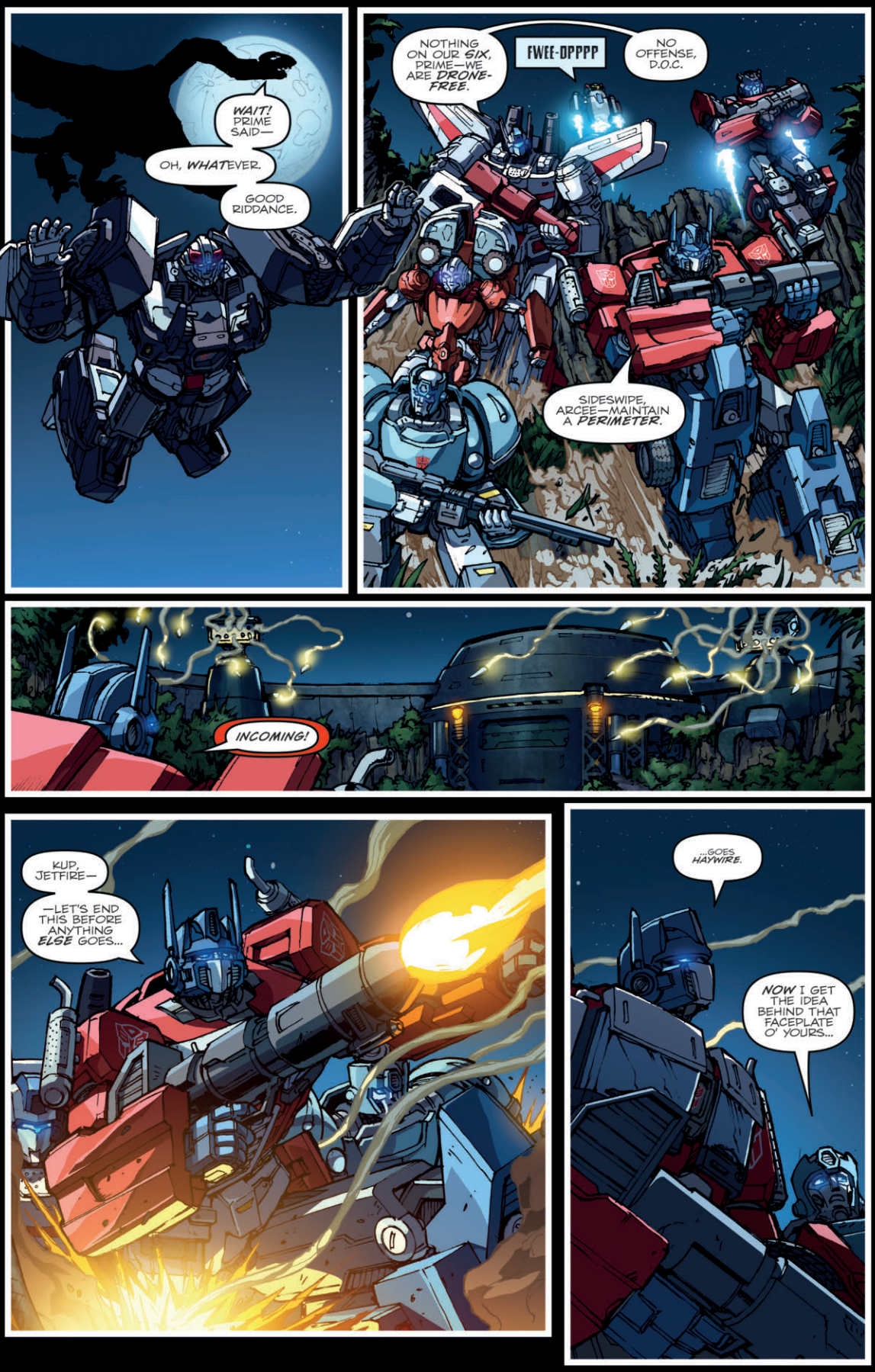

JONES?
SOMETHING'S HIT THE BEACH, SIR. IT'S—
JONES
ALERT

—MY GOD, SIR—

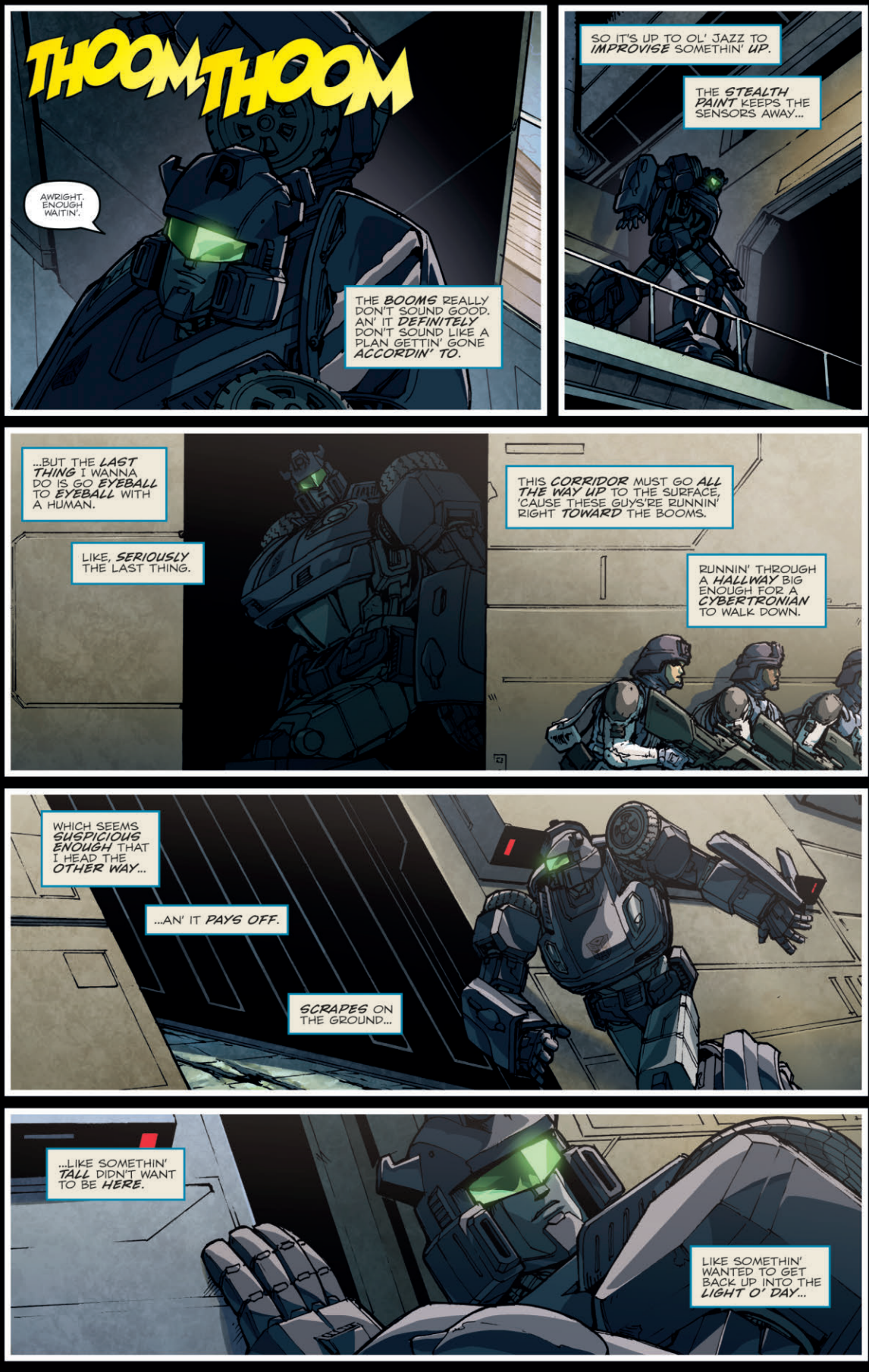
"—THE AUTOBOTS ARE STORMING THE BEACH!"
FOLLOW ME IN!
REMEMBER— FIRE ON AUTOMATED DEFENSES ONLY!
YEAH, YEAH, DON'T HURT THE HUMANS!
'GOT IT—

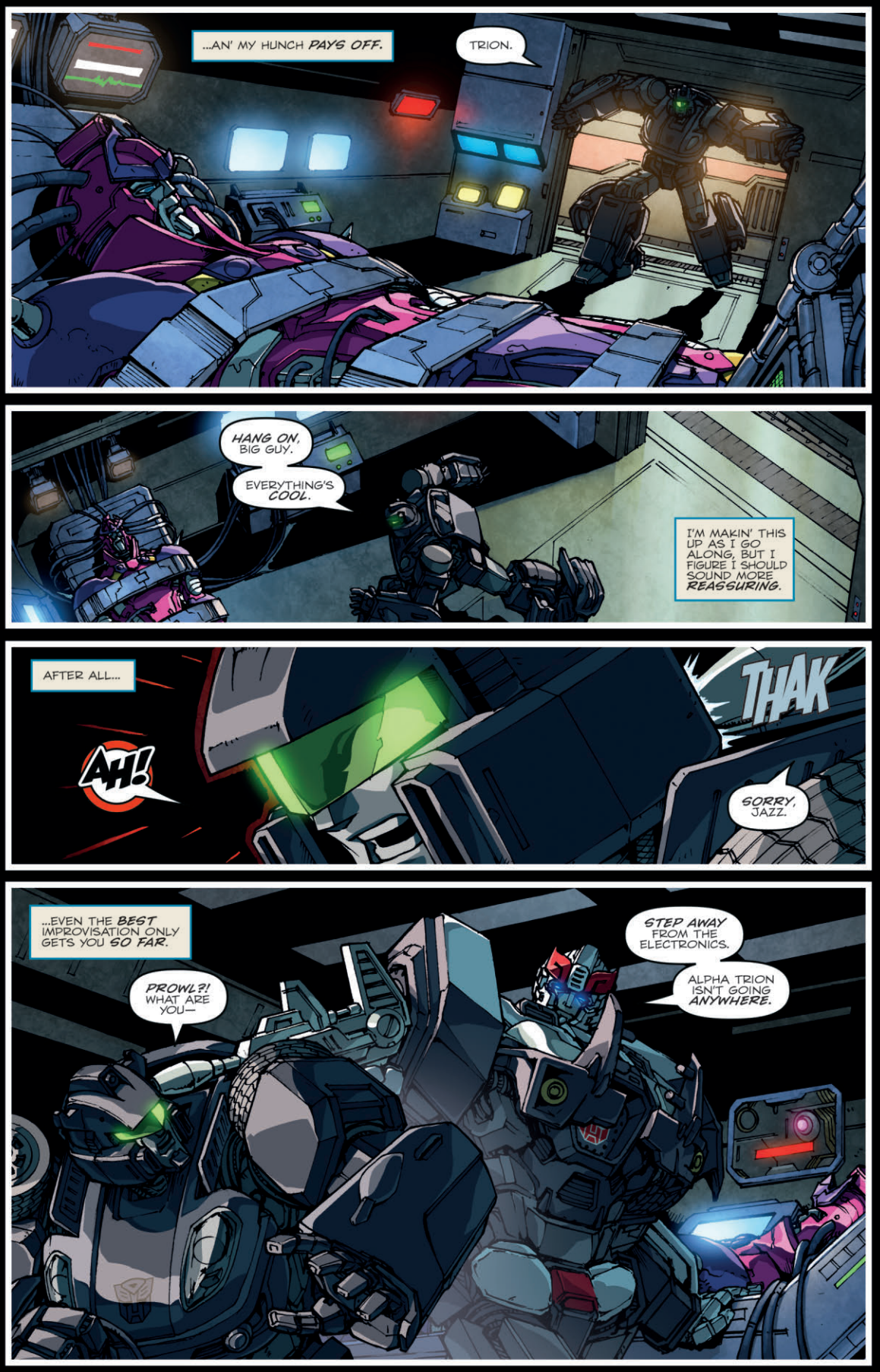

—GOOD THING THEY LEFT PLENTY OF DRONES TO SHOOT AT!
STAY FOCUSED, SIDESWIPE!
SKY LYNX— GET CLEAR AND WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL!


YES SIR, PRIME, SIR! ON MY WAY!
SLOW DOWN A MINUTE, LYNX...
...YOU'VE GOT ONE MORE PASSENGER TO DISEMBARK.


WAIT! PRIME SAID—
OH, WHATEVER.
GOOD RIDDANCE.
NOTHING ON OUR SIX, PRIME—WE ARE DRONE-FREE.
FWEE-DPPPP
NO OFFENSE, D.O.C.
SIDESWIPE, ARCEE—MAINTAIN A PERIMETER.
INCOMING!
KUP, JETFIRE—
—LET'S END THIS BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE GOES...
...GOES HAYWIRE.
NOW I GET THE IDEA BEHIND THAT FACEPLATE O' YOURS...

...YOU NEED SOMETHING TO STOP YOUR FOOT FROM ALWAYS GOIN' IN YOUR MOUTH.
HA HA!
DID YOU THINK WE WOULD DROP BY WITHOUT BRINGING YOU A GIFT?
SONIC


THOOM THOOM
AWRIGHT. ENOUGH WAITIN'.
THE BOOMS REALLY DON'T SOUND GOOD. AN' IT DEFINITELY DON'T SOUND LIKE A PLAN GETTIN' GONE ACCORDIN' TO.
SO IT'S UP TO OL' JAZZ TO IMPROVISE SOMETHIN' UP.
THE STEALTH PAINT KEEPS THE SENSORS AWAY...
...BUT THE LAST THING I WANNA DO IS GO EYEBALL TO EYEBALL WITH A HUMAN.
LIKE, SERIOUSLY THE LAST THING.
THIS CORRIDOR MUST GO ALL THE WAY UP TO THE SURFACE, 'CAUSE THESE GUYS'RE RUNNIN' RIGHT TOWARD THE BOOMS.
RUNNIN' THROUGH A HALLWAY BIG ENOUGH FOR A CYBERTRONIAN TO WALK DOWN.
WHICH SEEMS SUSPICIOUS ENOUGH THAT I HEAD THE OTHER WAY...
...AN' IT PAYS OFF.
SCRAPES ON THE GROUND...
...LIKE SOMETHIN' TALL DIDN'T WANT TO BE HERE.
LIKE SOMETHIN' WANTED TO GET BACK UP INTO THE LIGHT O' DAY...


...AN' MY HUNCH PAYS OFF.
TRION.
HANG ON, BIG GUY.
EVERYTHING'S COOL.
I'M MAKIN' THIS UP AS I GO ALONG, BUT I FIGURE I SHOULD SOUND MORE REASSURING.
AFTER ALL...
AH!
THAK
SORRY, JAZZ.
...EVEN THE BEST IMPROVISATION ONLY GETS YOU SO FAR.
PROWL?! WHAT ARE YOU—
STEP AWAY FROM THE ELECTRONICS.
ALPHA TRION ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE.

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #31 COVER SUB

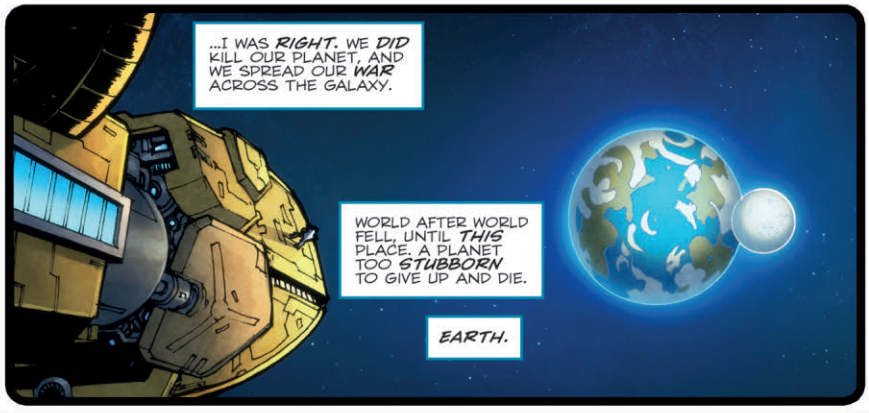
by **CASEY W. COLLER** Colors by **JOANA LAFUENTE**

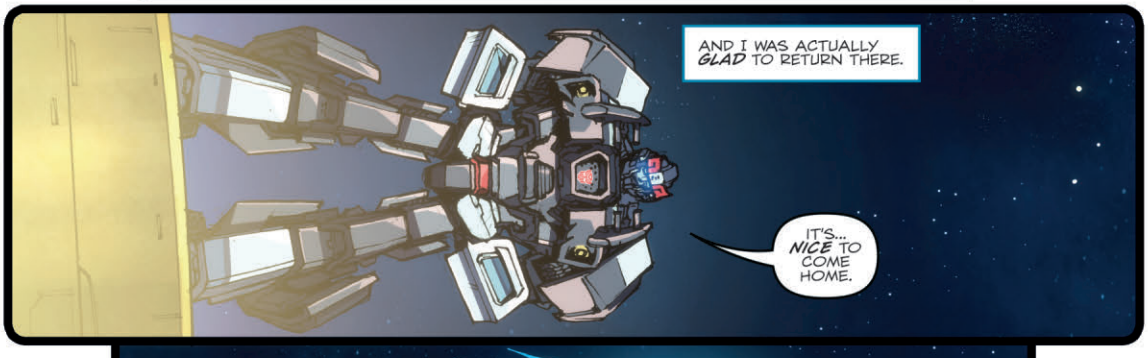
☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #32 COVER A

by **ANDREW GRIFFITH** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

HALF A MILLION YEARS AGO. CYBERTRON. METROPLEX RISES:
THE WAR RAGED.
THE PLANET BURNED.
AND THE LAST, GREATEST AUTOBOT STRONGHOLD LEFT US BEHIND.
IT WAS A LOGICAL MOVE. ONE I UNDERSTOOD.
METROPLEX WAS TOO MUCH OF A TARGET, SO HE AND ALPHA TRION TOOK TO THE STARS ON A SECRET MISSION.
THEY WERE DOING MORE HARM THAN GOOD ON CYBERTRON. IT MADE SENSE TO LEAVE.
STILL...
WE'RE NOT GOING TO WIN THIS.
COME ON, PROWL. THIS WAS PRACTICALLY YOUR IDEA.
YEAH, AND IT'S RIGHT FOR METROPLEX TO LEAVE. BUT WHAT HE REPRESENTS IS GOING TO STAY WITH US.

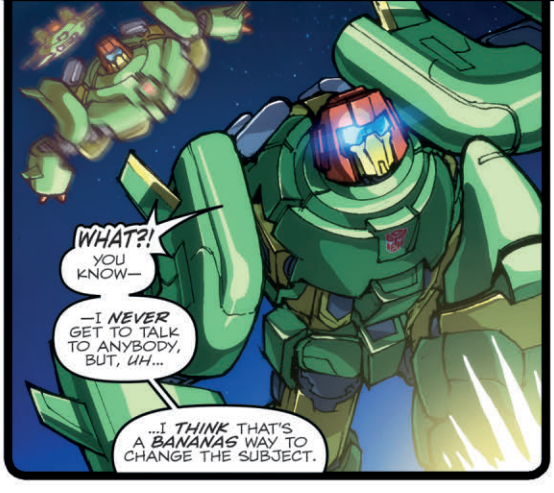
UH HUH. AND WHAT'S THAT?
MEGATRON'S BEEN POUNDING ON OUR WALLS FOR WEEKS, BUMBLEBEE—AND FOR WHAT?
A BIG 'BOT HE'S OBSESSED WITH. IT'S NOT LOGICAL.
NOBODY SAID WAR'S LOGICAL, BUD.
THAT'S MY POINT.
WE'RE GOING TO DO STUPID THINGS UNTIL WE DIE.
PRIMUS, PROWL, LIGHTEN UP. WE'RE NOT LIKE THE DECEPTICONS!
MORALLY, MAYBE.
BUT LOGICALLY?
LOOK AT OUR FEARLESS LEADER.
OPTIMUS PRIME, RUSHING INTO BATTLE WITH NO REGARD FOR HIS OWN SAFETY.
HE'S REACTING IN THE MOMENT, BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT WE NEED.
THE AUTOBOTS NEED SOMEBODY THAT CAN PLAN.
BUMBLEBEE DIDN'T LISTEN. NOBODY DID.
BUT THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS...


...I WAS RIGHT. WE DID KILL OUR PLANET, AND WE SPREAD OUR WAR ACROSS THE GALAXY.
WORLD AFTER WORLD FELL, UNTIL THIS PLACE. A PLANET TOO STUBBORN TO GIVE UP AND DIE.
EARTH.

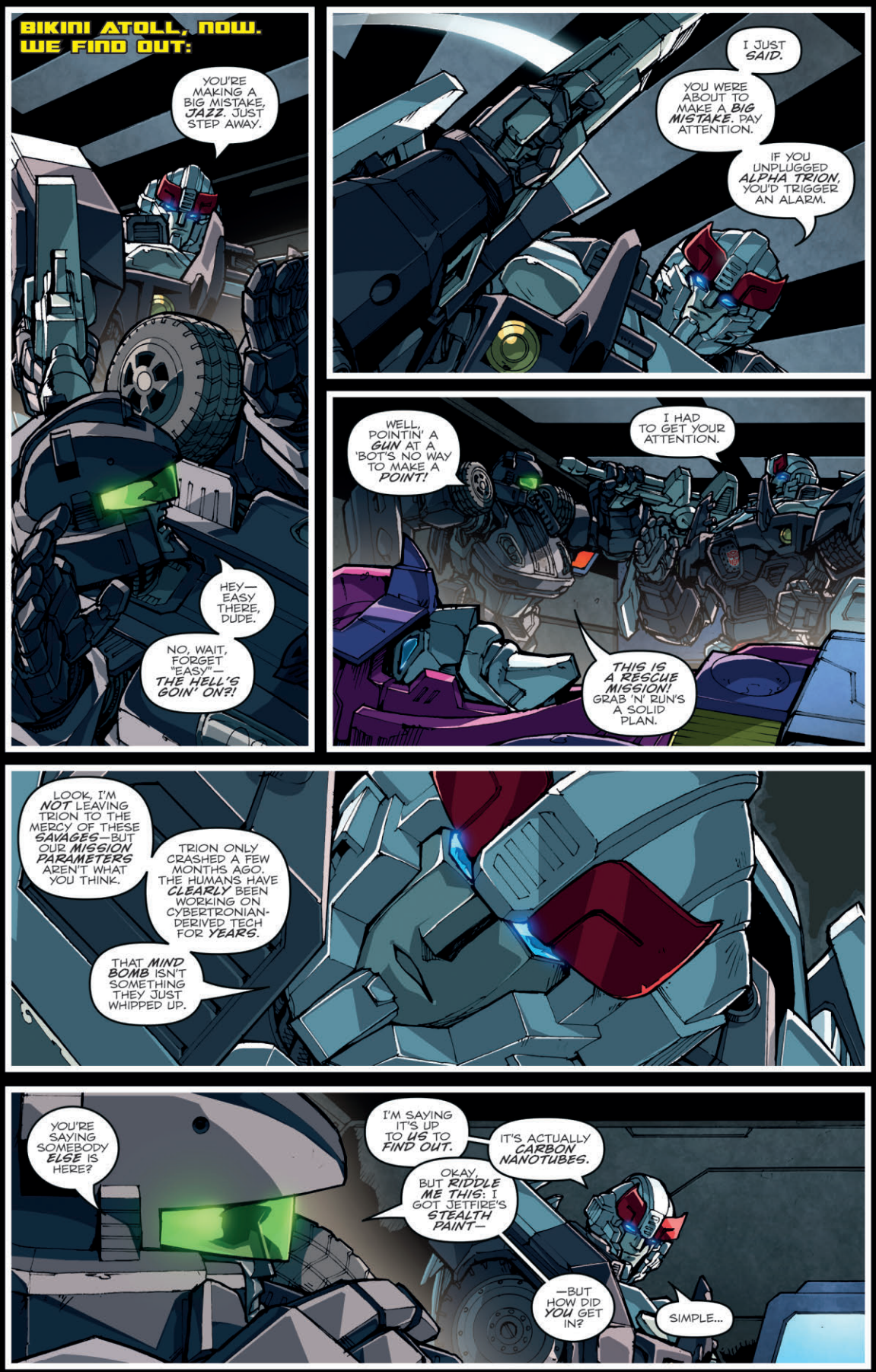

AND I WAS ACTUALLY GLAD TO RETURN THERE.
IT'S... NICE TO COME HOME.

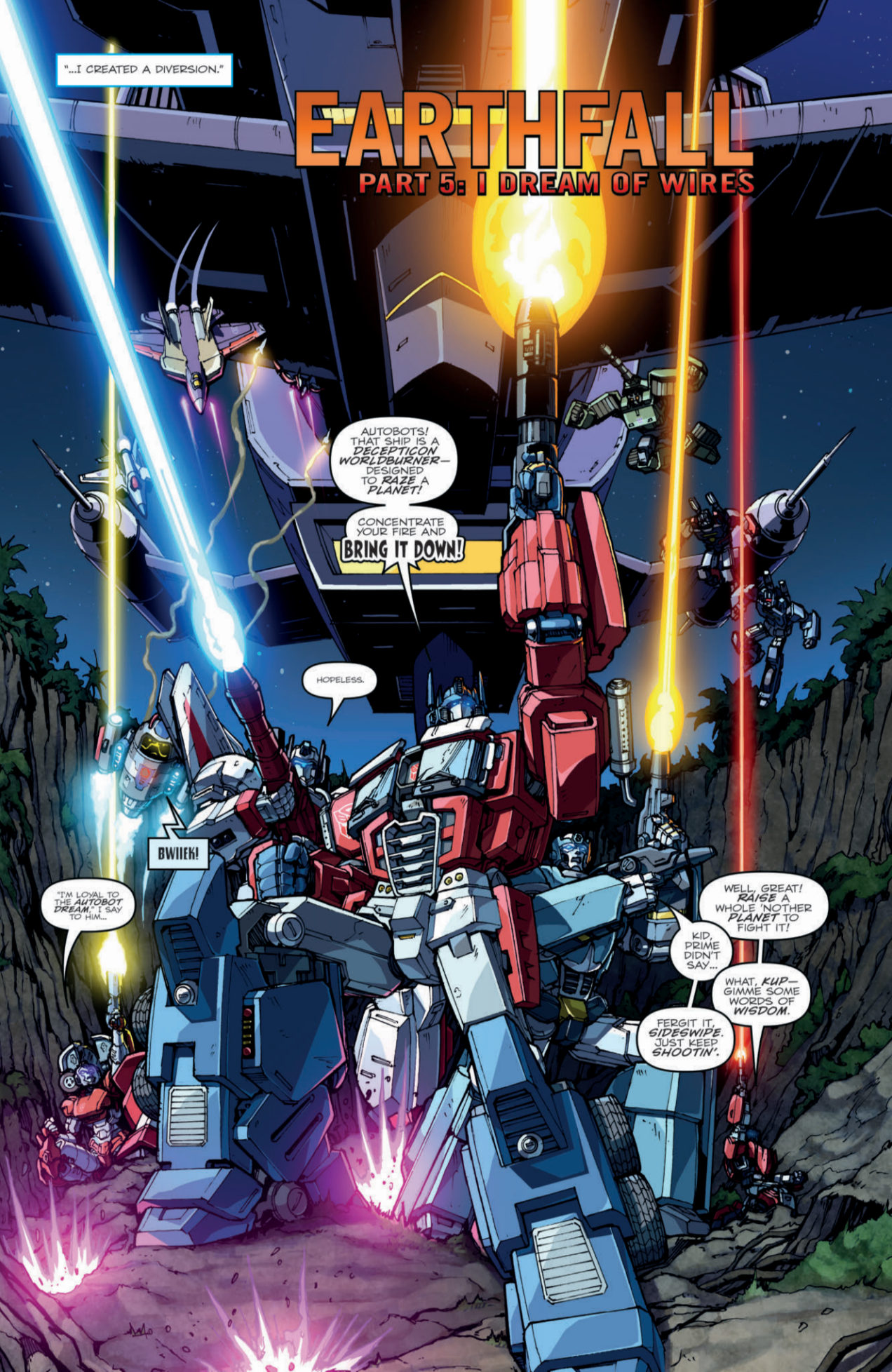
YOU GOT KIND OF A NEGATIVE VIEW OF THE CONCEPT OF "HOME."
LAST TIME WE WERE HERE ENDED WITH A LOT OF THEM SHOOTING AT US.
PLUS, UH... DIDN'T YOU TAKE THE HUMANS' BETRAYAL A LITTLE PERSONALLY?

IT WAS ONE HUMAN'S BETRAYAL, COSMOS.
AND I DON'T TAKE ANYTHING PERSONALLY.
UH, RIGHT.
DO YOU TRUST PRIME'S LEADERSHIP?

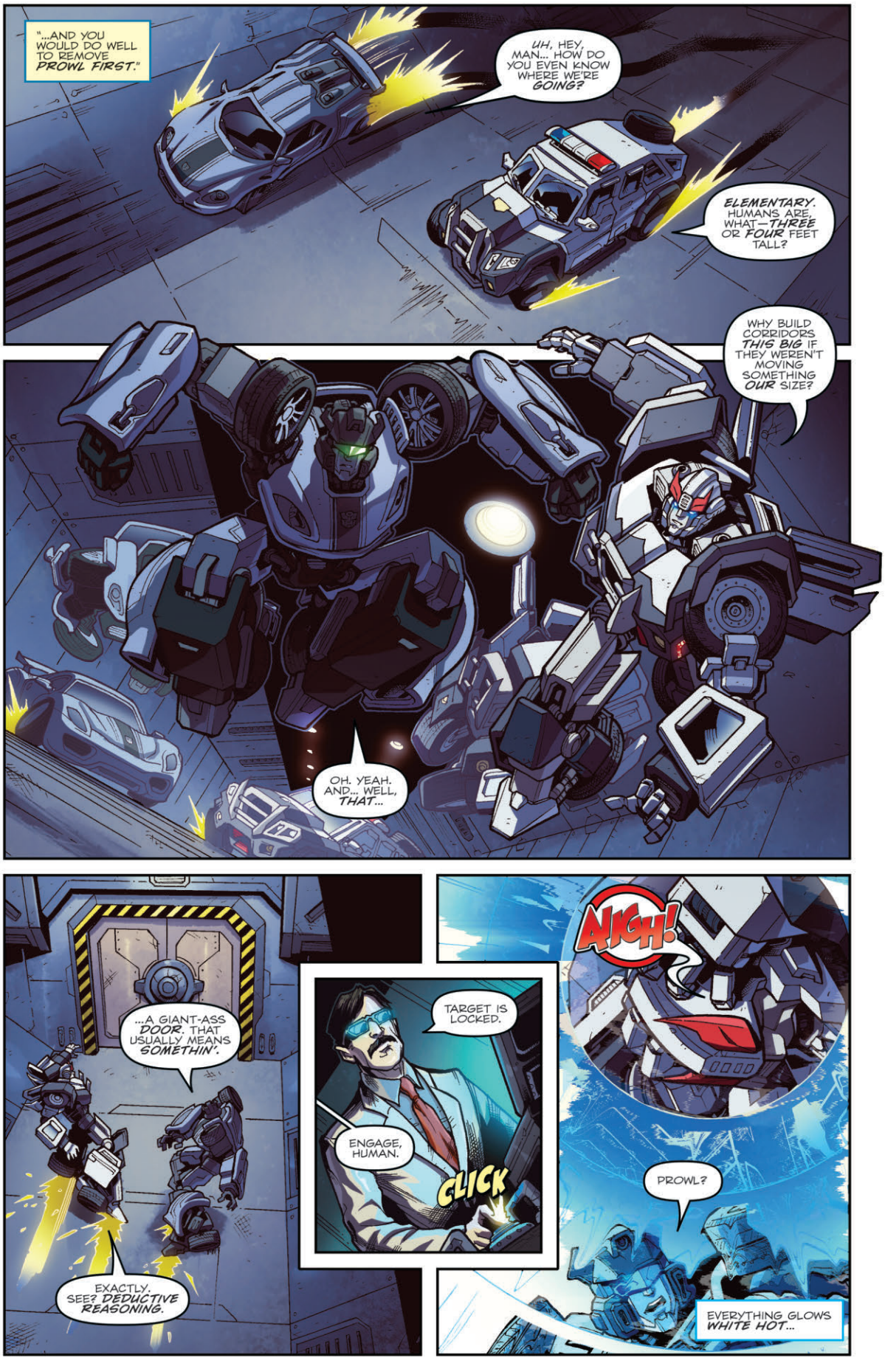

WHAT?! YOU KNOW—
—I NEVER GET TO TALK TO ANYBODY, BUT, UH...
...I THINK THAT'S A BANANAS WAY TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

PRIME IS A HERO COP WHO THINKS HE CAN POLICE A GALAXY. BUT THE GALAXY NEEDS SOMETHING MORE.
I BROUGHT YOU ALONG BECAUSE I NEED SOMEBODY I CAN TRUST.
PRIME IS A COP? YOU SEE YOUR PAINT JOB, RIGHT? WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
HM. LET'S FIND OUT.


BIKINI ATOLL, NOW. WE FIND OUT:
YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE, JAZZ. JUST STEP AWAY.
HEY— EASY THERE, DUDE.
NO, WAIT, FORGET "EASY"— THE HELL'S GOIN' ON?!
I JUST SAID.
YOU WERE ABOUT TO MAKE A BIG MISTAKE. PAY ATTENTION.
IF YOU UNPLUGGED ALPHA TRION, YOU'D TRIGGER AN ALARM.
WELL, POINTIN' A GUN AT A 'BOT'S NO WAY TO MAKE A POINT!
I HAD TO GET YOUR ATTENTION.
THIS IS A RESCUE MISSION! GRAB 'N' RUN'S A SOLID PLAN.
LOOK, I'M NOT LEAVING TRION TO THE MERCY OF THESE SAVAGES—BUT OUR MISSION PARAMETERS AREN'T WHAT YOU THINK.
TRION ONLY CRASHED A FEW MONTHS AGO. THE HUMANS HAVE CLEARLY BEEN WORKING ON CYBERTRONIAN-DERIVED TECH FOR YEARS.
THAT MIND BOMB ISN'T SOMETHING THEY JUST WHIPPED UP.
YOU'RE SAYING SOMEBODY ELSE IS HERE?
I'M SAYING IT'S UP TO US TO FIND OUT.
IT'S ACTUALLY CARBON NANOTUBES.
OKAY, BUT RIDDLE ME THIS: I GOT JETFIRE'S STEALTH PAINT—
—BUT HOW DID YOU GET IN?
SIMPLE...


"...I CREATED A DIVERSION."
EARTHFALL
PART 5: I DREAM OF WIRES
AUTOBOTS! THAT SHIP IS A DECEPTICON WORLDBURNER— DESIGNED TO RAZE A PLANET!
CONCENTRATE YOUR FIRE AND BRING IT DOWN!
HOPELESS.
BWIIEK!
"I'M LOYAL TO THE AUTOBOT DREAM," I SAY TO HIM...
WELL, GREAT! RAISE A WHOLE 'NOTHER PLANET TO FIGHT IT!
KID, PRIME DIDN'T SAY...
WHAT, KUP— GIMME SOME WORDS OF WISDOM.
FERGIT IT, SIDESWIPE. JUST KEEP SHOOTIN'.

THAT'S THE AUTOBOTS' PLAN? THEY'RE JUST...
...SHOOTING.
HOW DID YOUR WAR WITH THESE FOOLS LAST MORE THAN A FEW DAYS, SOUNDWAVE?
THE AUTOBOTS ARE BEING FORCED BACK, SIR.
PERIMETER DEFENSES ARE HOLDING, GENERAL WITWICKY.
WAIT.
I CAN... HEAR SOMEONE, GALVATRON.
ANOTHER CYBERTRONIAN PRESENCE INSIDE THE BASE.
I WILL TAKE CARE OF THE INTRUDER.
UH, NO OFFENSE, MR. SOUNDWAVE... BUT THAT'S OLD NEWS.
ANYBODY STUPID ENOUGH TO COME TO MY HOUSE IS GONNA GET CLOBBERED.
I MEAN, MY CYBER/PSYCHE DEVICE ISN'T READY FOR TACTICAL DEPLOYMENT, BUT THIS BUILDING IS WIRED TO SCAN FOR CYBERTRONIAN BRAINWAVE PATTERNS EVERY FOUR NANOSECONDS.
I HAD THIS GUY IN MY SIGHTS BEFORE HE'D'VE HAD A CHANCE TO BLINK.
UH. IF YOU GUYS BLINK.
SEE, HE'S—
HM.
ODD.
THERE MIGHT ACTUALLY BE TWO ROGUE CYBERTRONIANS... BUT IT'S HARD TO GET A READING ON ONE OF THEM.
IRRELEVANT. YOUR TARGET IS CLEAR.
I HAVE HAD MANY DEALINGS WITH THAT ONE...


"...AND YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMOVE PROWL FIRST."
UH, HEY, MAN... HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING?
ELEMENTARY. HUMANS ARE, WHAT—THREE OR FOUR FEET TALL?
WHY BUILD CORRIDORS THIS BIG IF THEY WEREN'T MOVING SOMETHING OUR SIZE?
OH. YEAH. AND... WELL, THAT...
...A GIANT-ASS DOOR. THAT USUALLY MEANS SOMETHIN'.
EXACTLY. SEE? DEDUCTIVE REASONING.
TARGET IS LOCKED.
ENGAGE, HUMAN.
CLICK
AIGH!
PROWL?
EVERYTHING GLOWS WHITE HOT...

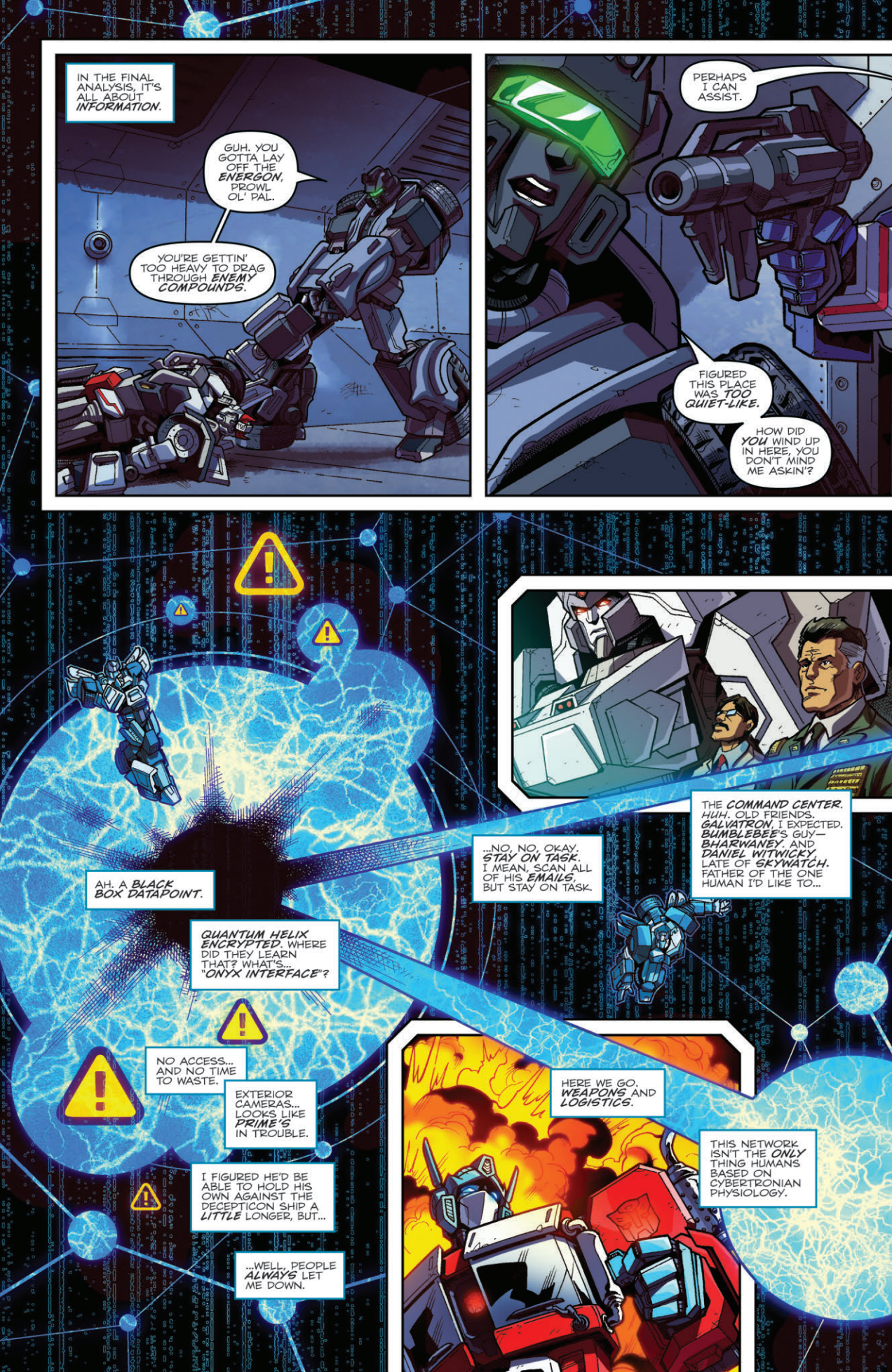
...AND THEN I'M MILES AWAY.
BIKINI ATOLL, HUH?
I ACTUALLY THOUGHT BIKINIS WERE SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY.
THUNDERCRACKER, JUST... JUST GIVE ME TEN SECONDS TO THINK.
WELL, I WANT TO BE A BETTER WRITER, SO I HAVE TO LEARN ABOUT YOUR HUMAN CULTURE SOMEHOW, FAIREBORN. IF YOU DON'T TELL ME, I'LL JUST PICK IT UP ON THE INTERNET.
UGH. TAKE US IN.
TO THAT MESS?
ARF!
THUNDERCRACKER

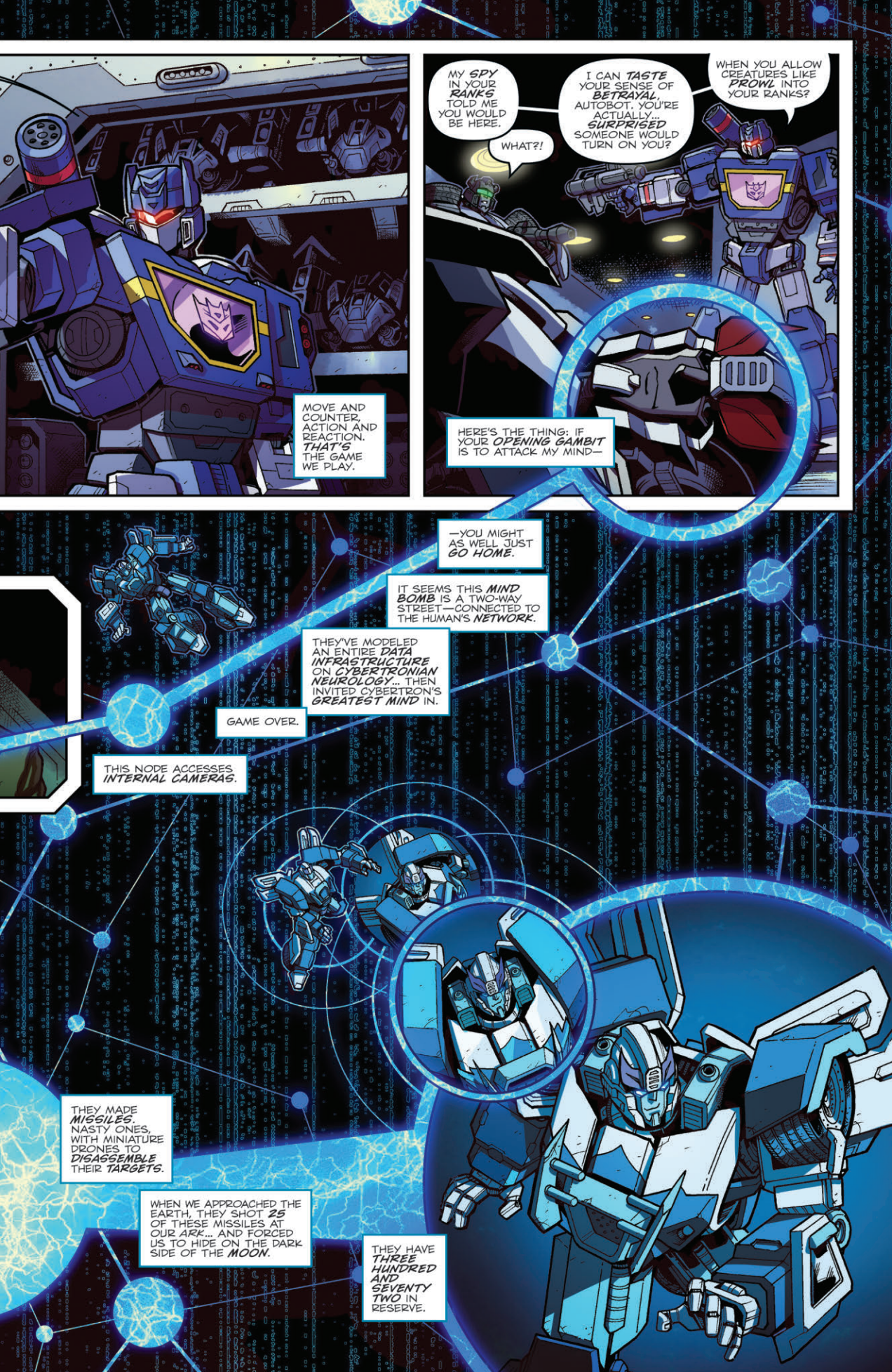
ARE YOU CRAZY?
I'M NOT TAKING BUSTER ANY CLOSER.
IT'S LIKE A WAR ZONE OVER THERE.
IT IS A WAR ZONE! THAT'S THE—

YOU KNOW WHAT?
FORGET IT.
WHY AM I ARGUING WITH A SPACE-IDIOT AND HIS FLEA-BAG FRIEND?!
YOU DROPPED YOUR HAT!

WHATEVER. DON'T LISTEN TO HER, GIRL. SHE'S JUST MAD.
SHE KNOWS YOU DON'T HAVE FLEAS.
SLURP
HM. YOU KNOW WHAT, BUSTER?

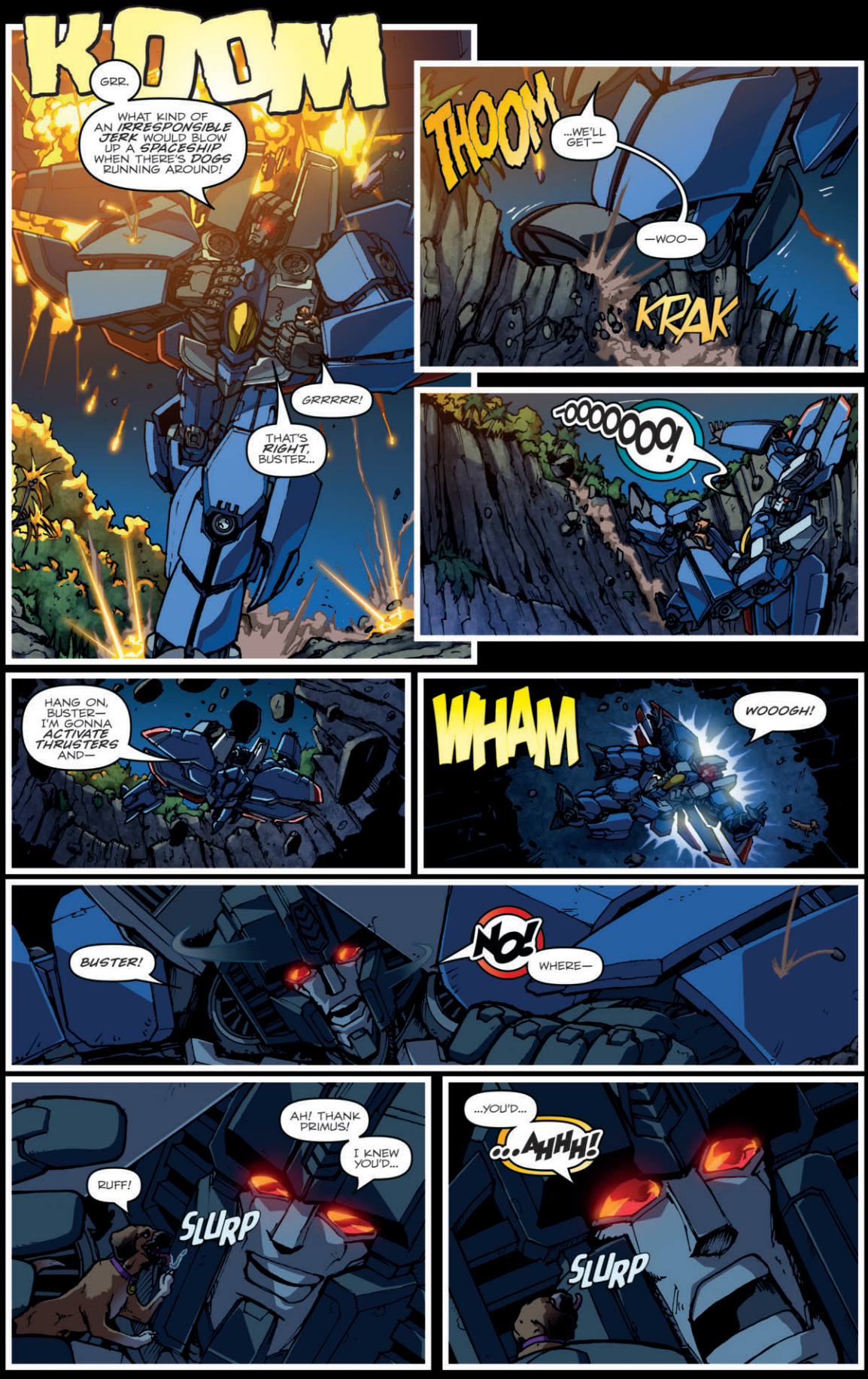
"I KINDA LIKE FEELING RESPONSIBLE FOR SOMEBODY I CARE ABOUT."
BWEEP BWEEP!
D.O.C.— YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT MY MOUTH!
WE CAN'T HOLD 'EM OFF MUCH LONGER!
CHIN UP, JETFIRE— WE GOT 'EM JUST WHERE WE WANT 'EM. RIGHT, PRIME?
STAY WITH ME, OLD FRIEND.
WHAT, THIS? HEY, YOU REMEMBER PRALMTRULZ VI, DON'T YOU?
I TOOK A HIT THAT MAKES THIS LOOK LIKE A BITE FROM A SLUZARAIN RUST-MOSQUITO.
AN' NOT EVEN A BIG BITE.
JUST AIM ME AT...
...AT...
...HEY, WHY'S EVERYTHIN' BLURRY...
NOW MIGHT NOT BE A GOOD TIME TO MENTION THIS, AND IN RETROSPECT I REALLY SHOULD HAVE SAID SOMETHING BEFORE WE ATTACKED THE HUMANS...
...BUT I THINK PROWL MAYBE BETRAYED US TO THE DECEPTICONS.

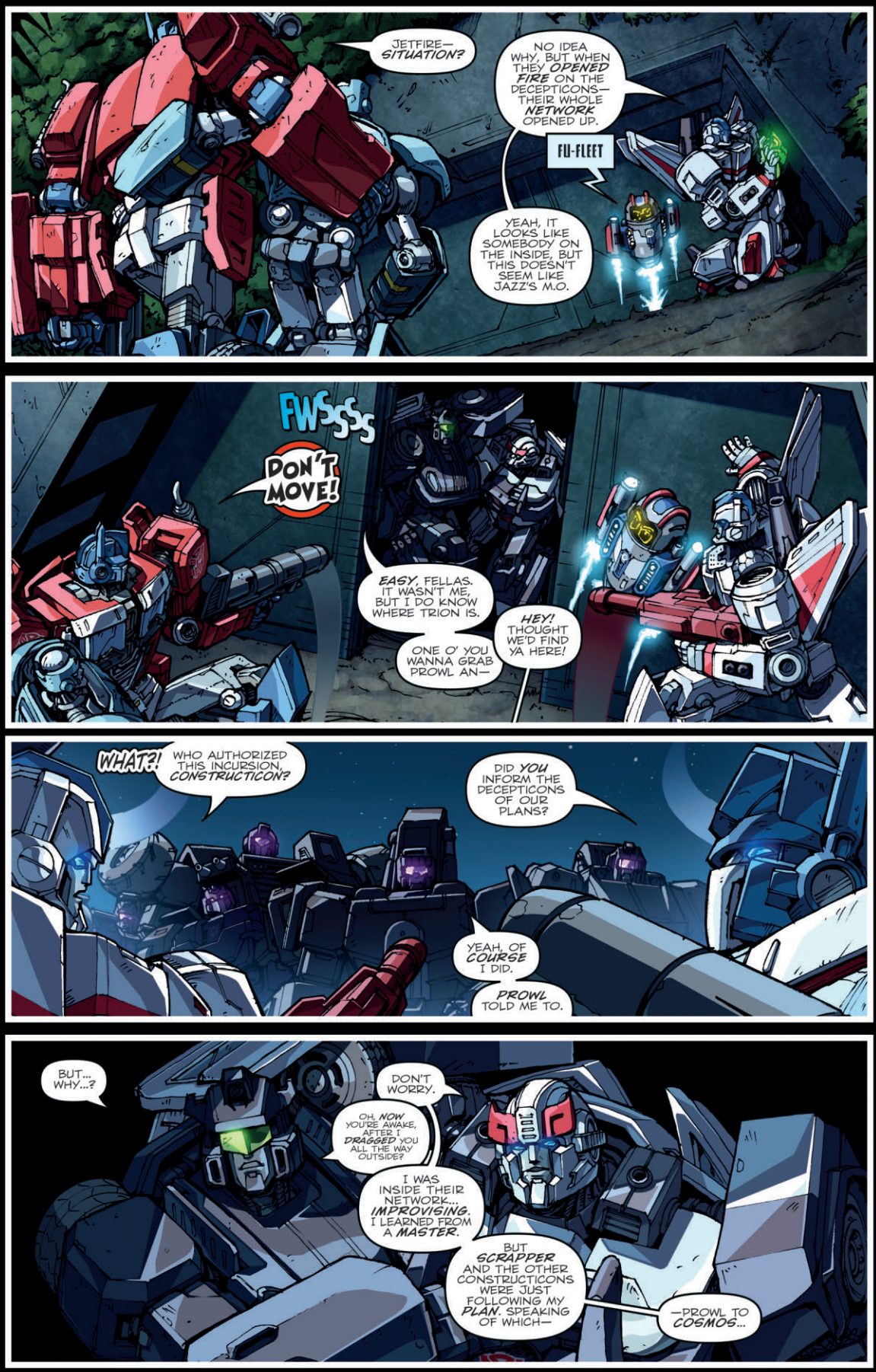

IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, IT'S ALL ABOUT *INFORMATION.*
GUH. YOU GOTTA LAY OFF THE *ENERGON*, PROWL OL' PAL.
YOU'RE GETTIN' TOO HEAVY TO DRAG THROUGH *ENEMY COMPOUNDS.*
PERHAPS I CAN ASSIST.
FIGURED THIS PLACE WAS *TOO QUIET-LIKE.*
HOW DID *YOU* WIND UP IN HERE, YOU DON'T MIND ME ASKIN'?
THE *COMMAND CENTER.* *HUH.* OLD FRIENDS. *GALVATRON.* I EXPECTED. *BUMBLEBEE*'S GUY— *BHARWANEY.* AND *DANIEL WIWCKY,* LATE OF *SKYWATCH.* FATHER OF THE ONE HUMAN I'D LIKE TO...
...NO, NO, OKAY. *STAY ON TASK.* I MEAN, SCAN ALL OF HIS *EMAILS,* BUT STAY ON TASK.
AH. A *BLACK BOX DATAPOINT.*
QUANTUM HELIX ENCRYPTED. WHERE DID THEY LEARN THAT? WHAT'S... "*ONYX INTERFACE*"?
NO ACCESS... AND NO TIME TO WASTE.
EXTERIOR CAMERAS... LOOKS LIKE *PRIME'S* IN TROUBLE.
I FIGURED HE'D BE ABLE TO HOLD HIS OWN AGAINST THE DECEPTICON SHIP A *LITTLE* LONGER, BUT...
...WELL, PEOPLE *ALWAYS* LET ME DOWN.
HERE WE GO. *WEAPONS* AND *LOGISTICS.*
THIS NETWORK ISN'T THE *ONLY* THING HUMANS BASED ON CYBERTRONIAN PHYSIOLOGY.


MOVE AND COUNTER, ACTION AND REACTION. THAT'S THE GAME WE PLAY.
MY SPY IN YOUR RANKS TOLD ME YOU WOULD BE HERE.
WHAT?!
I CAN TASTE YOUR SENSE OF BETRAYAL, AUTOBOT. YOU'RE ACTUALLY... SURPRISED SOMEONE WOULD TURN ON YOU?
WHEN YOU ALLOW CREATURES LIKE PROWL INTO YOUR RANKS?
HERE'S THE THING: IF YOUR OPENING GAMBIT IS TO ATTACK MY MIND—
—YOU MIGHT AS WELL JUST GO HOME.
IT SEEMS THIS MIND BOMB IS A TWO-WAY STREET—CONNECTED TO THE HUMAN'S NETWORK.
THEY'VE MODELED AN ENTIRE DATA INFRASTRUCTURE ON CYBERTRONIAN NEUROLOGY... THEN INVITED CYBERTRON'S GREATEST MIND IN.
GAME OVER.
THIS NODE ACCESSES INTERNAL CAMERAS.
THEY MADE MISSILES. NASTY ONES, WITH MINIATURE DRONES TO DISASSEMBLE THEIR TARGETS.
WHEN WE APPROACHED THE EARTH, THEY SHOT 25 OF THESE MISSILES AT OUR ARK... AND FORCED US TO HIDE ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON.
THEY HAVE THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY TWO IN RESERVE.

I FIRE THEM ALL.

THROOM
NOW, WHERE WERE WE...?
WHAT WAS THAT?
IGNORE THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE, AUTOBOT. I HAVE NO DESIRE TO KILL YOU—OR TO CARRY PROWL MYSELF.
NOT THE "THROOM."
LISTEN, BIG GUY—I REALLY HATE TO PLAY INTO THE CLICHÉ...
THE STORAGE BAY FOR THE V.T.O.L.S AND TANKS. ALL NETWORKED TOGETHER.
WHICH MUST HAVE SEEMED LIKE A REASONABLE IDEA AT THE TIME.
...BUT LOOK BEHIND YOU.
FWOOM
FWOOM
FWOOM
FWOOM
HOLY CATS!
TELL YA WHAT, PROWL.
IF THAT WAS YOU—
—AN' I GOT A FUNNY FEELIN' IT WAS—
—I'LL NEVER MAKE FUN OF YOUR WEIGHT AGAIN.
NOW, YOU THINK YOU CAN SHUT OFF SOME ALARMS FOR ME?


KOOM
GRR.
WHAT KIND OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE JERK WOULD BLOW UP A SPACESHIP WHEN THERE'S DOGS RUNNING AROUND!
GRRRRR!
THAT'S RIGHT, BUSTER...
THOOM
...WE'LL GET—
—WOO—
KRAK
-OOOOOOO!
HANG ON, BUSTER— I'M GONNA ACTIVATE THRUSTERS AND—
WHAM
WOOOGH!
BUSTER!
NO!
WHERE—
AH! THANK PRIMUS!
I KNEW YOU'D...
RUFF!
SLURP
...YOU'D...
...AHHH!
SLURP

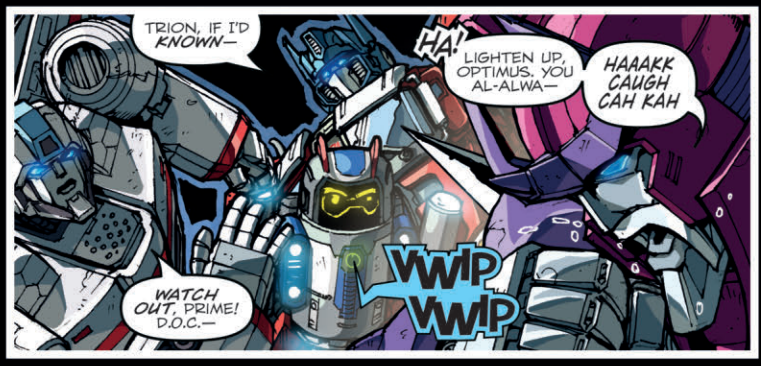

JETFIRE—SITUATION?
NO IDEA WHY, BUT WHEN THEY OPENED FIRE ON THE DECEPTICONS—THEIR WHOLE NETWORK OPENED UP.
FU-FLEET
YEAH, IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY ON THE INSIDE, BUT THIS DOESN'T SEEM LIKE JAZZ'S M.O.
FWSGSS
DON'T MOVE!
EASY, FELLAS. IT WASN'T ME, BUT I DO KNOW WHERE TRION IS.
ONE O' YOU WANNA GRAB PROWL AN—
HEY! THOUGHT WE'D FIND YA HERE!
WHAT?!
WHO AUTHORIZED THIS INCURSION, CONSTRUCTICON?
DID YOU INFORM THE DECEPTICONS OF OUR PLANS?
YEAH, OF COURSE I DID.
PROWL TOLD ME TO.
BUT... WHY...?
DON'T WORRY.
OH, NOW YOU'RE AWAKE, AFTER I DRAGGED YOU ALL THE WAY OUTSIDE?
I WAS INSIDE THEIR NETWORK... IMPROVISING. I LEARNED FROM A MASTER.
BUT SCRAPPER AND THE OTHER CONSTRUCTICONS WERE JUST FOLLOWING MY PLAN. SPEAKING OF WHICH—
—PROWL TO COSMOS...

"...TIME TO BRING THIS *HOME*."

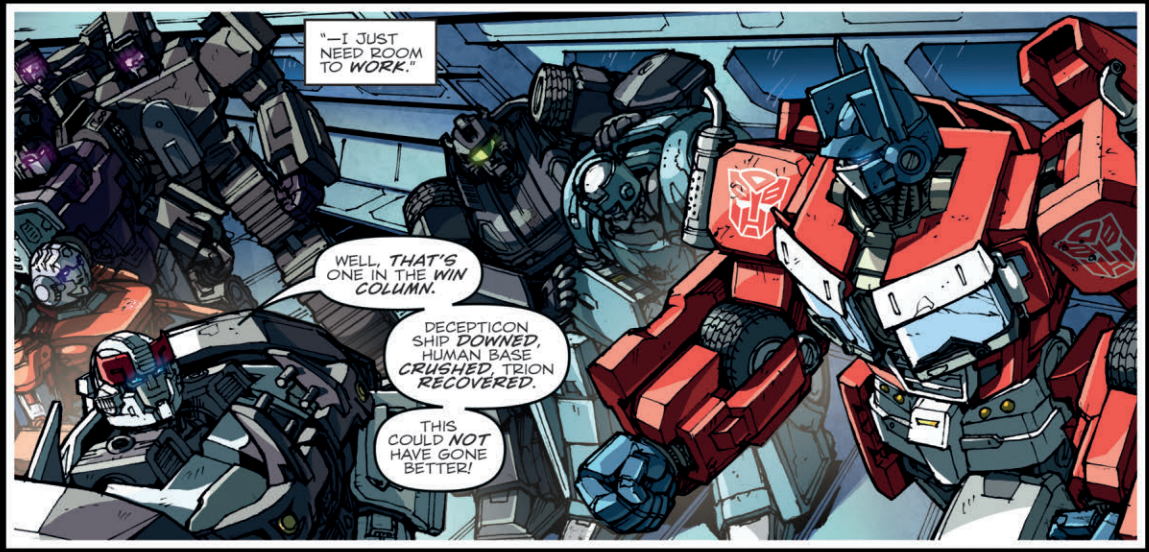
THIS IS GENERAL DANIEL WITWICKY TO ALL POINTS!
EVACUATION PROTOCOLS ARE IN EFFECT, YOU HAVE GOT TEN MINUTES—
KSSH
ARE YOU THERE?
NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU, GENERAL DANIEL.
YOUR FRIENDS ARE ALL DEAD OR IN STASIS LOCK.
WE CALL IT "UNCONSCIOUS."
LOOK, GALVATRON— YOU BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, TOO. SEE IF THERE ARE ANY SURVIVORS ON YOUR...
...SHIP.
THE TELEPATHIC DEVICE.
I UNDERSTAND THE WEAPON, AND I APPLAUD THE INGENUITY. BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND...
...THERE ARE CONSEQUENCES TO USING IT ON ME.
WAIT. MY SON.
TELL MY SON—
I HOPE YOUR SUN SHINES IN WHATEVER AFTERSPARK AWAITS YOU, GENERAL DANIEL.

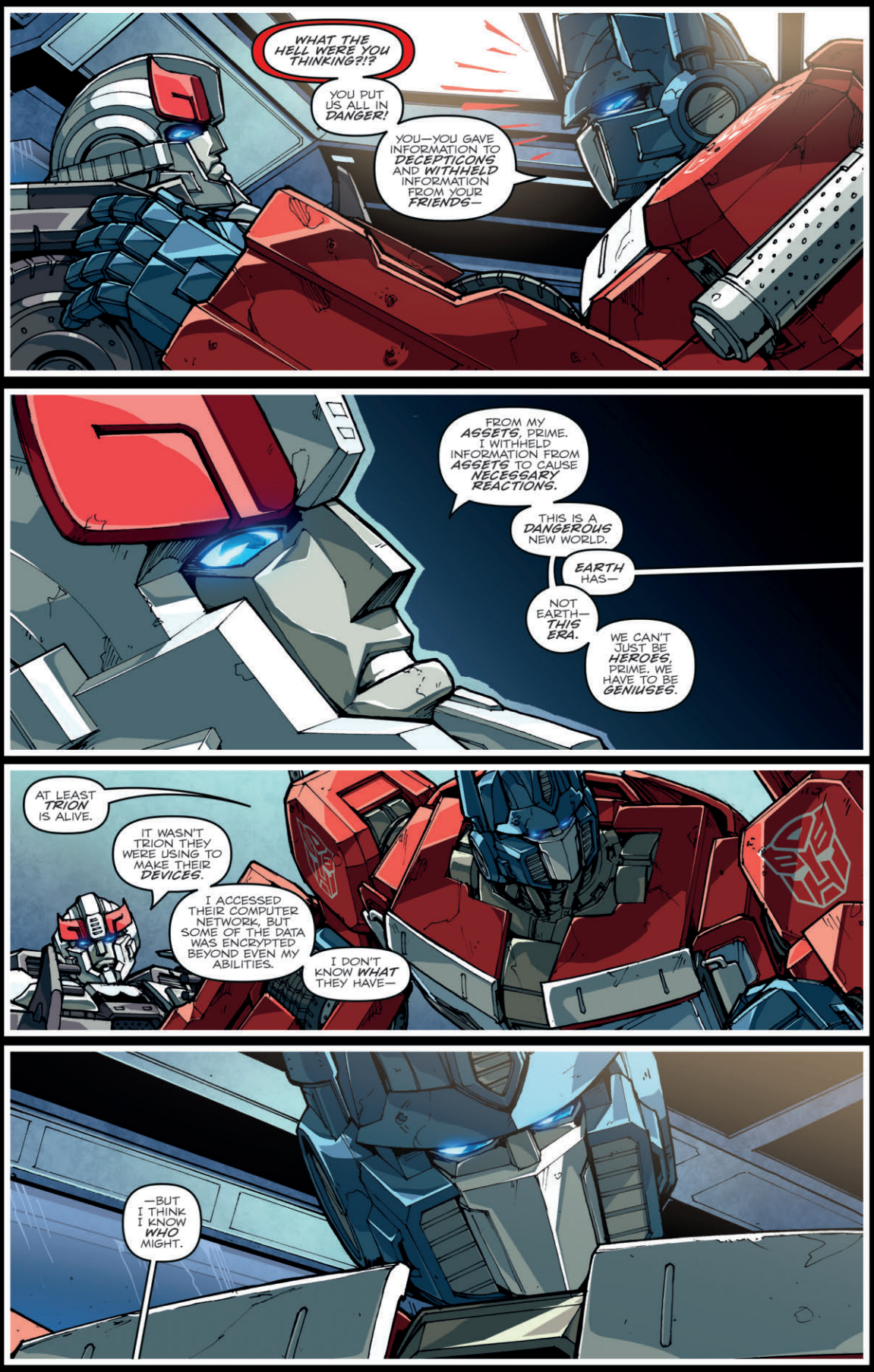
KOFF KOFF... WHERE...
TRION.
YOU'RE ONBOARD *SKY LYNX*... AND IT IS *VERY* GOOD TO SEE YOU.
WELL, WELL, WELL...

...IT'S ABOUT *TIME* YOU FOUND ME!
WHAT KIND OF A *PRIME* LEAVES *ALPHA TRION* SITTING AROUND WAITING?!
AND I DON'T JUST MEAN THE TIME ON *THIS* MEAT-BAG WORLD...


TRION, IF I'D *KNOWN*—
HA!
LIGHTEN UP, OPTIMUS. YOU AL-ALWA—
HAAAKK CAUGH CAH KAH
WATCH OUT, PRIME! D.O.C.—
VWIP VWIP

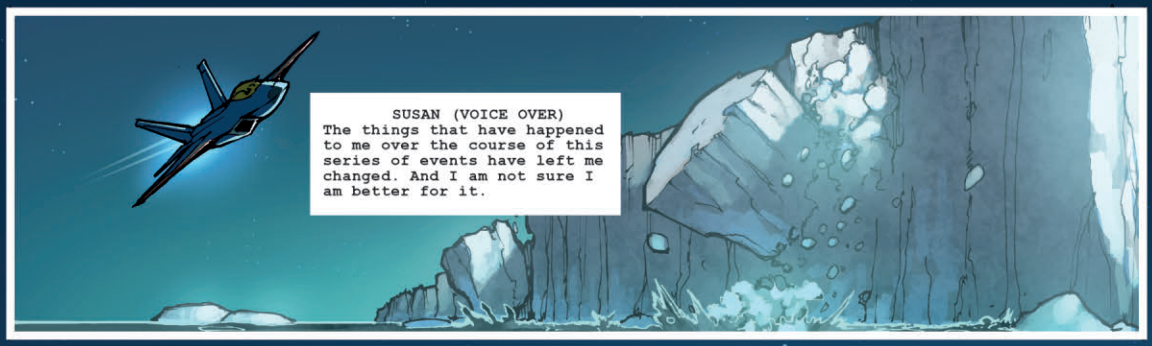
THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO, PRIME.
TRION NEEDS *MEDICAL* HELP.
I HAVE *MUCH* TO TELL...
YOU'LL *HAVE* YOUR CHANCE—


"—I JUST NEED ROOM TO *WORK*."
WELL, *THAT'S* ONE IN THE *WIN COLUMN*.
DECEPTICON SHIP *DOWNED*, HUMAN BASE *CRUSHED*, TRION *RECOVERED*.
THIS COULD *NOT* HAVE GONE BETTER!


WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING?!?
YOU PUT US ALL IN DANGER!
YOU—YOU GAVE INFORMATION TO DECEPTICONS AND WITHHELD INFORMATION FROM YOUR FRIENDS—
FROM MY ASSETS, PRIME. I WITHHELD INFORMATION FROM ASSETS TO CAUSE NECESSARY REACTIONS.
THIS IS A DANGEROUS NEW WORLD.
EARTH HAS—
NOT EARTH—THIS ERA.
WE CAN'T JUST BE HEROES, PRIME. WE HAVE TO BE GENIUSES.
AT LEAST TRION IS ALIVE.
IT WASN'T TRION THEY WERE USING TO MAKE THEIR DEVICES.
I ACCESSED THEIR COMPUTER NETWORK, BUT SOME OF THE DATA WAS ENCRYPTED BEYOND EVEN MY ABILITIES.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY HAVE—
—BUT I THINK I KNOW WHO MIGHT.

HEY!
CRASHED SPACE SHIP!
LITTLE HELP HERE?
HUMANS.
UNNNNH...
DAMMIT!
JONES—SANJAY! GET ME A SITREP!
TARGET THE AUTOBOT TRANSPORT—
HUMANS JONES AND BHARWANEY ARE ALIVE, BUT... GENERAL DANIEL...
...THE AUTOBOTS KILLED HIM.
GALVATRON WITNESSED THE ATTACK. IT WAS PROWL.
THE POLICE CAR—
I KNOW WHO PROWL IS.
AND I KNOW THE ONE HUMAN THAT KNOWS PROWL BETTER THAN ANYONE.
THIS WAS AN ACT OF REVENGE AGAINST GENERAL WITWICKY'S SON, SPIKE.
AH. "SON."
AN OFFSPRING.
HOW... CHARMING A METHOD OF PROCREATION.

Ext. Planet Earth - night
Susan Journeyer stumbles out of the human hospital. Her nurse's uniform has streaks of human energon on it.


SUSAN (VOICE OVER)
The things that have happened to me over the course of this series of events have left me changed. And I am not sure I am better for it.

SUSAN (VOICE OVER)
My usual joking demeanor has given way to cynicism and anger. Despite the people around me, I feel alone.

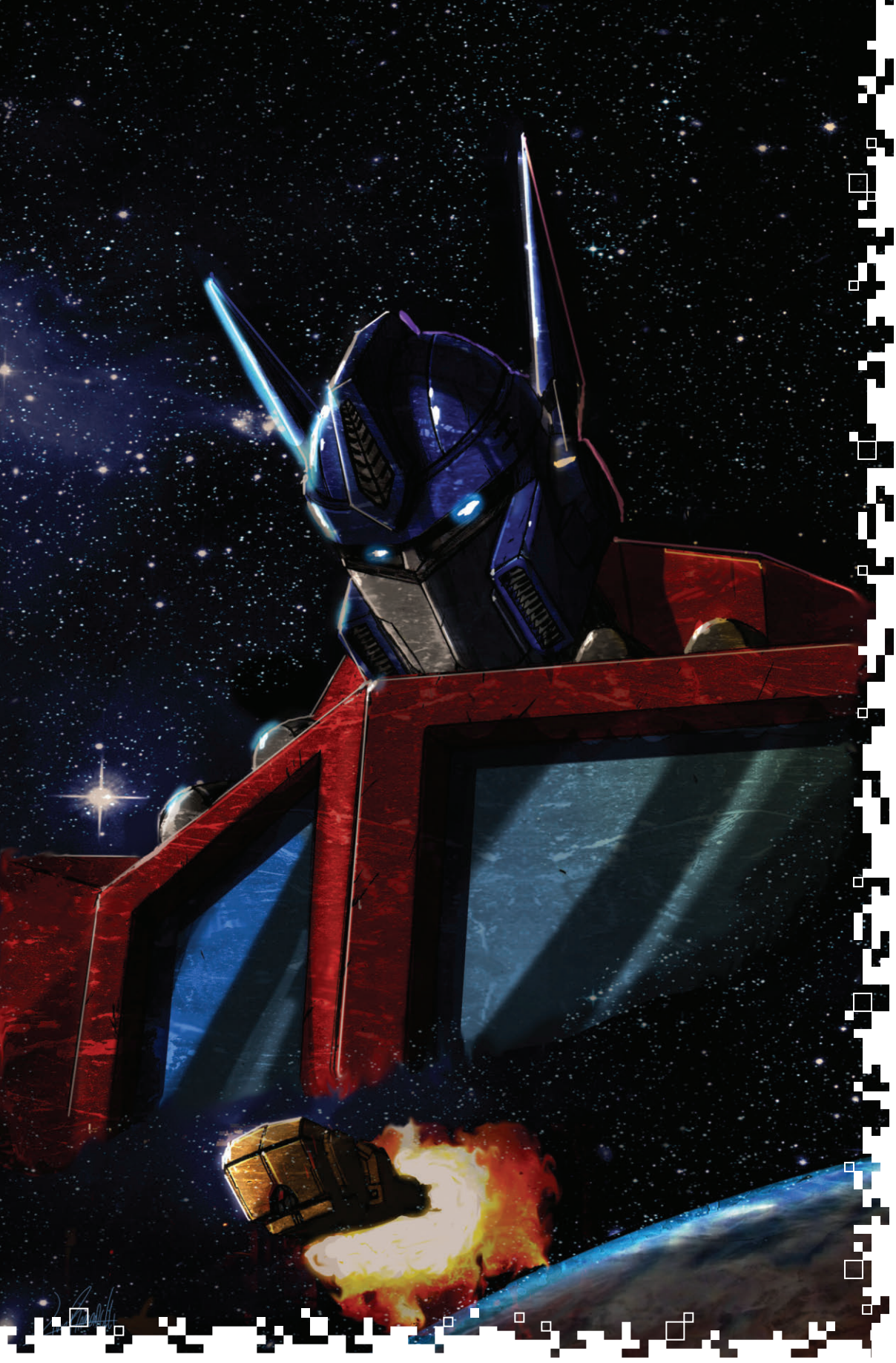
Susan is approached by Josh Boyfriend. Susan steps back, walking toward her non-flying wheeled Earth car.
JOSH BOYFRIEND
Susan. Only days ago you were a new nurse at this hospital, and now we have been through so much together.

SUSAN JOURNEYER
Don't pretend things are okay between you and I, Josh. I was hopeful when we met that there could be something between us. After what i saw in your secret apartment, I do not think there can be.
JOSH BOYFRIEND
Do not say that, Susan. We can still be together.
SUSAN JOURNEYER
No, Josh. There are some secrets that, once revealed to another person...
THUNDERCRACKER

...change
everything
forever.
THE STORY CONTINUES IN
TRANSFORMERS VOLUME 7!

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #32 COVER SUB

by **CASEY W. COLLER** Colors by **JOANA LAFUENTE**

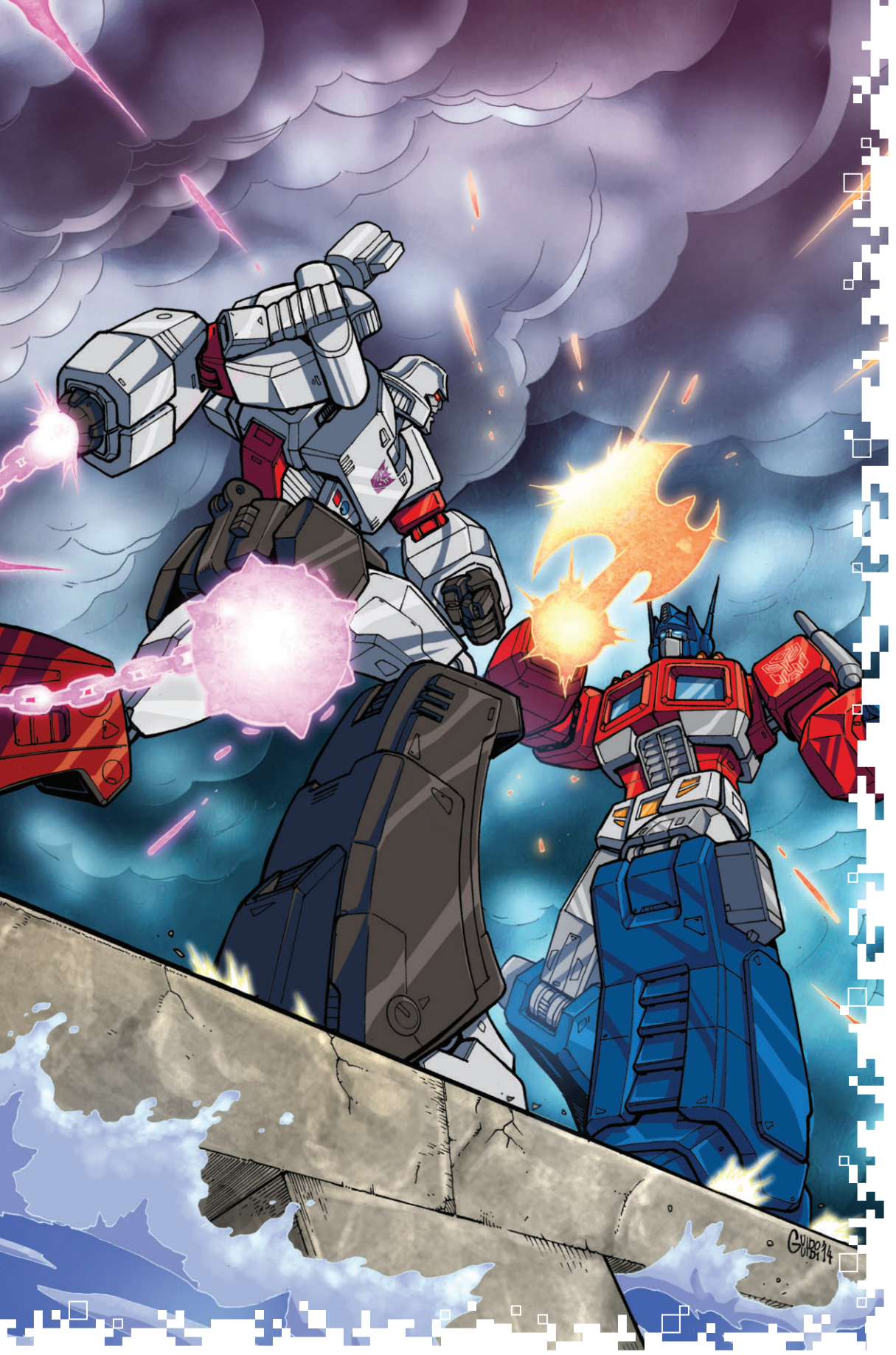


☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #28 COVER RI

by **LIVIO RAMONDELLI**

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #29 COVER RI

by **MARCELO MATERE** Colors by **PRISCILLA TRAMONTANO**

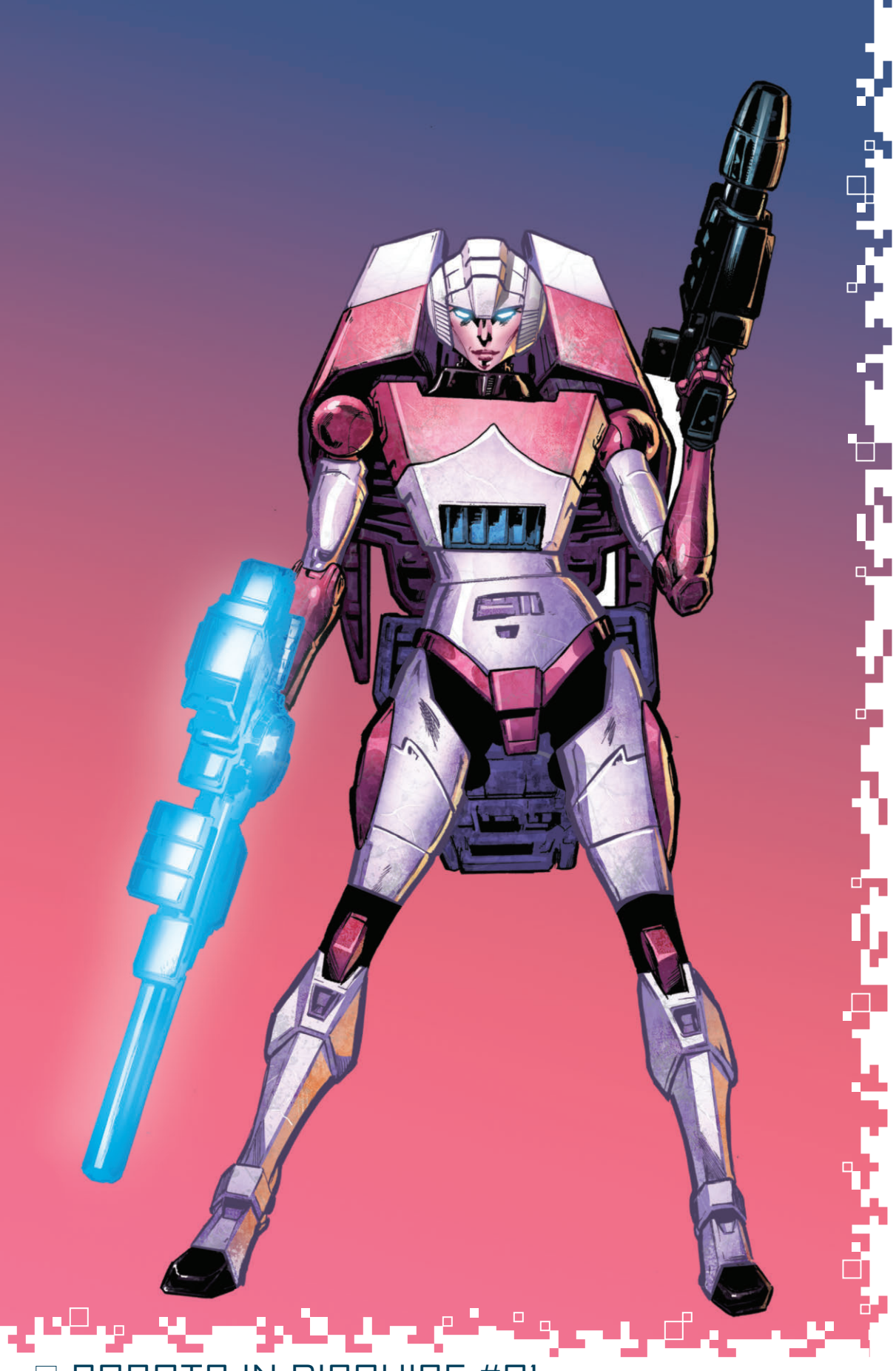


☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #30 COVER RI

by **GUIDO GUIDI** Colors by **JOHN-PAUL BOVE**

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #30 CONVENTION EXCLUSIVE COVER

by **GUIDO GUIDI**



☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #31 COVER RI

by **PHIL JIMENEZ** Colors by **ROMULO FAJARDO, JR.**

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #32 COVER RI

by **CASEY W. COLLER** Colors by **JOHN-PAUL BOVE**

The AUTOBOTS return to Earth—with OPTIMUS PRIME in command! But what brought them back—and what terrifying secret do the humans hold? But, GALVATRON is on Earth as well, with a plan to reshape it as he once did with Cybertron. A bold new era begins here!

Collects issues #28-32.

IDW